



THE MUSICAL QUARTERLY

VOL. XI

JULY, 1925

NO. 3

CHARLES MARTIN LŒFFLER

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IF a man of distinction is fairly safe from the prying attention of his biographers until he is dead, he can not escape during his lifetime the solemn "appreciations" offered up by his admirers, or the futile depreciations aimed at him by spurning critics. He can not flee from the frankincense burnt under his nostrils, or from the poisoned arrows marked for his brow. Yet his worshippers and his detractors alike are apt to use him merely for their own ends. Let him be a thinker, a creative artist, who stands aloof or occupies an exceptional position; let him hold to views, or indulge in tastes, that differ from those which are the talk and song of the hour, and both—his admirers and critics—will seize upon him as their game: the ones to vaunt their lights in recognizing his singularity and merits, the others to impress the timid and the credulous with the vehemence of their disdain. But Clio smiles at them indifferently.

Modern historians are far from agreed on what is the best method for the writing of a biography. Marcel Schwob, who was not an historian but a poet, advanced the whimsical conceit and made the exacting demand that, "to describe a man in all his anomalies," biography should be a work of art: "as an art, biography is founded upon choice; truth need not be its pre-occupation." That statement has the charm of a paradox, the ring of poetic exaggeration. There can be no doubt, however, that it takes art, and not a little of it, to create historic vividness. This animate stroke (what Hokusai, in painting, called "the living thing," meaning the "unique and individual") is the essential

¹By the courtesy of Mr. G. Jean-Aubry I have in this article, to some extent, drawn on a shorter sketch which I contributed to "The Chesterian" of March, 1920.
—C. E.

quality in all description; and from the witness of contemporaries, from their tested observations, this element of vividness is most successfully carried into the narrative of a human life. Nor shall anyone say which observation is important and which is not.

No detail is too insignificant, if by some trivial suggestion it make heroic dimensions commensurable with the scale of ordinary experience. Beethoven's dying agonies—his bodily pain and mental torture—are not fully measured until we run across the remarks, scribbled by young Gerhard von Breuning in the last "Konversationsheft," about the sleep-disturbing plagues that infested the death-bed. Often the truth becomes more real, more glaring, by one homely trifle than by elaborate arguments. And so it is open to dispute, whether or not Plutarch's paired "Lives" are truer biographical accounts than are, for instance, the "*Vies Imaginaires*" of Schwob—composed of "unique and individual traits" chosen with a poet's insight and by his art assembled, to form imaginary portraits of unquestioned likeness.

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The time has fortunately not yet come to write a life of the composer Charles Martin Loeffler. If it is to be at all exact, it will have to be peculiarly a "*vie imaginaire*." For vividness it will depend upon "imaginative" touches. Loeffler's personality—recondite, complicate—must be guessed from deeper indications rather than judged by surface evidence. Loeffler's work—to an unusual degree—needs intuitive and sympathetic understanding. Though these requirements be met here but very meagrely, a future biographer may care to accept a "contribution" which pretends to be no more than the simple testimony of friendship and regard.

Loeffler does not lack admirers. Those who prize him most do not necessarily know him best. One of his staunchest apostles has repeatedly referred to him as a "musical cosmopolite." As a characterization, this would seem to be misleading; it implies that the man is at home in more places than one, and that he and his music are the product of environment and adaptation. In point of fact, the vernacular note of Spain or Ireland (neither of which countries he ever visited) comes to him more naturally than does the "local color" (whatever it be) of America, where he has lived for forty years. Although his development as a composer falls precisely into the period of a "national awakening" in

American music, he has jealously avoided following any road but his own. His music defies classification. No set term or stock formula will fit it. If it is like anything, it is like the man who wrote it. And he is *sui generis*; he is that rare and comforting thing in life and art—a perfect anomaly.

A musical explorer and pioneer who staked his claim in the Klondike of tonal sheen and shimmer long before the great rush for the "impressionistic" placer began, Loeffler has a strong bent for the archaic and austere Church Modes. Although a master of orchestral technic, he shuns mere flourishes of virtuosity. Surrounded by a daily growing throng of musical apostates, he clings to his artistic faith, to his canonical tenets of beauty. Still one of the most extraordinary players on the violin, he gave up playing in public years ago. If there be anything he would rather hold in his hands than fiddle and bow, it is whip and reins. A prodigious conversationist, he is happiest in the society of dumb animals or in silent communion with nature. When no human lure can tear him from his work, he will leave it to sit day and night by the side of a sick dog or horse. A nomad in his youth along the highways of ancient culture, in the maturity of his Horatian wisdom and love for the countryside he has taken refuge on his Sabine farm, laid away in a quiet corner of a new, raw, bustling world, miles from the nearest railway station. The particle of the Earth that he owns is sacrosanct to him. The birds and beasts that have their residence on his domain are honored guests; and to protect them from the wiles of trespassers, this gentlest of gentlemen would willingly turn murderer. Meek and charitable as are few Christians, he does not tolerate abuse and imposition. If he is severe with others, he is so with himself. The horticulturist's abhorrence of weeds and pests is exceeded only by that which the musician has of similar evils in the garden of music. Urbane man of the world and aristocrat, this *seigneur campagnard* is not—no, decidedly not—a cosmopolite. He is a *dépaysé*, like Schubert's "Wanderer," seeking in vain the land that speaks his speech, leading his real existence in a realm of dream. Born into the crude light of our day, he partakes of the dim and shadowy middle ages. His ideal abode would have been that calm retreat of Groenendal, in the company of Coudenberg, Ruysbroeck and Hinckaert, the pious mystics.

Loeffler is a strange, a picturesque anomaly. Every anomaly has its reason, secret or apparent. In Loeffler's case it is at least uncertain, debatable. His biographers must ultimately settle upon the cause, or causes, of this phenomenon; and they will have

their pretty quarrel over the influences of heredity, chance, psychologic bearings, character, temperament, the interlinking of coactive circumstances. For nothing is farther from the truth than that "each man makes his own stature, builds himself."

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Seldom is Lœffler in a reminiscent mood. His memories do not gush forth as do those of so many musicians, lavish with anecdote and amiable chatter. If need be, his reserve can chill. He may some day give us an autobiography. It should prove eminently worth reading. Meanwhile, he does permit occasionally a drop from the reservoir of his recollections to flow into the conversation. There are not many of these drops, not enough to slake the thirst of archivist and statistician. But they will suffice to give an idea, a *raccourci*, of his years in Europe before he settled in America. After that, his story is intimately coupled with that of this country's musical growth during the last forty-five years, especially as it is reflected in Boston's "golden age of music" (already somewhat distant) and the first quarter century of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Charles Martin Lœffler was born on January 30, 1861, at Mulhouse in Alsace—then, as now again, a province of France. His family was temporarily residing on French soil; it moved when and wherever there was a call for the professional services of its head. The father was a scientist and investigator who specialized in agriculture, chemistry, and the breeding of horses. As a diversion from these occupations, he devoted himself to music. The mother, an assiduous reader, was fond of poetry. Adepts in the disentangling of hereditary strains will note these points with satisfaction.

Before the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian conflict brought war's alarm into Alsace, the family had moved to the Russian country town of Smjela in the province of Kiev. The father worked there for the Government. There also young Martin, on his eighth birthday, was presented with a little violin. A German musician from the Imperial Orchestra in St. Petersburg, who spent his summers in Smjela, gave him his first violin lessons. Outside of these, his general training was home-gained. The sojourn in Russia was indelibly graven in the boy's mind. After more than fifty years these impressions were fresh enough to inspire an orchestral poem, entitled "Memories of my Childhood—Life in a Russian village." In the composer's words, these

memories deal more specifically with "old Russia, its folk-songs and dances, the chants of the orthodox church, the pageantry of death; above all, memories of a great friend, an elderly peasant, a poet." The work was awarded the first prize in the competition at the sixteenth Chicago North Shore Music Festival, and received its first performance on that occasion, at Evanston, Ill., May 29, 1924.

This, of course, is avowedly "autobiographical music." But it is by no means the only work that sprang from Loeffler's inward ken. Oftener than the title would lead one to suspect, the heaven of memories—bordering in intensity on obsessions—seems to be present in, or responsible for, a number of Loeffler's compositions. That is, to a certain degree, true of every composer, of every creative artist. But in Loeffler's case it would not be a surprise to learn that some childhood impressions, infinitely deeper than those gathered in a Russian village, had continuously influenced his later outlook on life, his attitude toward the world, even his musical style. The soul of a super-sensitive child, suddenly brought to maturity by a precocious shock and emotion of a powerful nature, might well be imagined to lie at the bottom of the exquisite sensibility, the penumbral delicateness, which one is ever aware of in Loeffler the man and musician.

From Smjela, the family moved to Debreczin in Hungary, whither the father had been summoned to teach at the Royal Agricultural Academy. Martin's violin lessons ceased during the stay in Debreczin. But the time did not pass for him without musical revelations of a far-reaching sort. The Academy lay outside the town, on the road toward the vast, open plains to which a large part of the population repaired once or twice a year, with kin and cattle, in order to till their distant fields. It was customary for these caravans to stop before a row of inns directly opposite the Academy buildings. Wandering Gypsy musicians could always be found there to enliven the proceedings. Their most appreciative listener was young Martin. And the strains of the Gypsy fiddles sank into his consciousness.

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It was about 1875, after two years in Switzerland, that Martin Loeffler decided to be a professional violinist. Choice and necessity both had their share in the decision. He had a great, a natural facility for the violin, and with its aid he felt that he could quickest earn a living. He set to work under Eduard Rappoldi in Berlin, then the official "preparer" for Joseph Joachim.

Through Rappoldi he met Friedrich Kiel, who became his teacher in harmony. With Waldemar Bargiel he studied Bach motets. From neither did he profit as much as from his own, feverish discovery of Handel, whose scores he devoured. Joachim's conducting of "Alexander's Feast" was an event in his life. Having graduated into the class which Joachim personally instructed, it was not long before the teacher asked his pupil to assist in performances of chamber music at his home.

But Joachim's ways, excellent in certain particulars, did not completely satisfy Loeffler. He longed for a different gust, a different approach, a different atmosphere. He went to Paris. There, for two years, he took lessons from Lambert Joseph Massart, a pupil of Kreutzer's and teacher of Henri Wieniawski. He now acquired the real foundation for his stupendous technic, and perfected his tone. His ear sharpened to the elegance and finish of a school unequalled in the past or in the present. He studied counterpoint and composition with Ernest Guiraud. For one season he played in Pasdeloup's orchestra. Upon Massart's recommendation as a gifted violinist he was engaged in the private orchestra of Baron Paul von Derwies, a Russian nobleman of fabulous wealth. The Baron, outside of his Russian estates, maintained two establishments; he spent the summers at his castle, Château Trevano, near the lake of Lugano, and the winters in his sumptuous villa "Valrose" at Nice. The Baron's orchestra numbered about seventy picked men. The conductor was Karl Müller-Berghaus, once the first violin in the famous quartet of the Müller brothers, second generation. Loeffler's deskmate—and in many passes of violinistic drill his model—was the concertmaster, César Thomson. But the latter remained only one year, while Loeffler stayed two years, until the death of Baron Derwies, at the age of seventy, broke up the orchestra.

The musicians rehearsed daily. At Lugano, concerts took place on Tuesday afternoons and Friday evenings. If no guests were present, the Baron would be the only audience—but a highly critical one. He would sit in a silk wrap, his hands folded over the gold top of his cane, and occasionally speed along a movement with a "*Sans reprise, s'il vous plaît,*" or bring the program to an end with a courteous "*Merci, messieurs.*" The old gentleman was a good pianist. His playing of Mendelssohn and Weber, with the accompaniment of his orchestra, was flawless. One of his sons played the 'cello, another the violin. Young Loeffler often assisted in the performance of chamber music by the members of this musical household. Repeatedly he appeared as

soloist with the orchestra. He was entrusted with Müller-Berghaus' difficult violin concerto. The repertory of the orchestra comprised—besides the classics—Berlioz, Saint-Saëns and Delibes, early Tschaikowsky, the overtures to "Rienzi" and "Lohengrin," Liszt, Dvořák (whose three Slavic Rhapsodies, Op. 45, composed in 1878, were dedicated to Baron von Derwies), and other "moderns" of the epoch.

Orchestral concerts were only a part of the Baron's musical hobbies. He had a mixed choir, consisting of about 48 singers, under the leadership of Karl Bendl. Like the leader, the singers were all Bohemians—Russians were unprocurable—but the Bohemians sang the Russian liturgical chants in Derwies' private chapels at Lugano and at Nice. They also formed the chorus on the operatic nights which were a regular feature of the Baron's entertainments at Nice. These operas were staged without regard to cost. It was nothing to spend fifty thousand francs for bells needed in Glinka's "La Vie pour le Czar." The solo singers were the best that money could obtain. The change of this princely court from winter to summer quarters, and back, required three special trains: the first for the family, the guests and the children's tutors; the second for the servants and the horses; the third conveyed the choir and the orchestra. Truly a genial picture of enlightened Plutocracy—but then, our democratic age has "progressed" to community music and the radio.

The Lugano-Nice experience occupies an important place in Loeffler's formative period. He not only observed (there were excursions to Milan, and Gregorian chanting in the Dome!), but he tried to give out. He wrote a lot of songs. Müller-Berghaus would look them over and suggest improvements. The Baron's personal interest in Loeffler was always manifest. Hence the disbanding of the orchestra upon the death of Paul von Derwies at Lugano was a loss and a blow to the young man. He returned to Paris and rejoined for one winter the orchestra of Padeloup, who still conducted with the violin-bow, and gave Wagner concerts to a war-scarred Paris.

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At the end of the season, Loeffler resolved to try his luck in America. He had letters from Joachim to Leopold Damrosch and Theodore Thomas. He sailed from Le Havre on the French steamer "Le Canada," landing in New York the first week of July, 1881. (President Garfield had just been shot.) Loeffler

entered the Musicians' Union. During the winter 1881-82 he played in all of Damrosch's orchestral and choral concerts in New York, Brooklyn, Newark, and other places. But that was not the whole of his activities. One of his engagements that season in New York was with the orchestra of the Norcross Opera Co., which was giving English performances of "La Mascotte" and "Der lustige Krieg," the latest successes brought from Paris and Vienna. Loeffler also was one of the 300 players whom Theodore Thomas assembled to accompany a chorus of 3000 singers and an unsurpassed galaxy of vocal stars in the grand festival (May 2-6, 1882) at the Seventh Regiment Armory. One year before, in May, 1881, Damrosch had staged the first "monster musical festival" in New York, with an orchestra of 250 and a chorus of 1200. It was at the height of the rivalry between Damrosch and Thomas, both competing for the favors of a slowly awakening public, which had to be roused by drastic means.

Conditions in New York were not unlike those in Boston, where Major Henry Lee Higginson, the banker, had just put the Boston Symphony Orchestra on its feet. The new orchestra, under George Henschel, met with considerable opposition from the "old faction" which gathered round Carl Zerrahn. But Mr. Higginson "meant business"—belonging, as he did, to the class of "international financiers" who conceived it as not impossible that foreign art and foreign loans might have a remote and mutually beneficial connection. His orchestra had weathered the first season. He was looking for recruits, imported from abroad, to strengthen his ranks for the coming season, 1882-83. One of the new acquisitions was the 'cellist Wilhelm Müller (brother of Karl Müller-Berghaus), who had been playing in a New York orchestra. He drew Higginson's attention to Martin Loeffler. Higginson, on a visit to New York in the Spring of 1882, sent for the young man, liked and engaged him. As Higginson in later years remarked, it was the only member of the orchestra whom he personally and independently hired, "and it was the best."

Thus Charles Martin Loeffler became a Bostonian. He was naturalized as an American citizen in May, 1887. He took his seat in the Boston orchestra beside the concert-master Bernhard Listemann. Once more, however, he played under Thomas, joining the famous "Ocean to Ocean" tour which began in the Spring of 1883, lasted eleven weeks and included more than 70 concerts; during which time Loeffler learned thoroughly to know and venerate Theodore Thomas.

Soon after Wilhelm Gericke succeeded Henschel in Boston, Listemann was replaced by Franz Kneisel. Together, Kneisel and Loeffler sat at the first violin desk of the Boston Symphony Orchestra for almost twenty years, until, in 1903, together they resigned; the one to devote himself exclusively to his quartet, the other to find more time for composition.

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Loeffler is not a "modern composer" in the disquieting sense which that elastic term has lately acquired. But he is to-day still as modern, that is, as "different," as he was at the very outset of his career. He was born "different"; his music was destined to be so. This difference is a blessing and a curse. Petrarch complained that nature had made him other than the rest of humanity: "*singular' d'altra genti.*" And Stendhal—the archetype of the singular, the most "modern" of men—described his own experience when in "*Le Rouge et le Noir*" he wrote: "*Ma présomption s'est si souvent applaudie de ce que j'étais différent des autres. . . . Eh bien, j'ai assez vécu pour voir que différence engendre haine.*" Stendhal predicted that the world would not begin to read and understand him until he had been dead at least fifty years. For once Stendhal expressed a rather optimistic view. But he was entirely correct.

It was again Stendhal speaking for himself when he wrote: "*Souvent je réfléchis un quart d'heure pour placer un adjectif après un substantif.*" This meticulousness, this finical discrimination, is generally regarded as a characteristic of what critics are pleased to call "the decadent school of art." This presupposes that such essential virtues in art as taste and polish can be carried to excess, and that, overstepping the reasonable limit, they become faults or even vices. But who will say where that limit should be drawn? Why should subtler perfection mean decline? And may not those who are similarly "different" in constitution and mentality have the right to enjoy the scrupulous refinement in a poet, painter or musician, without being thrown into the discard of decay, tagged artificial or neurotic? The greatest neurotic among composers was Richard Wagner—and surely the most healthy, the most dynamic, the most vital of them all.

The label of "decadent" fastened upon Loeffler as early as the year of righteousness 1895, and as a matter of course. His singularity was intolerable. He elected to set verses of those "*poètes maudits*" Baudelaire and Verlaine; he went for inspiration

to death-enamored Maeterlinck: three names which stand for one of the richest fecundations music has had in all its history. He chose to weave into his symphonic texture strands of old Gregorian gold. He pilfered the museum for obsolete instruments and wrote an orchestral piece with two solo *violes d'amour*! When Lœffler's "Divertimento in A minor for violin and orchestra" was played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra (with the composer as soloist) in January, 1895, Philip Hale wrote an account of the performance for the "Musical Courier." He bravely pronounced the verdict: "Mr. Lœffler is a decadent. He believes in tonal impressions rather than in thematic development. How fastidious he is after the proper, the one, the felicitous word!" Then Hale went on to elucidate what he meant by decadent, and cited for examples in French literature Jean Moréas, Jules Laforgue, and Henri de Régnier. He concluded that Lœffler "has the delicate sentiment, the curiosity of the hunter after nuances, the love of the macabre, the cool fire that consumes and is more deadly than fierce, panting flame."

Three years later, in January, 1898, when Lœffler's symphonic poem "La Mort de Tintagiles" was first played in Boston, Philip Hale's judgment was this:

From time to time articles against 'decadents' in music are written and published. Writers will name Ibsen, Zola, Verlaine and Maeterlinck in a sentence, declaim bitterly against the lot, and censure musicians who derive any kind of inspiration from the works of such wretched beings. The very grouping shows that these declaimers know little or nothing of the books against which they rail. It would be easy for such a man to listen to Mr. Lœffler's symphonic poem, call him a decadent, and then betake himself cheerfully to bed, sustained and soothed by the reflection that he had done society a service. Mr. Lœffler, however, is no more to be snuffed out by such orthodox breath than is Verlaine or Maeterlinck. Whether he is or is not a decadent is not the question; the question is this: Is the music good or bad? or you may put the question in this way: Does the music thrill or move or console me, or does it bore me?

The quality of "difference" admitted, the taint—if such it be—of "decadence" disowned, there is in Lœffler's music enough to thrill, to move, or to console all but the biased and the deaf. What is the ending of the "Pagan Poem" but "one fanfare of frantic exultation"? Can music breathe emotion more burning and yet more chaste than it does in the song "*Adieu pour jamais*," with the tragic indecision of its final measures? Is there anyone so hardened to whom the second movement of the "Music for Four Stringed Instruments" does not speak in undertones of

hope and solace? If Loeffler's music has passed through the alembic of intellectual refining, the distillation of the spirit was made possible only by the boiling over of the blood. The result is like no other music. Quoting or paraphrasing the ancient chants of the Roman Church, and again walking in proud seclusion apart and ahead, it belongs to no fixed time or special school, and least of all is it "futuristic"; wherefore it holds fair promise of longevity, as years are counted in art's changing seasons.

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It is in the nature of things that a man's work should evolve with the ripening and broadening of his personality; and so it has been with Loeffler. His recent compositions are nothing more than the logical and strict development of his earlier and always personal manner, of his great *science et maîtrise*. Unlike many of his contemporaries or predecessors, the musician Loeffler has undergone no radical changes, has made no *volte-face*, nor turned cryptic because of having exhausted the intelligible means of expression at his command. That composer would have to live isolated on a planet other than ours, who could pretend that influences of a bygone age or of the vitalizing innovations made by others, and his juniors, did not mingle in his work. It makes no difference if someone thinks he finds in Loeffler's earliest music a trace of Brahms; if, later, certain orchestral mannerisms remind one of Strauss; if here and there in his delicate workmanship Loeffler vies with Fauré (for thirty-five years his close friend); or if now and then a kinship with Debussy seems to exist. Fleeting and deceptive, these are reminiscences on the part of the hearer rather than of the composer. Too much criticism is propped up on the crutches of analogy. The important fact remains that in Loeffler's chamber music and the songs of twenty or thirty years ago, as much as in that superb symphonic work, "A Pagan Poem," or in his opera to a book by William Sharpe, not yet performed, there is always the stamp of a peculiar and indefinable personality that makes comparison, if not odious, at least quite useless.

No biographer of Loeffler will be able to treat of his music without falling back upon the program notes of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, written by Philip Hale. Painstaking and accurate chronicler, he also was the most sympathetic and encouraging critic of Loeffler's works, when the composer needed both understanding and response. Nothing could be more valuable than this kind of criticism, except the confident and devoted

support of a publisher like Gustave Schirmer, jr., untimely lost. To his memory the "Pagan Poem" is inscribed. Lœffler had other advantages. There was ever ready a marvelous orchestra to play his works. Stimulating relations extended far beyond the usual circle of professional associates. His cultivation and dignity attracted and reassured. Of a sober and frugal disposition, hard working as few musicians, he achieved comparatively soon the security and ease which are too often absent from the artist's advancing years. He has had the satisfaction of bringing out a number of violin pupils who have done him honor. That he never showed an inclination to gather round him disciples in the art of composition as well, has been a misfortune for the younger generation of American composers. No one is more alert with ear and eye than he, no one could be so firmly depended upon to follow up the diagnosis of the ailment with the prescription of the cure. But Lœffler has been fully absorbed in himself. That is true of every real master—to the point of uncompromising selfishness—because every real master is self-taught. He remains the eternal apprentice; learning with him never ends. Lœffler has that patient application of the scientific experimenter, or of the monk in his cell. Almost shy, he has never courted success with tricks and poses. Nervously high strung, he was forced to evade as much as possible the petty irritations which intruders are so apt to cause. And where, after all, in America, were those with whom twenty-five years ago Lœffler could have founded a "school"? He did not proceed from any himself; he did not care to leave one behind. For a long time he stood solitary, in a waste, drawing his strength from the skies above rather than from an unploughed, sterile ground. And he bore luscious fruit when round him grew nothing more exciting than the leguminous shoots of the pleasant kitchen-bed.

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The difficulty in determining Lœffler's place among the musicians of the day is partly due to his aloofness and reticence. His sensitiveness might be called perverse, were it not the cause as much as the result of his unique and sublimated idiom. Believing with Horace that only from a certain distance can we critically appreciate our own creations, Lœffler has given but sparingly of his work to the public, and never without having subjected each composition to repeated trials, and, if necessary, to numerous revisions.

Almost every one of his published compositions is the last in a series of often astonishing transformations. The two Rhapsodies (*L'étang* and *La Cornemuse*) for oboe, viola and piano, were originally settings of the two poems by Rollinat which figure as "mot-toes," or programs, in the printed version. "*La Mort de Tintagiles*" was written in the summer of 1897 for two solo *violes d'amour*; the composer and Mr. Kneisel played these instruments at the first performance by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, January 8, 1898, and at a repetition of the work on March 19 of the same year. Loeffler revised the score and eliminated one of the two violas. The revision is dated September, 1900, and in this new form the work was first played, again in Boston, on February 16, 1901. In the summer of 1901 Loeffler wrote two orchestral compositions, "*La Villanelle du Diable*" (inspired by a poem of Rollinat's) and "*Avant que tu ne t'en ailles*" (the opening line of a poem in Verlaine's "*Bonne Chanson*"). They were both performed from manuscript at a Symphony Concert in Boston, under Wilhelm Gericke, on April 12, 1902. The score of the first was published in 1905. The second was laid aside. Sixteen years after its first performance it reappeared in a new orchestral dress, but without substantial thematic or structural changes. Pierre Monteux performed it on November 1, 1918. On the program it was called "*La Bonne Chanson*." Another five years elapsed before it was definitely committed to the printing press, whence it emerged as "Poem"—and as one of Loeffler's most songful, most sensuously beautiful scores.

A typical case in point is that of the "Pagan Poem." As poetic background for it served the eighth Eclogue of Virgil: the Thessalian girl who with the aid of magic and amorous incantations tries to call back her truant lover. From the program notes of Philip Hale we learn that the work was originally conceived, in 1901, as chamber music for pianoforte, two flutes, oboe, clarinet, English horn, two horns, three trumpets (hidden from the view of the audience), viola and double-bass. It was afterwards arranged for two pianos and three trumpets, and performed on April 13, 1903, at the home of Mrs. John L. Gardner. Her Venetian *palazzo* in the Fens is now a public treasure-house of Boston, where, among other famous paintings, hangs Loeffler's oil portrait by his late friend, John Singer Sargent, a fitting commemoration of the many happy occasions on which music, and music by Loeffler, was heard in that house. In 1905 and 1906 the "Pagan Poem" was remoulded and treated much more symphonically. A transcription for two pianos and three trumpets was made by

the composer. In that form it was privately given on October 29, 1907, as a preliminary to the first public performance of the final orchestral version at a concert of the Boston Symphony, on November 23, 1907, when Heinrich Gebhard played the piano part.

In 1907 Loeffler composed "The Wind among the Reeds," for voice and piano, being two poems from the volume of that title by William Butler Yeats. These songs were published in 1908, and on October 13, 1909, David Bispham sang them for the first time in public, at Jordan Hall in Boston. They were the germ of the "Five Irish Fantasies for voice and full orchestra" (still unpublished), three of which John McCormack sang with the Boston Symphony Orchestra in the Spring of 1922. Whoever heard this singer's prophetic ecstasy declare the ultimate glory of "our Caitilin-ni-Holahan" knows that there is nothing "decadent" about this music, that it is virile, full-blooded, deeply felt and brilliantly executed.

Probably the most astonishing instance of Loeffler's revisions and transformations, and perhaps the only one in which two different published versions of the same work allow a comparison between the first and the second stage, is the eight-part unaccompanied chorus for mixed voices, a setting of T. W. Parsons' ode "For one who fell in battle." It was sung by the Choral Art Society of Boston in December, 1906. In January, 1911, a printed version of it appeared and was shortly afterward withdrawn, to be supplanted in October of the same year by a "new edition." Students of composition can lay their hands upon no finer lesson than that which a careful comparing of these two versions offers, unless they go to Beethoven's Sketchbooks, or to the first draft of the duet between Senta and Erik in the second act of Wagner's "Flying Dutchman" (in the Library of Congress), written about the end of 1840, and contrast it with the definitive cast of that number completed by Wagner eight months later.

A procedure so painstaking and involved as Loeffler's habit of constant emendations, is liable to leave its mark, to show the sutures. But it would be doing Loeffler a grave injustice, if one were to say that his deliberate and chary gait had robbed the finished work of spontaneity and freshness. On the contrary, the vibrant and sensuous glow that is peculiar to so much of his music, is only mellowed to a point where it no longer hurts, where we can face it without becoming blinded, by sheer beauty, to the craft and cunning that devised it. And for that reason, Loeffler's art addresses itself—to use a homely metaphor—neither to the

glutton who prefers his music in big chunks and swallows them whole, nor to the palate that hungers for sharp and pungent morsels. Loeffler's is a substantial, though delicately-blended fare for the *gourmet* who loves to analyse a savour on his tongue, and from judicious mixture of ingredients takes infinite delight, prolonged in a delicious after-taste.

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Few composers possess so complex a mentality as does this man of Gallic taste, of Teutonic thoroughness, paired with child-like naïveté and utmost sophistication, which result in a love for archaic simplicity and the craving for ever newer, rarer sensations. Loeffler's long and exhaustive study of Plain-chant has colored a good deal of his writing. The germinal theme of the String Quartet is Gregorian. Most decidedly and legitimately this element enters into the symphony "Hora mystica," with final chorus of men's voices (1916). Its mainspring must be sought in the composer's visit to the Benedictines of "Maria-Laach." For the performance of the work Loeffler furnished explanatory notes, a part of which deserve quotation, because it affords, like nothing else, a glimpse into the mystic world of dreams which he inhabits:

The mood is one of religious meditation and adoration of nature. A lonely pilgrim winds his way through a land of ever-changing enchantments, a land where clouds move like a procession of nuns over the hills or descend upon a lake, changing it into a mysterious gray sea—a land where shepherds still pipe to their flocks. From far away comes a curious tolling of village church-bells. At last the wanderer stands before the cathedral of a Benedictine monastery, contemplating its beauty—even the grotesque beauty of the gargoyles, placed on the house of worship to ward off evil spirits. In the church, with its rose-window still aglow with the last evening light, the office of compline—known to the Benedictine monks as Hora Mystica—is tendered to God, and peace descends into the soul of the pilgrim.

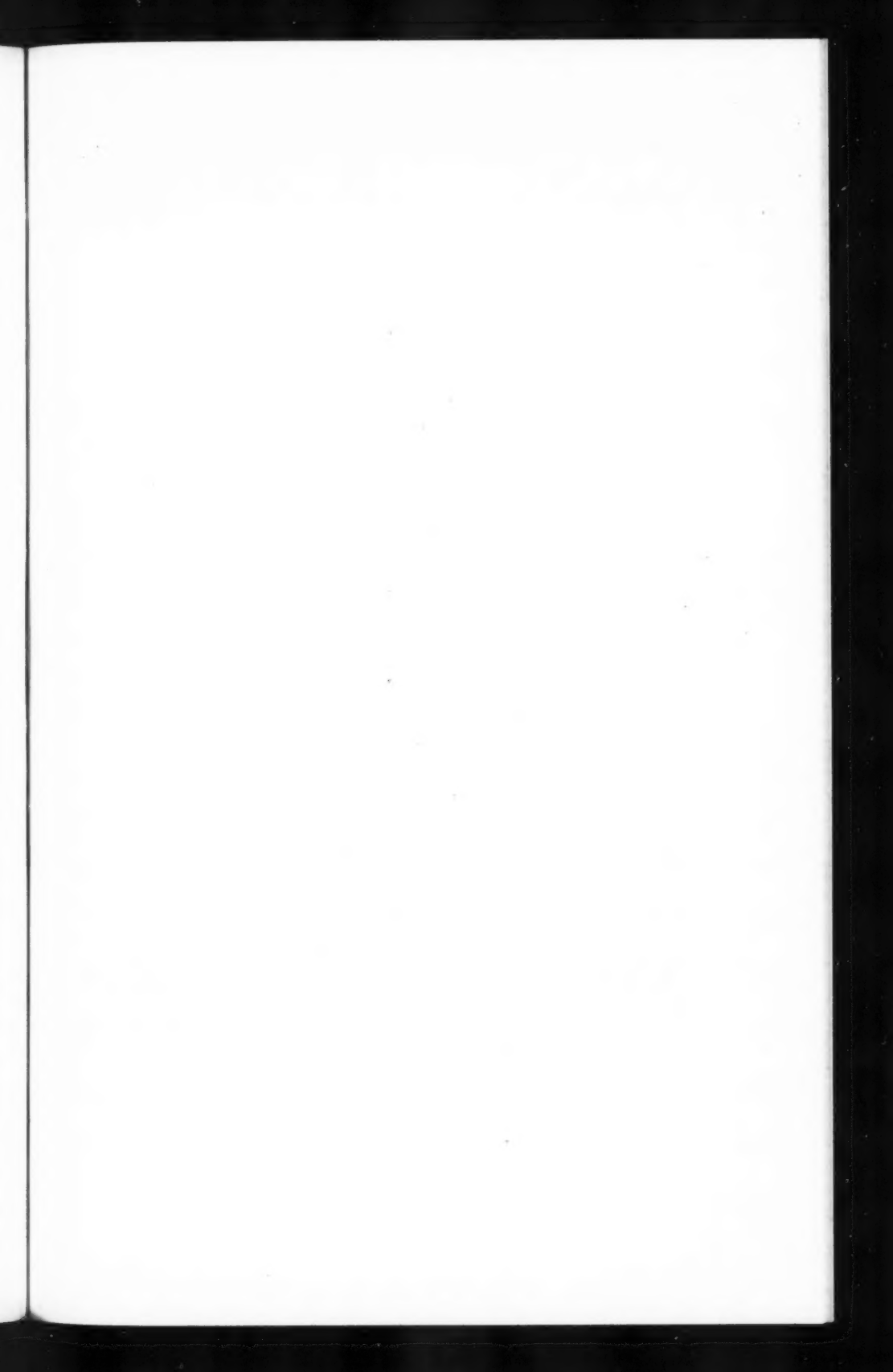
At times this predilection for Gregorian melodies becomes almost disturbing. Already in the violin and orchestra "Divertimento" of 1895 the "Dies iræ" served as theme for a set of variations. The solo part of this work, by the way, is among the most difficult things in the literature for the instrument. Carl Halir played the piece in Berlin, Leipzig (under Dr. Muck, who pronounced it "wonderfully orchestrated"), Breslau and Cologne. In Berlin two movements were played by Halir on October 19, 1905, when Richard Strauss conducted the orchestra. Halir, in spite of his technical facility, could not do all the notes that were

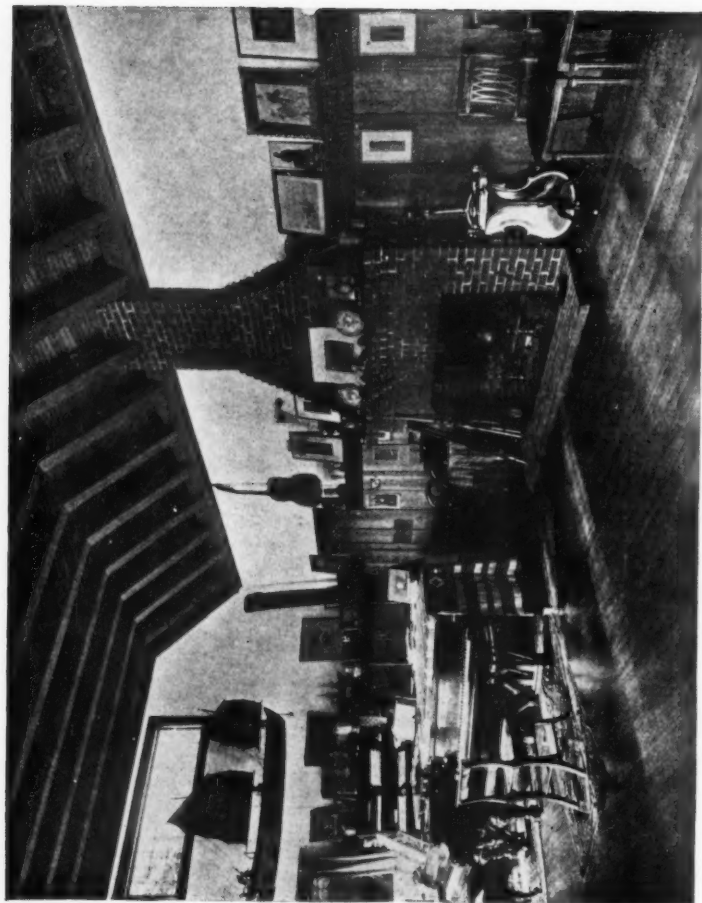
on paper; the composer himself had tossed them off brilliantly at Boston, in 1895. That performance had one appreciable consequence for him: Higginson granted him a raise in salary which the previous year had been asked for and refused!

But "the day of wrath" continued to obsess the composer's musical thoughts. He was ever torn between two *idées fixes*: beauty and death. They alone counted. Persistently he struggled to reconcile the two. And yet about the one, men disagree; while of the other, they know nothing.

We find the "Dies iræ" in Lœffler's songs, in his orchestral works, and even in his Spanish opera. Long before he wrote this opera he had joined the group of composers who, from Corelli to Ravel, succumbed to the lure of the Iberian manner. In 1900 he composed a "Divertissement Espagnol" for orchestra and saxophone. That was many years before the saxophone's triumphal progress as the herald of America's musical independence. And if a musicologist of the year 2000 should shake his head in wonder over the remarkable fact that every French composer of note who was living in the first decade of the twentieth century—Debussy, d'Indy not excepted—as well as Martin Lœffler, wrote one composition for the saxophone, let him look to Boston and Mrs. R. J. Hall for the answer. But Lœffler's opera is unlike the dazzling approximations of Bizet and Chabrier, the clever transcript of Rimsky-Korsakof, or the enchanting vaporizations of Debussy. His music concentrates, with agonizing intensity, the rays of a sun that scorches the mind and stirs the sap to a point of fatal irresponsibility.

It is impossible to single out any of Lœffler's works for special mention without slighting some that are not included in an enumeration which, of necessity, is but too short. And yet, one is tempted to lay stress, if only in passing, on the loveliness of such songs as "*Les Paons*," "*Adieu pour jamais*" (dedicated in 1903 to Elise Burnett Fay, whom he married in 1910), to the setting of Poe's "To Helen" or Yeats' "The host of the air." One is tempted, moreover, to indulge in gratuitous predictions, at least in this one—that, as Debussy never surpassed "*L'après-midi d'un faune*," so will the "Pagan Poem" remain Lœffler's most perfect work for orchestra. That it depends for performance on the assistance of a deft and imaginative pianist, who is willing to merge into the general color-scheme rather than stand out in the impudent lime-light of virtuosity, has not prevented it from appearing more often on the programs of symphony orchestras, in America and in Europe, than any other piece by Lœffler. It has been praised





A View of Mr. Læffler's Music-Room in Medfield, Mass.

rhapsodically. Is one to go so far as to call Loeffler one of the last great masters of modern euphony, based on equal temperament and the enharmonic scale? Not that he shuns what, for want of a better name, we are still agreed to call discords. No doubt by some people he was always thought over-fond of "daring" harmonies. But he introduces discords only where the moving voices of his marvellous polyphony demand and justify them. It is not the haphazard conglomeration or laboriously-contrived sequence of notes prompted by ears that strive to hear a finer subdivision of the octave than we now possess, or are so dulled and blunted that only the harshest clash can titillate their aural nerve. Loeffler is content to use what he finds under his hands and to make with it only beautiful sounds.

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When Loeffler left the Boston Symphony Orchestra, in 1903, he practically ceased to play the violin in public. (He appeared only once more with the Orchestra, on January 2, 1904, as *viola d'amour* soloist in his "Tintagiles.") What he learned from Joachim and Massart—and especially from Hubert Léonard, during the summers of 1884 and 1885 at Maison Laffitte—he was willing to pass on to others. But he does not stand still. He keeps surmounting higher and higher violinistic problems, goes on spinning his tone ever purer and warmer, for his own satisfaction and that of a few privileged beings. To hear him in his quiet music-room on his New England farm, near Medfield, Massachusetts, to hear him interpret sonatas of Bach, Handel, Brahms, Fauré and d'Indy is, indeed, one of Baudelaire's "*grandes jouissances*." In that high-studded room, "in a sea of fields, fields pink as rose-mallows under a fading rose-mallow sky"—as Amy Lowell with her eye for tints and hues described it—you forget that you are only eighteen miles from Boston, whence, on the rare occasions when Loeffler used to conduct his pupils in a program scrupulously selected and prepared, a long string of motors brought an audience too large for the little village church in which these charity affairs were given. (Nobody knows the Franck Quintet who has not heard it with a small orchestra replacing the string quartet, under Loeffler's direction.)

But one almost resented these occasional intrusions by "Society"—now ended, too. One prefers to picture the lonely man of noble and monastic mien in his spacious study, with the Chinese junks hanging motionless from the rafters, the two dogs

stretched before the embers in the large fireplace, the soft light of wax tapers in slender iron candlesticks, an autumnal evening haze spread in fantastic patterns over the meadow-land, the ethereal voice of a violin cutting into the silence and singing a passionate phrase—yes, in those moments one waits for the *fratres* to look in, for a little music, on their return from vespers, nay, for Our Lady herself to steal through the deepening dusk and make her benign presence felt, as she was wont to do, in days of long ago, at Groenendal.

THE UNPUBLISHED WORKS OF CHARLES MARTIN LÖFFLER

Chronologically Ordered by Date of Publication¹

(All are published by G. Schirmer, Inc., New York)

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|------|-------|--|
| 1903 | Nov. | Quatre Mélodies pour chant et piano, poésies de Gustave Kahn, Op. 10:
1. Timbres oubliés (à Mme. Henry P. McKean).
2. Adieu pour jamais (à Mlle. Elise Fay).
3. Les soirs d'automne (à Franz Kneisel).
4. Les paons (à John S. Sargent). |
| 1904 | Aug. | Quatre Poèmes pour voix, alto et piano, Op. 5:
1. La Cloche fêlée [Baudelaire] (à Mme. J. Montgomery Sears).
2. Dansons la gigue! [Verlaine] (à Howard A. Cushing).
3. Le son du cor s'afflige vers les bois [Verlaine] (à Eugène Ysaÿe).
4. Sérénade [Verlaine]. |
| 1905 | June | Deux Rapsodies pour hautbois, alto et piano [after poems by Maurice Rollinat]:
1. L'étang (à la mémoire de Léon Pourteau).
2. La Cornemuse (à M. Georges Longy). |
| | Sept. | "La Mort de Tintagiles," poème dramatique d'après le drame de Maurice Maeterlinck pour grand orchestre et viole d'amour, Op. 6, full score (à Eugène Ysaÿe). |
| | Sept. | "La Villanelle du Diable," d'après un poème de M. Rollinat, fantaisie symphonique pour grand orchestre et orgue, Op. 9, full score (à Franz Kneisel). |
| 1906 | March | Four Poems set to music for voice and piano, Op. 15:
1. Sudden Light [D. G. Rossetti] (To Miss Susan Metcalfe).
2. A Dream within a Dream [E. A. Poe] (To Mrs. Gustave Schirmer).
3. To Helen [E. A. Poe] (To Miss Evelyn Benedict).
4. Sonnet [G. C. Lodge] (To Mrs. H. N. Slater). |
| 1907 | Dec. | Psalm CXXXVII, "By the rivers of Babylon," for four-part chorus of women's voices with accompaniment of organ, harp, 2 flutes, and violoncello obbligato, Op. 3, full score and vocal score (To my friend William P. Blake). |
| 1908 | Jan. | "La Mort de Tintagiles" . . . réduction pour piano à 4 mains par Marcel Labey. |
| | Jan. | "La Villanelle du Diable" . . . réduction pour piano à 4 mains par Marcel Labey. |
| | Dec. | "The wind among the reeds," two poems by W. B. Yeats set to music for voice and piano (To my friend Temple R. Fay):
1. The hosting of the Sidhe.
2. The host of the air. |
| 1909 | Aug. | A Pagan Poem (after Virgil), for orchestra with piano, English horn and three trumpets obbligati, Op. 14, full score (To the memory of Gustave Schirmer). (Also arr. for 2 pianos by Heinrich Gebhard.) |

¹There is apparently but one composition of Mr. Löffler's which was published in Europe, before his coming to America; it is a "Berceuse" by M. Löffler-Tornov, issued by Hamelle in Paris.

- 1911 Jan. "For one who fell in battle," eight-part chorus for mixed voices a cappella [T. W. Parsons] (To Major Henry Lee Higginson, in memory of his comrades who never returned from the war).
 Oct. Ode, "For one who fell in battle," eight-part chorus for mixed voices a cappella; new edition revised by the composer [T. W. Parsons] (To Major Henry Lee Higginson in memory of the comrades who never returned from the war).
 1923 Oct. Music for four stringed instruments (Dedicated to the memory of Victor Chapman). Published for the Society for the Publication of American Music, 1922-23.
 Dec. Poem, composed for orchestra (To Elise, my wife).
 1925 "Memories of my Childhood" (Life in a Russian village), poem for modern orchestra.

ARRANGEMENTS AND EDITIONS

(Published by the Boston Music Co., Boston)

- 1909 Chabrier-Loeffler Scherzo-Valse from "Scènes Pittoresques," for violin and piano.
 Ketten-Loeffler Caprice Espagnol, for violin and piano.
 1916 Saint-Saëns Havanaise (fingerings and bowings by C. M. Loeffler).
 1919 Fauré Sonata for violin and piano, Op. 13 (Edited by C. M. Loeffler).

UNPUBLISHED WORKS WHICH HAVE BEEN PERFORMED

Chronologically Ordered by Date of Composition or First Performance

(This list is based, in part, on the dates given by Mr. Philip Hale)

- 1889 String Quartet in A minor ("Minuet," at Philadelphia, season 1889-90; two movements by Adamowski Quartet, Boston, April 12, 1892).
 1891 "Les Veillées de l'Ukraine" (after Gogol), suite for violin and orchestra (Boston Symphony Orchestra, Nov. 21, 1891, C. M. L. soloist; revised version, B. S. O., Nov. 25, 1899, Franz Kneisel soloist).
 1893 Sextuor for 2 violins, 2 violas, 2 'cellos (Kneisel Quartet, Boston, Feb. 27, 1893; as "Sextet in D minor, Le passeur d'eau," Kneisel Quartet, Boston, Dec. 10, 1909).
 1894 Fantastic Concerto for violoncello and orch. (Alwin Schroeder with B. S. O., Feb. 3, 1894).
 1895 Divertimento in A minor for violin and orch. (C. M. L. with B. S. O., Jan. 5, 1895).
 1895 Quintet in one movement for 3 violins, viola and 'cello (Kneisel Quartet, Boston, Feb. 18, 1895).
 1897 Octet for 2 violins, viola, violoncello, 2 clarinets, double-bass, harp (concert of Kneisel Quartet, Boston, Feb. 15, 1897).
 1897 "Harmonie du soir" (Baudelaire) for mezzo-soprano, viola and piano (Lena Little, C. M. Loeffler and Emil Paur, Boston, Nov. 30, 1897).
 1901 "Divertissement Espagnol" for saxophone and orchestra (Mrs. R. J. Hall with Orchestral Club, Boston, Georges Longy conductor).
 1901 "L'archet" (Cros), ballad for mezzo-soprano, women's chorus, *viola d'amour* and piano (privately performed, March 5, 1901, Boston, at the home of Mr. J. Montgomery Sears, with B. J. Lang conducting a group of singers picked from the Cecilia Society; Julia Wyman, solo soprano; Heinrich Gebhard, piano; the composer, *viola d'amour*. It was later given at a public concert of the Cecilia Society; also privately at Mrs. Gardner's and with Mme. Povla Frijsb, at a "Longy Concert" in Boston when Heinrich Gebhard played the piano and Mr. Loeffler played the *viola d'amour*).
 1902 "Le flambeau vivant" (Baudelaire), song for voice and piano (Miss Lena Little, Boston, April 5, 1902).
 1904 "Ballade carnavalesque" for piano, flute, oboe, saxophone and bassoon (Longy Club, Jan. 25, 1904).

- 1904 "A une femme" (Verlaine), song for voice and piano (written in 1904, later sung by Mme. Povla Frijsh).
- 1908 Boléro triste (Kahn), song for voice and piano (written in 1908, later sung by Mme. Povla Frijsh).
- 1908 Je te vis, je t'aimais (Kahn), song for voice and piano (written in 1908, later sung by Mme. Povla Frijsh).
- 1912 "Conte espagnol," for violoncello and piano or orchestra (played by Pablo Casals in Boston, New York, and Spain).
- 1916 "Hora Mystica," Symphony in one movement for full orchestra and chorus of men's voices (at concert of Litchfield County Choral Union, Norfolk, Conn., June 6, 1916, the composer conducting the Philharmonic Orchestra of New York).
- 1917 "Prière" (one performance at the Medfield Church for the benefit of wounded French soldiers; Mme. Frijsh, singer, the orchestra conducted by the composer, Heinrich Gebhard at the piano, A. Snow at the organ).
- 1922 "The host of the air" (Yeats), "The fiddler of Dooney" (Yeats), "Caitilin-ni-Holahan" (Hefernan), for voice and full orchestra; Nos. 2, 3 and 5 respectively of "Five Irish Fantasies for voice and orchestra (John McCormack and B. S. O., March 10, 1922, Boston).

RHYTHM

By OSCAR BIE

I

RHYTHM OF A LOWER ORDER

I MUST take time to gain a clear view of the basic principles of Rhythm. It is refreshing to turn from our vexed times to such physical research. But it is not altogether easy. The investigation of rhythm has become sadly complicated through its relations with verse and likewise through comparisons with life. It is necessary, first, to sever its associations. We exclude tone; we limit ourselves to the rhythmical beat. This "tone" no longer rings, it only raps. It requires a certain exertion to realize this abstraction. Then, one has pure rhythm. Beat the bare rhythm of any piece of music on the table, so that you may recognize the nudity of this function. Now, one will very soon note three kinds of rhythm. The first kind progresses in a succession of equal beats, each of which has the same accent. It is, so to speak, a melodic rhythm; it might also be called agogic. The second kind is dynamic in character; one might say that it corresponds to harmony. During the course of ordinary rhythm it accents some single beats more strongly, others less so. It has the effect of a second rhythmic line running below the first, and meeting it at regular intervals to form a rhythmic chord. The first was a successivity, the second is a simultaneity. And therefore I said "melodic" and "harmonic."—The third kind of rhythm is a combination of the first and second; it implies the simultaneity of several different rhythms in progression—i.e., polyrhythm (polymorphic rhythm). We possess the faculty of hearing simultaneously quite disparate rhythmic lines. For polyphonic music this has been of incalculable importance.

The above are the basic forms. In practice everything is modified. Absolute uniformity is resolved into a more or less pronounced *rubato* whereby every beat-unit is converted from a mathematical into a psychological unity, and the beat-units themselves assume new forms in accordance with the rhythmic Will that is nowadays so strongly asserted that a change of measure, even at very brief intervals, is one of the commonest phenomena.

Regular rhythm, as manifested in song and dance, has come to be an element of style amid the complexity of universal rhythmical development. Gustav Mahler was fond of setting march-like basses as a support for relentless tragedy—as though blood and passion were congealed into a folk-song. In every military situa-

tion regular rhythm has its peculiar significance. I have before me the score of Richard Strauss's *Heldenleben*, which furnishes abundant examples. In the battle-scene the small drum stands out distinctly as a purely rhythmical instrument. Its regularly repeated rhythm continues in one place throughout 27 measures as the scaffolding of the musical structure.

Out of its uniformity rhythm has developed into the tremendous complexity wherein we now live, by the following process. It differentiates itself either in its line or through its polyrhythmic form. Thus the line of rhythm ignores mathematically uniform beats and indulges in variations of their basic motive either by dividing them, or contracting them, or annulling them by a rest. The half-note draws two quarters together; the quarter-note, eight thirty-seconds. Sections of these are again grouped; out of two quarters are evolved three triplet notes; dotted notes add to the one half what they subtract from the other; syncopations borrow parts of measures; and so it goes on into the infinitude of all possible permutations.

It is no simple matter to set down in writing these purely acoustic matters. They are so manifold, so opulent and so changeable, that mere words impair their powers. I take the reader aside and show him, on any page of a score, this singular landscape of stems and beams that locates the whole mystery of rhythmical movement in the sounding note-heads. There we find a differentiation of sense-experiences such as can hardly be observed elsewhere in art. There is luxuriance wedded to precision; there is form which is also a record of emotion.

It all becomes far more surprising when we pass into the sphere of polyrhythms. Look at this column in the score of *Ein Heldenleben*—the thirty-second-notes in the harp to the halves in the rest of the orchestra; the quarter-note triplets in the lower wind instruments to the eighths and sixteenths in the trumpets, strings and oboes.—Shall I remind you of famous passages in Chopin? The Finale of the B-minor sonata, where the theme enters in E minor, has a 4/4 movement in the right hand to a 6/8 in the left, while quarter- and eighth-notes above, and simultaneously one quarter-note below, stand out dynamically. Or the F-minor étude in 4/4 time, with four triplets in eighths above and two triplets in quarters below. The three dance-orchestras in *Don Giovanni* are rhythmically so involved that they play at the same time a minuet, a contradance, and a *Ländler*, whose measures are dovetailed into one another. Nowadays it is no longer unusual to see different measures, even when marked as such, running on side by side quite

openly, each with its own rhythmic wave quite independent and undisturbed and, at best, allotted to different groups of instruments; during which our ear, that seldom goes beyond five in the delimitation of measure-units, is not in the least irritated by this multiformity of measure. It is indeed a weird spell that is thus woven by rhythm.

The moment that rhythm takes heed of the fact that it is not simply an absolute beat, but that this beat is the sign of a pulse—of a pulse wherein mankind and life express themselves—rhythmical melody commences to assume expression and relevancy. The theme of Beethoven's C-minor symphony strives beyond a purely rhythmical significance. Three short beats before a long one, once repeated with prolongation of the last beat, then the multiformity and development of this rhythmical motive in lightly and strongly marked nuances, in short and long periods, is the very knock of Fate. The first theme of *Ein Heldenleben*—half-notes, two triplets, prolonged halves, a dotted swing, a closing run in sixteenths, and a line continued between the dotted ascent and the dynamically overaccented descent—is a still more complicated rhythmical statement of manliness and of resistance against that Fate. Neither of these examples can well bear being taken in a purely rhythmical sense. Tone has become identical with rhythm, and sings what the latter says. The mathematics of measure has unfolded itself into a broad and variegated speech, which has grown to be an element of modern interpretative music. The external forms of rhythm, which we theoretically dissected, have grown together again in and with music and life, which we had to forget in order to understand rhythm. Long live life!

II

RHYTHM OF A HIGHER ORDER

The primitive measure possesses rhythmic order. Its three or four beats follow each other at regular intervals. Quickened emotionality breaks in upon this clocklike regularity. A *rubato* holds back or hastens the mechanical succession as emotion wills, that now breathes faster and anon more slowly. The original measure retains its basic character beneath all variations that modify its course. Were this a purely mechanical course, emotion would have no part in it. Were it emotion only, our sense for rhythmical order would not be satisfied. In the combination of these two elements, strengthening each other by mutual restriction, resides the rhythmical charm.

What is true of the measure is true of the entire construction. In the former the rhythmic unit is smaller, in the latter larger. That is the whole difference. In architecture each single member is technically arranged, and so is the entire structure. In this, too, restraints of and conflicts with the mechanical order are emotional elements.

Rhythm of a higher order appertains to the organization of an entire composition, which has a verse-like grouping. In this sense the term "rhythm" has been little used and seldom applied as yet. But it is clear that, just as the phrasing of a song or dance illustrates the primitive rhythmical order, a longer composition, like the movement of a symphony or even an act of an opera, represents an art-work divided into time-groups. As a single measure constructs its rhythmic entity out of the several quarter- or eighth-notes, similarly the whole composition is built up of a succession of measure-groups that stand in rhythmical relation one to the other. The fact that this is more complicated than a simple dance-tune does not militate against its existence. One may have to search and study before one finds it. One hears it unwittingly, and is not conscious of it. In the composer it is a personal intuition; perhaps he may not even be aware of it when writing it down. Let us examine some early composition in which this rhythmical relation (order) is most readily recognized; for example, if we divide up the C-minor symphony into thematically homogeneous measure-groups and then reassemble them systematically with their repetitions, their corresponding sections, their interpolations, and even their pauses, we shall come at the rhythmic plan, as it were, in which the super-rhythm of the composer is manifested.

Here, again, the rationalism of strict rhythm gradually develops into the irrationalism of flexible and emotional rhythm. The measure, as a short rhythmic unit, often gave up this prerogative even in the earlier music where purely psychological effects were sought—as in the epic recitative, whose *melos* cannot march on rhythmic stilts. In modern times the bar, under certain conditions, has even been left out entirely, because the primitive unit would be deceptive if indicated in notation and act as a guide to the conductor, whereas in reality the stream of music flows on measureless, without rhythmic cesura, merely following the values of the successive notes. This psychological dissolution of the measure-conception, as the natural result of all *rubato* retardations, is to be observed throughout the composition as well as in the measure itself. An ultra-modern composition cannot, like those of earlier date, be divided up simply and obviously into mathematical

groups; on the contrary, such a telescoping and abbreviation and prolongation of the related complexes has taken place that the rhythmic bar of a higher order (that we never actually write) is no longer even imaginable. A similar process is observable as regards the harmonies, which in the eighteenth century still stood solidly side by side, while our modern musical perspective so forces them to coalesce that they run a course, in a abbreviated or altered form, impossible of mathematical calculation.

A Russian musical scientist, Professor Conus, has undertaken the establishment of a scientific system of musical metro-tectonics, i.e., the rhythmical grouping of the entire "lay-out" of a composition. With this work he has travelled through Europe, for the purpose of arousing interest in it and to secure funds for the difficult task of printing. Everywhere it is lauded as a great discovery. It will be remembered that Hugo Riemann's theory (his method of phrasing) treated a similar problem. Riemann dissected out of the music, disregarding the formal bars, the connected melodic phrase, whose development and gradations he followed all through the piece. This was a psychological process, that of Conus being mechanical. Conus has the credit of working out his system in such minute detail that he has probably established his principle for all time. He has made a comparative study of the greater part of accepted musical literature with reference to his theory. He begins by excising the leading musical thought in any composition, seeking for the sections in which it is repeated, and likewise noting the subsidiary themes and the transitions; he cuts out all these parts and pastes them together in a new order, like verse-lines arranged according to their rhythmical relations. He finds parallel correspondences, or contrasted ones, close or remote; an orderly mathematical arrangement is always discoverable. The connecting-links in the composition are conceived as cadences, either preparing for or penetrating into the next section, or holding an intermediate position between sections. Conus opposes our system of notation, for the reason that it writes out the composition line after line, as in prose, with no heed for the intrinsic rhythmical grouping. He would like to have it set down in his own rhythmic signs. His method, he opines, will be of great value in musical education, because insight and memory operate more effectively when the metrical structure of the whole composition is clearly presented. Indeed, he goes so far as to transcribe the tectonics of rhythm as a graphic system, and to sketch the structure of the work in polygons and circles, like an architectural plan. He carries with him sundry portfolios containing Bach's Preludes and Mendelssohn's

Songs without Words in graphic rhythmical presentation. It is really affecting to see these evidences of the industry of this man, who by dint of patience and perseverance has finally settled a matter which, after all, appears self-evident. There may be a touch of morbidness in this, as in the case of the monomaniacal investigators who endeavor to demonstrate that, in all works of plastic art, the proportion of gilding is to be taken as a standard of beauty. I ask Conus, "How about the modern arhythmic music?" He shrugs his shoulders:—Yes, that is a destruction of the laws.—Oh no; there is a new, an irrational lawfulness for the faithful development of feeling as opposed to mathematical precision; as it is in the measure, so it is in all music. The discovery of Conus is a *raticinatio post festum*.

III

THE NEW RHYTHM

I shall start with the society dances. What a transformation within two decades! Twenty years ago a glance into the ballroom would have shown an easy oscillation of the couples to the strains of buoyant music. To-day the ascendancy of the music is far stronger. It indulges in ponderous march-rhythms and topsyturvy syncopations, and rejoices in the racket of multitudinous instruments of percussion which are fain to outdo each other in the counterpoint of multifarious rhythms. In vain do the dancing couples try to follow the spasmodic measures; they would have to cut frenzied capers, throw their limbs out of joint, and bump the floor, to give a lifelike imitation of the music. In the swaying and gliding of their bodies they tamely reflect the turbulence of the beats, that vents its fury in the music. The waltz was a regular movement of twice three beats so veiled by the melody that only a glimmer of rhythm was apparent. To-day the rhythm has become the essential matter, and the melody even copies its antics. Formerly the violin took the lead; now, the drums and traps. A drop of negro blood is still in evidence. There is a primitive, unspoiled something, a bit of ethnology, in the noise of this music, that is not merely external sensation, but a sign of the times. Never before has naked rhythm possessed like significance.

That music began with rhythm can be claimed only in so far as it is the unconscious substructure of musical form. Only in recent times has it become conscious. The musical conception of antiquity and the Middle Ages was altogether melodic. The very contrapuntalism of the music of the latter period is simply a

multiplication of the melodic principle. Rhythm is there for the binding and elaboration of the motives, but in itself it has no vital fruitfulness, neither does it stand in any relation to life. With Bach music still runs its course in regular measures whose cosmic existence is of more importance than its modification according to the needs of expression. Melody assumes its rôle as the face of music. It sets harmony below as a foundation upon which to build luxuriant solos and to revel in the loveliness of its own manifold possibilities. Such was the melody of the outgoing eighteenth century, and so it again appears in the romanticism of the nineteenth; more formal in the earlier period, more soulful in the later. Between and of both stands Beethoven. Beethoven never esteemed melody as the ultimate formula of musical speech; in him, rather, the nature of rhythm awoke for the first time in an elementary significance. He not only rhythmizes like his predecessors—that is to say, he not merely shapes rhythmically—but he shapes the rhythm. Rhythm, as a reflex of the elements, becomes for him an organic entity, the pulse-beat of music that endows it with style, and power. This was a premonition of the coming time, almost an isolated personal experience. For Berlioz alone followed him in this direction. Berlioz delights in keenly envisaging rhythm as such and in creating new, hardy, abrupt forms for the sake of peculiar effects. The other members of the romantic circle in music did not continue in this path. Neither Schumann nor Brahms, neither Liszt nor Wagner, employs specific novelty in rhythm. They all obey a certain "law of the Lied" that helps them fashion the form; they float on a broad and tranquil stream. Richard Strauss is the first outspoken rhythmicist of the modern school. In him, to be sure, there is still a remainder of the lyric verse, that gathers up the music into counterpoised strophes. But his influence on the development of music has been most energetically exerted by rhythmical motives of such sweep and breadth, such elastic freedom, that he effectively awakened the modern psyche to this element in the domain of its expressional possibilities. Beethoven's rhythm is elementary in force, it is picturesque. Beethoven hearkens to Nature, paints a picture. Therein lies the difference between their realms—the difference between a creator and a collaborator. Beethoven's rhythmic cosmos, the product of his own personality, would develop to-day in a kindred spirit into an infinitude of rhythmical phenomena such as we can scarcely imagine. For beneath the surface of our life the rhythmic volcano is more active than ever before. Melody is too sweet, tone-color too adventitious, harmony too ingenious, as contrasted with the

primitive power of rhythm, that throbs in the heart-beats of revolutionary epochs, as once with Beethoven, in our day with no one.

A stream flows out from the dance. It is only a small matter, but it is there, and reminds us of happenings observable in the past—though from other causes, it is true, and on another level. Look through the Bach Suites, and you will find the several movements provided with titles borrowed from dances—Allemande, Courante, Sarabande, Bourrée, Passepied, Menuett, Gigue, and even the Polonaise. Excepting the minuet, all those dances were then no longer danced. But, though their dancing days were done, their influence continued, as symmetrically finished forms, on the music of a period that was everywhere striving to condense flowing lines into fixed forms. The minuet also gained a foothold in the third movement of the Symphony, where the waltz likewise found a place. But the waltz remained a germinal motive until the advent of *Der Rosenkavalier*. It created no form. Neither is what is going on to-day constructive in the earlier sense of the term; but the modern dances have operated to create an atmosphere of rhythm that has begun to influence the larger musical forms. Just as the dance-forms, in Bach's time, were symphonically elaborated, the rhythmic life of the dance is to-day assuming surprising significance in an important branch of musical production. The audacious fling of jazz, the buoyantly elastic sweep of its motley harmonies, the demonstrative imagery of its melodies with their rhythmical lineaments, have awakened in a number of composers—from Stravinsky, Poulenc, Bloch, Casella, down to Hindemith—a vein of fantasy that already promises to become a Style. Once again the music of the dance is setting the pace for her elder sister; rhythm, for which the latter longs, has been discovered therein, and cultivated. This is the first step on the road. Analogies are present between the brusque patterns of this music and the absolute formal designs of modern plastic art and architecture. There is a seeking out and accentuation of the most intimate functions, dissociated from any bourgeois wonderment at the phenomena of this bewildering universe. When Grotius inaugurated the exposition in his *Bauhaus* at Weimar with a masterful assertion of constructive power in the form of a modern concert in which salient creations in this novel dance-like rhythmical style were brought out, a union of ideals was effectuated that will set the fashion for the art of the future.

(Translated by Theodore Baker.)

THE ANÆSTHETIC OF CONCEIT

By ELISE FELLOWS WHITE

*On ne se bat pas dans l'espoir du succès! Non! non!
c'est bien plus beau lorsque c'est inutile!—ROSTAND.*

ANGLO-MANIA, so-called, is now an affair of the past, but in passing it bequeathed certain tendencies that have solidified into permanence. I refer to the attitude, universally condemnatory of late, that our countrymen have adopted toward what the English call "swank," the French *amour-propre*, and we, of America, the "swelled head," otherwise known as conceit. To this attitude other causes have contributed; doubtless the world-war aided in emphasizing the value of reticence and self-effacement.

The influence of school athletics has been strongly against youthful self-aggrandizement, or the over-assertion of initiative. Our earlier reputation for brag and bluster—relic of pre-Civil War days and Dickens' *American Notes*—stirred up reactions that have been profound and far-reaching in effect. American boastfulness has practically ceased to exist. Should it venture to raise ever so feeble a voice, it is now promptly squelched, in school, in college, in business, and in the home. The eagle no longer screams; he clings to his perch in grimmest silence, trained to be seen but not heard.

And he almost always faces the "other way." A general reversal of public opinion seems to have taken place within the last decade. Not only Mr. Chesterton, but a number of lesser lights have made it the fashion to be paradoxical. To disagree is one of the first requisites of what the modern world dubs originality. Have we, in past ages, been urged to Fletcherize, it now appears that Nature intended us to bolt our food. Have we become addicted to cubism and free verse, we find ourselves urged back to pre-Raphaelite forms, and early Victorian meters. Have we embraced the cult of tangled dissonance and revolutionary *sans-culottism* in the music of the future and the Six, around we face with the crowd, toward Byzantine and Gregorian chants.

It is a sort of iconoclasm that violates all shrines, upsets all orders of faith. George Washington, it now appears, was addicted to prevarication; Benjamin Franklin was afraid of thunder-

showers; Shakespeare never so much as saw his own plays; and Columbus, like Dr. Cook, made a fatal mistake in his observations, and never really arrived.

The musical idols have thus far escaped being cast from their honored pedestals, but I expect to hear almost any day, that Beethoven's hearing was preternaturally acute, that Schubert lived to an affluent old age, and that Wagner plagiarized from Mendelssohn.

All this adds to the bewilderment of modern life. Whereas eight to ten hours daily practice used to be the rule, the modern music student contents himself (and his teacher) with three, or none at all, substituting a *state of mind*—à la Coué.

So far as conceit is concerned, the reversal of opinion appears to be solely my own. I find myself isolated, though cheered by the hope that I may yet start a fashion. Heretical theories of some kinds are universally frowned upon—there is no such thing as agreement. Woe to him or her who ventures to hold, or to express, a belief that is contrary to the community code. Unstandardized, and unregenerate, one finds oneself kindly but firmly consigned to outer darkness. A well-known British writer and statesman—it may have been Lord Balfour—recently shook a little cloud of dust from his feet on leaving our shores. He expressed himself as finding us individually interesting, but collectively as much alike as hordes of Chinese. In a hundred years from now he may be right.

As a nation it would seem that we are fast becoming the most standardized and community-ridden people on earth. He or she who refuses to be re-cast in the common mold has a harder time than the monkey-wrench that was thrown into the works;—no one has ever told the monkey-wrench's side of that story. It seems sometimes as if our best efforts were devoted to the task of reducing every good American to a common denominator.

We get it from Mr. Stephen Leacock, straight from the shoulder. In one of his brilliant essays on modern problems of education he emphasizes the fact that there is no room for genius in our present-day colleges. Whereas at Oxford a man may go as fast and as far as he likes, here in America he is penalized in a hundred small ways for being out of step. The thing starts back in the grades. Throughout our admirable school system, uniformity—team-work, rather than individual brilliance—is the ideal striven for. Our efforts are concentrated on bringing up the laggards rather than speeding up the leaders. It is what Mr. Leacock (quoting) calls the "convoy system" of education.

That scholastic institution, the class (for which no one can have greater respect than I), in marshalling its ranks to follow certain fixed standards of high endeavor, and in smoothing the pathway to knowledge, exerts a mighty levelling, and incidentally crushing, force upon the individual. The net results of our public school training are admirable, and cannot be too highly commended; but whereas the system provides for those who are mentally deficient, and gives them a chance to catch up or in some way to compensate for their backwardness, there is no equal provision made for those who are qualified to pass all the rest by leaps and bounds—to fly, rather than plod to the common goal. Just what our schools and communities would do with actual genius is a problem. In the first place eccentricity is not allowed—and genius is eccentric. One-sidedness is frowned upon—and genius is often one-sided. Genius lacks many qualities that the modern world insists on—moral stability, for instance, and obedience, and docility, and conformity to the plans of others. To realize how freakish a form the development of super-normal gifts may assume, one needs but refer to such partial madmen as Shelley, Paganini, or Tchaikowsky; for examples of the single-track mind, to Fabre, or Flaubert, or César Franck; for precocity, to Chatterton, or Mozart. Yet in all these men the splendor of their gifts and the permanence of their work outweighed in value the inconvenience caused by their peculiarities. And far be it from this humble scribe to attempt to solve the problem, or to suggest a possible solution. Only let us not stamp too vigorously upon the soil through which the sprouts of youthful aspiration must push their way in those wonderful years of life's springtime.

One of the eccentric attributes that is least tolerated to-day, is this same conceit; and so far no reversal of judgment has manifested itself. Yet where incipient genius exists, in conceit often lies its salvation. Here is the extent of my heresy. Not only do I tolerate "swell-headedness"—I revel in it. I consider it an important and useful quality—one of the essential qualities, and a vital factor in the creation of art. By its help, imagination is stimulated and courage sustained. One is reminded of the water-wings, so called, that are used by children in learning to swim. Without the sham buoyancy their emptiness provides, one might sink forever. That variable life-preserver, the artistic temperament, needs a certain amount of artificial inflation to raise it from the depths of mood and circumstance.

Creative work of any sort requires courage, both spasmodic and sustained, and to a degree that the world seldom realizes.

There is always someone who does the thing infinitely better than we can hope to do it, and facing that fact, what wonder that hope and faith, and even self-directed charity, fail us utterly?

Lacking these, there is this spiritual "dope" to soothe and stimulate the suffering ego. Conceit, in truth, might be called one of the safest and most dependable props to genius. It exists, thank God, in quite sufficiently large measure, else we might end by having little science, less art, and eventual race suicide. Possibly in the long run it adds to the sum of human valuation, this belief of certain individuals that they are in every way superlative.

Looking thus through the wrong end of the telescope the world appears small and insignificant, while we ourselves loom up as giants. We live in a dazzle of foolish possibilities, shrouded, so to speak, in a smoke-screen of our own illusions. In the rosy fog thus created we imagine and attempt absurd undertakings, and before the glow has faded, we are launched, it may be, on the flood-tide of success, to find that we have accomplished them. This delusion of our own greatness braces us when on the point of failure, urges us blindly forward when inspiration is lurking unperceived just round the corner, supplies a poor but needed link in our spiritual evolution, and bridges us temporarily over many a pitfall and snare.

Conceited people, it is true, do not see clearly, nor see straight. Yet herein lies a subtle advantage. Happy are they who find themselves so dazzled by their own brilliance as to be able to go straight forward, unconscious of obstacles in the path before them. Such self-confidence resembles the old-fashioned blinders which horses used to wear, and without which it was believed that they could not safely be driven. There are ordeals in the life of every artist that demand the hypnosis of a dazzled and partially blinded vision. Protective soul-coloration, one might call it.

Reading a play, for instance. Picture the cold daylight of a hotel-room. Yonder sits the manager, cigar in hand, an embodiment of prosaic cold-blooded, skeptical, sordid business calculation. The "actor-gent" who leans upon the mantle embodies something even worse: boredom, disillusionment, distrust, and distaste, dulled by indifference. Yonder stands the wretched author, the poet, and artist, half a lifetime of toil and hope and ecstasy embodied in these few pages of plot and dialogue. Praise Heaven if for the moment he believes himself superior to Sardou, Shakespeare or Bernard Shaw; if he acclaims his own genius as second to none; if he wears an armor of invulnerable self-sufficiency that no sarcasm can penetrate. Only under the auto-intoxication

of such conceit could any man lay out his heart before such appraisers.

And he or she who thinks and labors at home, hoping against hope for triumphant publication! Heaven help the home-brewed literary product once the family discovers it! Conceit may not be a national trait, but criticism surely is. Now is the time to hug one's secret superiority to one's aching breast. The mere act of sending poetry or prose to a publisher—writing to a *strange man*—peddling one's wares—betraying to the world one's confidence—marketing one's thoughts and feelings to the public—in the delusion that one's own wisdom can be in the slightest degree useful to the community, the community—(there it is again!) all this, as evinced in the audacious attempt at writing for publication, is—is—contrary to the community spirit. It's downright undemocratic—it argues an aristocracy of brains! Rash and foolish obsession, that anyone could possibly be interested in aught that you, a quiet, well-bred, hitherto inoffensive member of this hitherto respectable household may have to say. Furthermore, it's extremely bad form to make one's self conspicuous in such fashion.

These are a few of the domestic dragons in the path of one who departs into the byways of authorship. Let me believe in myself, or all is lost. Let me secretly harbor the conviction that I am loftier than Emerson, more versatile than Dickens, more profound than George Eliot. So may I snap my fingers at their jeering. And in the end who is to judge? Be assured that somewhere between the polar regions of their doubting and the tropics of my imagining lies the temperate truth, an ultimate refuge and abiding-place.

And how is it with the musician? To win success he must needs be heard—must find means to persuade a satiated and satirical public to listen to him. Nobody more than half wants to be persuaded, and he, alas, knows it. In the first place there is too much music, composed and performed. Everyone agrees that in the centers of art, at least, the supply exceeds the demand. Furthermore, however well one may do the thing, there is always someone who does it better. One hears oneself surpassed on every hand, outdone, anticipated, excelled. The wonder is, not that we say "What's the use!" but that occasionally we forget to say it.

Consider the ordeal of a lesson, or of an audition with one of the great artist teachers. He knows, and we know that he knows, and he knows that we know that he—in short, as Mr. Micawber would put it, we feel, my dear Copperfield, that our musical

longevity is, to say the least, extremely problematical. And as a rule nothing turns up to alter that conviction.

The studio is charming, sun-flooded, silent, save for the various speaking likenesses of greatness that ornament the walls. The piano is in tune, the master himself is charming, silent, genial, awe-inspiring. The atmosphere is charged with artistic memories. As we start to play or sing, it seems that the very echoes reject us. The musical gods look frowningly down at our sacrilegious audacity in attempting to perform in such a presence.

Like a certain small boy of my acquaintance we murmur, "Why did I come? I didn't want to!"

Not a sensible or sane proceeding, to be sure, yet it may happen that lifted on the precarious wings of our own happy delusions we shall attain unwonted heights, and there be touched by those unseen powers that minister to the inspired—mysterious, capricious, discriminating, yet potent, coming we know not whence, as the wind, and vanishing in a glow of new promise.

Yet, it may happen not. Decidedly not!

Dante tells us that over the entrance-gate to a certain place was inscribed "Abandon hope, all ye who enter here." These are memorable words. Many musicians have heard them. Evolved from the brooding imagination and bitter experience of one who was himself a great imaginative artist, they carry a weight of artistic significance. They help to teach a greater art, that of working without a prop to lean on—without hope; demanding, as Stevenson put it, merely "the wages of going on."

It is a sort of hopelessness that defies fate—the fate it recognizes and awaits; an artistic despair that clarifies the vision for further audacities, for higher and more Promethean aspirations. Everyone who attempts to do creative work, whether in the direction of musical composition, musical performance, or historical reconstruction (to specify but a few phases of our many-sided art-life), feels, at times, if he is sincere, the enormity of his presumption. "Who am I," he falters, "that I should indulge in the supreme impertinence of urging my point of view upon a surfeited and superior world?"

Here is a supreme test of mettle, or soul-fibre, and quality. In fighting such moods, one finds oneself the gainer, braced, it may be, for more intelligent effort, sounded to greater depths of meaning, quickened to more vital earnestness of conviction. For conceit is leadership, power, audacity, and incipient success. Was it not Goethe who said, "Be what you want to seem, and all the rest will follow!"

GEORGES MIGOT : THE FRENCH GROUP OF ONE

By IRVING SCHWERKE

ANY record or discussion of "modern" music that does not reckon with Georges Migot is incomplete and out of balance, for he ranks among the uniquely interesting and serious contemporary French composers. He is one of the few music-makers of the time who not only possess the ability to attract attention, but the genius to express something worth while as well, and consequently he merits serious consideration.

France to-day has no artistic representative more original than Georges Migot, musician-painter-philosopher. He was born in Paris, on February 27, 1891. His father, a practising physician, intended his son for the same profession, but the youth hearkened to the Muses instead. Even when a small boy in the secondary schools, music absorbed his mind, and to its study and comprehension he devoted all his leisure moments, and indeed, many that were not leisure! Among his first teachers were J. Bouval and J. B. Ganaye. They taught him harmony and counterpoint, but little suspected that they were laying the foundation on which their pupil was afterwards to build a remarkable artistic edifice constructed according to his own plan and design.

In 1913, Migot entered the Paris Conservatoire and studied composition with Widor. Desirous of mastering as many phases of the musical art as possible, he also studied with other masters: Maurice Emmanuel, history of music; Vincent d'Indy, orchestra; Guilmant and Gigout, organ.

At Longuyon, on August 24th in 1914 of the Great War, the young musician, then a soldier in the 31st infantry regiment of the line, was so severely wounded that hope of saving him was entirely abandoned. But Nature, stronger than bullets, won out, and after a year of paralytic immobility, Migot had recovered sufficiently to be able to lift himself up. With the renewal of strength, he began to walk. For three years he went on crutches, and finally came the miracle of his complete restoration. His convalescence was protracted and painful, but it did not prevent him from working. Some of his most important productions in music, art, literature and æsthetics he accomplished while an

invalid. After his return to active daily life, came numerous "honors," or recognitions of his extraordinary talents:—in 1918 he was awarded the prize "Lili Boulanger"; in 1919, the "Lepaulle" prize for a trio for violin, alto and piano; in 1920, the "Halphen," for a piano and string quintette; in 1921, the musical prize of the "Blumenthal Foundation for French Art and Thought"; and since 1922, he is a member of the Committee of the "Société Nationale de Musique," and also of the Committee of Patronage of the "Académie Internationale des Beaux-Arts."

The long period of suffering through which the young composer passed before he regained his health, must have had its influence upon his musical intelligence and sensibilities. Just how they were influenced, no one can say;—only it is known that Georges Migot daily gives greater proof of his powers and of his spirit of initiative. His anxiety is to see the consummation of the visions of emancipated art that came to him during the dark hours when he seemed to belong as much to the next world as to this. He wants to establish a new world of beauty. His ambition and intellectual exuberance have led him into the far reaches of color and tone, and inspired him to construct, on his own compositions, his theories of art and æsthetics.

He adores the past, but he cries:

Be chased from the Temple of Art, all you who teach that Mozart and Beethoven must be listened to in such a manner that it becomes impossible to listen to the voices of Debussy, Dukas, Ravel, Fauré, d'Indy, and so many, many others. . . . You are oppressors, but we will not hang our harps on the willows, for we have the conviction that the voices of the Living are just as beautiful as the voices of the Dead! . . . We hunger and thirst for a new world, we hunger and thirst for successive new worlds that we cannot see. . . . We hunger and thirst for future generations, for Life alone is nourishing. . . . Each century should be the ancestor of the century that follows, but your wicked desire is to make of it the twin son still-born. Stand you in such fear of the effort to advance that you kill yourselves by taking the step backward?¹

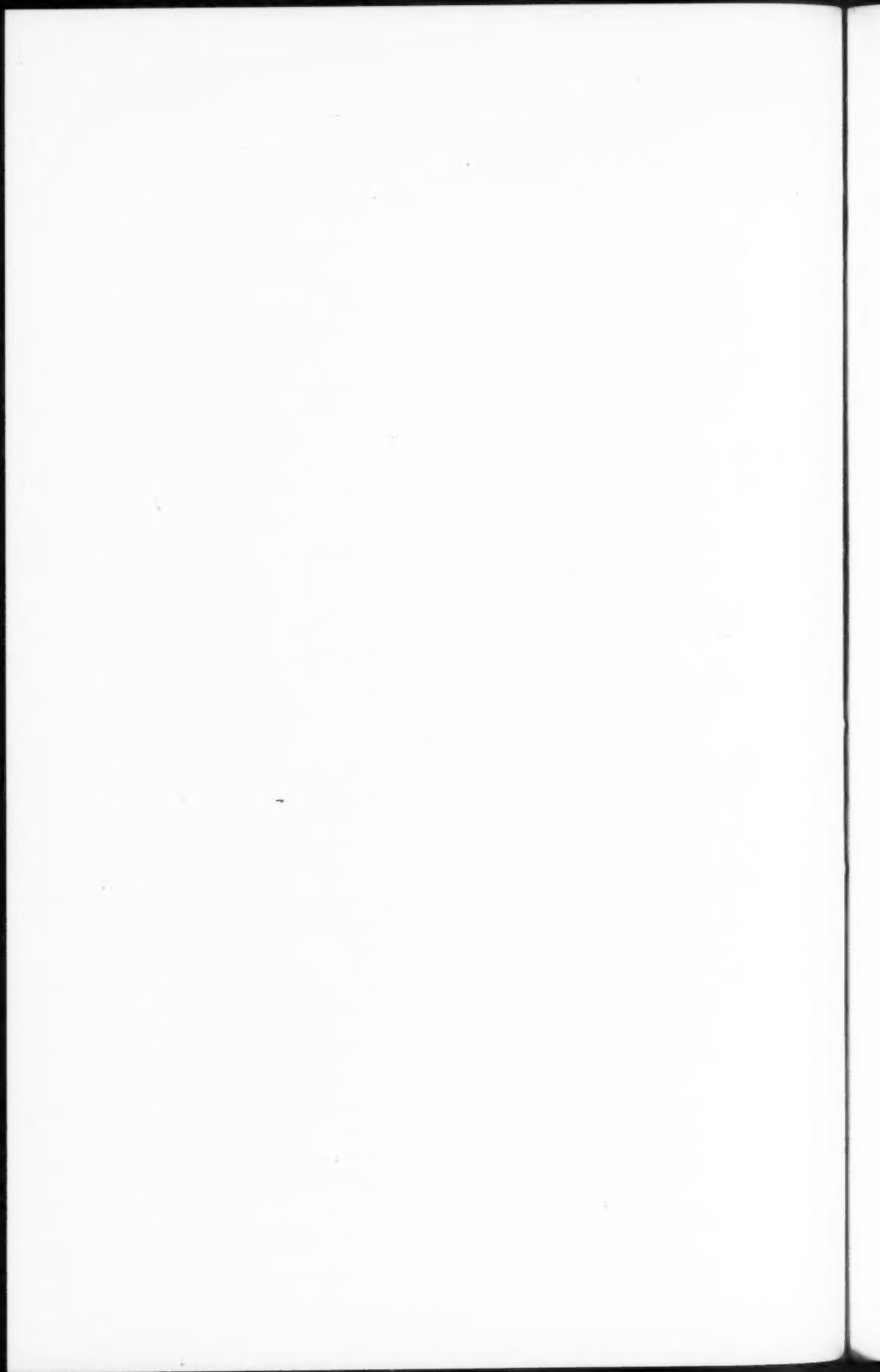
To Georges Migot, theories and music are of equal importance. Sometimes they clash, but what if they do? What does it matter if the public finds it somewhat difficult to reconcile theories with compositions and compositions with theories? Migot knows that the *work* precedes the *theory*. He formulates the first-named simply because he believes that the intellectual content of the page already written may be of value in productions of the future. Theories should be employed in the service of that which is to

¹From "Psaume MCMXXIII," by Georges Migot, published in the February number, 1923, of "Choses de Théâtre."





Georges Migot



come, if you will, but should never be used to tear down and destroy that which is. Migot's doctrine, or rather scheme of things, published in the volumes *Essais pour une Esthétique générale*¹ and *Appogiatures résolues et non résolues*,² are a defense of his ideas and principles. He reasons "straight." His thought is unified, his logic sure, his purpose serious. He is so deeply versed in the history of music, art and literature; so far above the snobism, affectations, etc., that so often impede the progress of gifted folk; is such an acute observer, makes such impeccable deductions,—in short, is so much the genius, that he has no place in erstwhile "groups" or factions. Fives, Sixes or Sevens are not his kind. He knows the direction of the road he is following, and if he belongs to any numerical combination, it is to the *Group of One*: Georges Migot alone.

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Georges Migot is a nationalist, but not in the acceptance of the word certain other composers have adopted. His is a nationalism minus all chauvinistic elements; it is, so to speak, a universal nationalism. It concerns itself with *creation*, not with rejecting the art of a foreign country merely because it is foreign. Migot is too big a thinker to come under such silly limitations. He holds that, in spite of the masterpieces it has produced, the classical-romantic æstheticism of the great German composers is not the one and only æstheticism worthy of admiration. There are others, but they must be discovered. Every composer should seek them, so far as is possible, in his own *patrie*. Every country can provide, if the composers will but look for it, the material for its art. There is no need to imitate. What a hint this is to those of our American composers who labor in vain because they are so intent on copying "schools" and being "influenced," that they overlook the inspirational resources they have at home and neglect to express themselves and us! Let them turn to America as Migot has turned to France, and see what an impetus to native art it will be.

The different "currents" essential to his purpose, Migot has found in the French musicians of the 15th, 16th, 17th and 18th centuries—a host of polyphonists, clavecinists, lutists and also Gothic composers. He holds that France is the only legitimate

¹Figuière, publisher.

²Douce France, publisher.

source of his models, masters and inspiration—is he not a Frenchman?—and his profound æsthetic researches justify his conviction.

In defending French music, all music is defended, for behind French music is a past of over eight centuries, which the French themselves seem to be ignorant of, so hospitable are we to all that comes from abroad. The advancing times should not prevent us from hearing the magic song which rises from the nobly rhythmed heart of France, the melody which has sung from the time of the troubadours and Thibault de Champagne, Goudimel, Du Caurroy, Couperin and Rameau, to Berlioz, Debussy and many others, all great among the greatest. In other countries than France, music may be a *rhythm*, but with us, since the death of Roland, music is a *melodic line* springing from and accentuating the pulsations of her very soul.

Debussy, in the estimation of Georges Migot, is the greatest of contemporary musicians. Debussy broke with the immediate past; everything he did in the fields of lyrical and symphonic expression was new and first in order. Migot's admiration of the composer of *Pelléas et Mélisande* is unreserved, but his æstheticism, contrary to what might be supposed, is by no means a replica, is in no way allied to Debussy's. The young musician's philosophy of the beautiful in nature and art is too conscious of its own power to be tempted to simulate the artistic code of another. With nothing but the creation of a new vocabulary, the formulation of an original prosody and syntax, can he be satisfied. Migot is a creator, not a copyist.

In the epoch of classicism, the independence of linear writing was lost. It was sacrificed to conventional "forms," overworked rhythms and worn-out harmonic recipes. This lineal freedom, Migot says, should, must be restored. And in his compositions you have it: his melodic lines unfold themselves with absolute liberty and immunity. Each one follows its bent, unhampered and unrestricted by the others. None is governed by any law but its own. His melodic lines move through space oblivious of, and yet belonging to, each other. They are free to evolve as their own innate life causes them to, and thus, bound by no ties whatsoever, their utterance is the maximum of expression.

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In Georges Migot the arts of color and sound are united. The ear and the sight join in an æsthetic partnership and his compositions are better understood if it is recalled that the musician is also a painter. In 1919, this rare conjunction of talents was remarked upon by the late Gaston Carraud, who wrote, apropos

of an exhibition of Migot's pictures:—"His paintings are those of a musician because of the savourous harmony of tones, the vibration of atmosphere and his melodic manner of indicating the roads that wind among the hills." It is only natural then, that if his melodic ideas are those of a painter, they should be not only sonorous successions, but *lines* as well. Of themselves, harmony and rhythm are of secondary importance: his vocal threads, or melodies, as they assume their shape, are first and supreme. In all of his compositions this is manifest.

If the work is for three or four instruments, he conceives of as many lines of melody which develop according to their own nature and personality. The piano accompaniments he gives the voice are a combination of "lines," harmonies and rhythms, above which the song rises and goes freely on its way. Harmonic and rhythmic the emotional content cannot be, for what there is of these is accidental. The emotion is melodic, or better still, intervallic.

To admire beauty is not a difficult matter, but to penetrate its art is, and George Migot's is the kind of music that is more easily admired than it is understood. The listener desirous of comprehending, should first of all know how to listen. He should know that Migot's music is not "thematic" as that word is generally accepted. He should know that there is no harmonic "system" or rhythmic plan. He should do nothing more, indeed has nothing else to do, than follow the flow of Migot's melodic lines. Then the doors of understanding open.

Of course "harmonies" result from the interlacing of the various lines, but they are accidental and often, if taken as harmonies in themselves, might well answer to the charge of discord. This is the important point: the melodic line is everything; the rest is—whatever it may happen to be. "In this new polyphony there is no rigorous scholasticism, no symmetry, but rather a continual displacement of the lines in the direction of sonorous profundity, each one in turn and according to the exigencies of the musical development offering itself to the first, second, third and fourth 'planes' of importance in the musical structure." The ear is in error if it only hears the work. It should listen to it as attentively as the eye might consider the architecture of a Gothic cathedral. The composer is responsible for the ever-changing course of the voices he has created, be it transparent or vaporous, be it in "noontide glow or in twilight, in darkness or in the mystic shadow," and in the place selected by the composer, those voices must be judged and considered.

The word "polylinéaire" (polylineal) best describes the music of Georges Migot. Polylineal conveys the idea of its distinguishing peculiarity more accurately than "polyphonic" does, but still more explicit is "polyplanaire," or "music of many levels." "Polyplanaire" is a new word and represents a new conception. It engenders the notion of the *absolute freedom of melodies*, each one independently unfolding on its own sonorous *plane*.

To make a comparison, it is like a many-storied apartment house. Taken as an architectural unit, all the floors are necessary to each other, but taken separately, each is oblivious of its companions, each harbors a life distinct from the others. Mr. Migot, to be sure that his interpreters do not go astray and find themselves in a meaningless lineal maze, carefully marks his music for their advantage:—On every page of the *Trio*, the letters A, B, C, are encountered. They appear in turn on the piano, violin and viola staves and indicate the importance of the part being played by the particular instrument. In the quartet, *Mouvements d'eau*, the numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, are used to designate what "rôle" is under performance by the first and second violins, the viola and violoncello. Both letters and numbers mean the same thing. Their order shows what the respective values are of the shifting "planes" occupied by the instrumental voices as they move on. None of these voices ever "accompanies." They individually represent melodic, harmonic or rhythmic ideas, and even though the melodic lines be isolated, each conserves its own expressive interest.

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The first notable composition published by Georges Migot was the *Trio*¹ for piano, violin and viola. The critics exhausted many adjectives of praise on it, but perhaps none of them set off the value of the work in more conclusive terms than did Émile Vuillermoz, who wrote in *Le Temps*, as follows:

His *Trio*, dedicated to the memory of Lily Boulanger, is penetrated by an emotion that is too sincere not to be communicative. . . . For him, idiom is a means and not an end. Elementary wisdom which his (Migot's) comrades do not always practise, and which contains its own recompense. This *Trio* is not abstruse and it is moving. Nobody has the right to discuss the legitimacy of the technical procedures of the composer so long as he attains his end; he certainly has the right to replace the emotional suggestion of the "bel accord" by this imperceptible

¹The works of Georges Migot are published by "Éditions Maurice Senart, Paris."

melodic palpitation of a triplet which periodically causes its phrase to tremble slightly, makes it vibrate gently and imparts to it a pathos which is purely "lineal" since the emotion responds to its call. There is in this *parti pris* of making use of only dignified means to stir our feelings, an intellectual nobility to which homage must be rendered.¹

The *Quintette* for piano and strings appeared at about the same time as the *Trio*. It was later rewritten for the orchestra. There are three parts. Each is represented by a literary summarization setting forth the "manner" and "spirit," but which has no programmatic intention:—

- I. Immense fields of ripe crops,
Rhythmic swing of the reapers;
High above
Rises, falls, rises ever higher the skylark's song.
- II. In the manner of a rustic dance,
With indications of rural atmosphere.
- III. Evening: the air of the plain vibrates
With the rhythms of all nature
As they are sent back in echoes
From the far-away wall of the horizon.

In its original form, the *Quintette* was introduced to the Parisian public by Mlle. Nadia Boulanger (whose criticisms and sympathetic understanding, by the way, have been exceedingly valuable to the composer's artistic salubrity) and the Pascal Quartet, at a "Société Nationale" concert. In its orchestral form, three symphonic "frescos" entitled *Agrestides*, it was first performed by the Padeloup Orchestra. The *Quintette* is characterised by perfect balance of fancy and feeling, and in translating it from chamber into symphonic music, the composer had an opportunity to show how his orchestral palette was set. More than one music reviewer was mystified by this work, and its first performance provoked hisses as well as applause.

Paravent de laque aux cinq images, also exists in two writings. The one for two violins, viola and piano, brought out by Mlle. Nadia Boulanger and the Poulet Quartet, has had many performances both in France and abroad. The other, for symphony orchestra, had its initial hearing in Paris under Mr. Paul Paray, conducting the Lamoureux Orchestra, and has since been successfully played in London, Geneva and Marseilles.

These "Five Pictures" are remarkable examples of few-strokes-of-the-brush tone paintings. They are comparable only to the exquisite art of the Japanese. The title is picturesque and

¹See chapter, *Georges Migot: Quintette. Trio*, in "Musiques d'Aujourd'hui" by Émile Vuillermoz. Published by Les Éditions G. Crés et Cie., Paris.

gives a hint as to what the music is. These little "images" are closely related in sentiment. The first and last of the five are identical; the second, third and fourth sections introduce new ideas, around which is woven, so to speak, the first part of the pieces at either extremity. One might say, a "poetic rondo" of five verses, or of a popular song. This arrangement is of the happiest: who does not understand the "variety" and "unity" of the five panels of a Japanese screen, colored with all the finesse of oriental art?

An examination of the chamber score brings to light the fact that there is no part for the violoncello, but, as has been remarked, "here the viola provides a good enough bass and sometimes a better one than the violoncello." The piano-part in the symphonic arrangement is especially interesting. In its association with the brasses, a gong and violin harmonics, it plays an unexpected rôle. The combination is an indication of how Migot exploits sonorous resources.

Cinq aquarelles, now known as *Cinq mouvements d'eau*, is a string quartet. It is the most "popular" of all of Migot's compositions. It is scored for two violins, viola and violoncello and was first performed in Paris by the Andolfi Quartet in May, 1921. The work was inspired by various aspects of nature—the original title being "On the Banks of the Eure." In the belief that this title was too meagre to indicate the character of the music, Migot changed his five "water colors" into as many "Movements of Water," to each of which is given an epigraph fixing the tempo and mode of expression, viz.:

*Calme, l'onde qui fuit sans cesse,
Légère, l'onde qui fuit sans cesse,
Lente, l'onde qui fuit sans cesse,
Triste, l'onde qui fuit sans cesse,
l'Onde qui fuit sans cesse égare mes pensées.*

Apropos of this work, Mr. Vallas remarked:

Really extraordinary, new sonorities are obtained, the instrumentation is ingenious, the progression of sonorous values is incessant, and the construction of the whole is solid and yet diaphanous. The composer's precise idiom, the personal character of his melodies, the audacious superposing of his rhythms, the remarkable harmony which results from the union of the voices, all combine to give the listener an impression of unexpected, profound seductiveness.

To the time of this article the list of George Migot's published chamber, orchestral and piano music is completed by *Dialogue en IV parties* for violin and piano; *Dialogue en V parties* for violoncello

and piano; *Le Tombeau de Du Fault*, for piano; *La Fête de la Bergère*, for small orchestra; *Suite* for violin solo and orchestra; *Trois chants suivis d'un "air à vocalises" pour une voix et quatre archets, sur des poèmes d'André Spire*; *Trois Essais*, for two violins, clarinet, and double-bass; *Quatuor* for flute, violin, clarinet and harp; *Dialogue pour violon et piano*; *Trois Épigrammes*; etc.

The *Dialogues* are, of course, "conversations." Two melodic lines that contrast sharply, are in constant play. The composer, in combining the piano and violin, and the piano and violoncello, has arrived at a number of new effects, which at first might startle, but which in the end engage.

The three *Épigrammes* (*Introduction, Pastorale, Finale*) are short essays. They produce the same happy effect whether played on the piano or by a small symphony orchestra, for which latter they have recently been arranged.

Le Tombeau de Du Fault is already well known to the European concert-going public and beloved by both them and pianists. Du Fault was one of the most remarkable of French lutenists, but is practically forgotten to-day. Georges Migot, nationalist, has brought him to light and revived in his honor a style, manner of writing, sentiment and emotion too beautiful not to charm from the very outset.

La Fête de la Bergère is a "symphonie choréographique" which was produced at the Théâtre des Mathurins by dancers from the Opéra-Comique. In the *Trois Chants suivis d'un "air à vocalises"* he attempts to treat the voice and string quartet *polyplanarily*, which is peculiarly his idiom. With his wonted skill, Migot has assigned to the voice and each of the instruments a melodic line distinctly different in colour and personality from the others, all combining to create a sonorous atmosphere of strange beauty and charm. This work was brought out by Mlle. Marcelle Gerar and the Redele Quartet, March 9th, at the Salle Pleyel. The *Quartet* for flute, violin, clarinet and harp, was produced this spring by the Krettly Quartet at a concert of "La Société Nationale de Musique." It made such a deep impression that it instantly found a place in the repertoires of the leading French chamber-music organisations. It is music that intrigues the senses, moves the emotions and envelops the listener in a subtle atmosphere. The structural and emotional climaxes are strong and the disposition of sonorities is ingenious and seductive.

While it is true that Georges Migot has ideas for the theatre, and his "chorographical and lyrical symphony" *Hagoromo* (libretto by Louis Laloy) was successfully created at the Monte-

Carlo Opera in 1922, the theatre is not his ideal. *Hagoromo* is akin to a Japanese print, and its story is quickly told: On a moonlit seashore, the fisher Hakouris sees the *hagoromo* (the winged robe without which Tennin, who came out of the sea, would not be able to ascend to the heavens) floating down from the sky. The fisherman seizes the robe. Tennin pleads for its return to her. Her supplicating dances move Hakouris to pity. He gives Tennin the magic robe and she disappears in the mists.

In this ballet there is no *mingling* of arts, but rather a superposing or counterpoint of painting, music and dancing. The voices of the singers and the gestures and the poses of the dancers tend to become an expressive part of the orchestra. In *La Belle et la Bête* Migot has evidently carried a step further his attempt to unify the arts by association. Its significative subtitle is "lyrical, chorographical and decorative symphony!"

The songs published by Georges Migot, for voice and piano, comprise three groups of melodies: *Sept petites Images du Japon*, *Quatre mélodies sur des rythmes poétiques de Gustave Kahn*, *Trois chants sur des vers de Tristan Derème*. *Cinq Monodies: Hommage à Thibaut de Champagne*; *Double Chœur pour voix mixtes*, on a religious text of Charles Péguy; *Chœur pour huit voix de femmes*, on poems of Paul Fort.

Seven Japanese Pictures were first sung in Paris in 1917, by Mme. Jane Barthori. In 1923-1924 the composer orchestrated them, in which form they were performed for the first time on January 27, 1924, by Mme. Louise Matha (soprano) and the Lamoureux Orchestra, Mr. Paul Paray conducting. These "pictures" are based on a type of Japanese poem (*tankas*) which expresses in a few words, and with astonishing directness, a closely related "view of nature" and emotion. Mr. Migot proceeds to write his *Images* in the same manner as the authors of the original miniature poems themselves must have proceeded. At the outset he transmits to his orchestral canvas the impression (or symbol) of the aspect of nature he is concerned with at the moment, and this is his first musical idea. The second contains the sentiment, or emotion, and when it has been expressed, there is a reassertion of the idea with which the piece began. The orchestration is refined, graceful, æsthetically assayed; the melodies, which seem to incline a bit towards the sharp and acute, are nevertheless shapely, daintily traced and expressive.

The melodies on the poetic "rhythms" of Gustave Kahn, were first sung at a Société Nationale concert, in April, 1912, by

Madame and Monsieur Englebert. These songs are formless, that is to say, they are melodic lines, whose contour depends upon the accents and quantity of syllables in the free-verse of the poet. One should listen to them as he might to "a Gregorian prayer, or the chanting of a priest."

The three songs on verses of Tristan Derème, are really a duet for voice and piano—Migot's piano, it should be recalled, never "accompanies." *Trois Chants* was written especially for Madame Paule Lestang, who gave them their first performance at Prague, in November, 1922. As in the case of the Kahn poems, Derème's verses dictated the music. The rhythms established by the poet are the rhythms adopted by the composer, and the rise and fall of Migot's "French bel canto," is in conformity with the rise and fall of the poet's versified cadences. *Double Chœur*, on a text by Charles Péguy, the composer characterises as a sort of "sonorous Gothic construction." Its nature is essentially religious, but the *Double Chœur* is not intended for church performance. The chorus is harmonised for eight voices and has no instrumental accompaniment. It is to be created at Bresse by "La Chorale de Bourge-en-Bresse," a noted European singing society.

*Cinq Monodies: Hommage à Thibaut de Champagne*¹ (who was, by the way, one of the most renowned troubadours of the 13th century) is a set of unaccompanied melodies. They reveal what this polylineal, or polylinéaire, composer can do with a single line, by way of giving it form and treating it architecturally. The texts, from poems by Tristan Klingsor, have been monodized in such a way as to utilize practically all the resources of vocal art.

Georges Migot is now putting the finishing touches to *Three Preludes for Piano*, *Hommage à Debussy* and *Chant sur un poème Chinois*. The *Hommage à Debussy* consists of "Prelude," "Pastorale" and "Postlude," and is for the guitar. A version for the harp has also been published. In this composition Migot "salutes" Debussy but does not evoke him. The piece was first performed by Señor Segovia, a remarkable Spanish guitar virtuoso. The *Chant sur un poème Chinois* is scored for one voice accompanied by harp, celestina, double-bass, gong and cymbal, and is another example of Migot's tireless researches in the realms of tone.

¹ Was it not Miss Aileen Tone who introduced songs of Thibaut de Champagne to the United States?

THE "GALLANT" STYLE OF MUSIC¹

By WALTER DAHMS

Voi, che sapete
Che cosa è amor,
Donne, vedete
S'io l'ho nel cor.
—MOZART, *Le Nozze di Figaro*.

I

MUSIC, as the youngest of the arts, always brings up the rear of each cultural epoch. The invention of counterpoint, and the resulting efflorescence of the polyphonic music of the Netherlanders, Italians and Germans, were simply a musical interpretation of the Gothic style—a late Gothic, an epilogue of that great religious idea that ruled mediæval Europe and guided her intellectual life. In this music the composer did not set forth his message by means of the association of ideas, but through thematic imitation. The whole music of this period impresses us to-day like one mighty fugue of a thousand parts—voices which always, even in secular compositions, were instinct with religious feeling.

But the men of the Renaissance, who dreamt of antique ideals, also sought a music other than the Gothic, a music whose every measure should not bear a reminder of God, but should breathe devotion to the loveliness of earthly life. Not prayer—no, enjoyment, excitement, sensuous pleasure, tender emotion, were now the goal of inspiration; not the music of pious genuflexion, but music for the dance. Thus, out of the Gothic, arose the baroque, out of the polyphonic music of imitation, a lighter and more transparent style. The Middle Ages sank into the grave. Religious man gave way to the æsthete, and his longing awakened to life, in music, what we call Melody.

The first musical dramas and pastoral plays were produced in Italy about 1600. In them their authors strove to revive Greek traditions. The meaning of the *stilo rappresentativo* and *stilo recitativo* was that full effect should be given to the words, that the action should develop freely. It must not be forgotten,

¹*Gallant*: the secular homophonous style of courtly, amatory and dramatic music whose evolution during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries runs nearly parallel with that of rococo architecture. Hence, the misleading term "rococo" is sometimes applied to the contemporary musical development.—*Translator's note*.

that this new music came into being at the courts of princes, where the desiderata were brilliancy, joyousness, splendor, where a music was wanted that gave delight. The artists had the courage to burst the bonds of the polyphonic style and create the new music according to other principles—as melody and accompaniment. These were the beginnings of the Italian Opera.

Soon there appeared a genius who coördinated the isolated experiments of his countrymen and laid the broad foundation for the new epoch. This was Claudio Monteverdi. He went further than all the rest, and made himself master of the dissonance—that is to say, he let the dissonance enter unprepared, whereas until then it had been allowed to enter only between two consonances. Herewith the great revolution in music was accomplished. The tones had become free. Three centuries full of music have amplified this exploit of Monteverdi's but, in principle, they have been unable to go beyond him.

Music had thus finally become capable of expressing the psychic reactions of the New Man. The dramatic Idyl, the Opera, was the New World wherein Melody reigned triumphant. Northern Europe had discovered the mystery of polyphony in music. The Southland, Italy, found the magic of melody. And this new music of the Italian Opera, the apotheosis of melody, began speedily to possess the world.

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In 1645 the Italian Opera made its entry into Paris. Cardinal Mazarin, lord and master of France, who held the reins of government for the seven-year-old Louis XIV, had invited it. That was a brilliant political stroke. For now the seething intelligentsia of France were for a long time diverted from matters political and occupied with artistic questions. The discussion over the theme, whether the French language were at all adapted for musical setting, engrossed the cleverest minds for more than a century.

Italian Opera came, and conquered. But not for long. Proud France had a mind to possess a style of her own in music. So presently issue was joined between French pathos and Italian melody, and out of this conflict emerged the "gallant" style of the rococo period.

Soon after the appearance of the Italians, the first French opera was brought out in Paris. France possessed, at a blow, her national musical art. But he who brought it to earliest actual fruition was—an Italian, Giovanni Battista Lulli of Florence.

This selfmade man, who rose from a scullion to be a famous composer and a wealthy favorite of the French king, created the French musico-dramatic style in opposition to the melodic tendency of Italian opera. His ideal was "characterization," not beauty *per se*. And his inauguration of the French national opera delayed the maturing of the "gallant" style. The Italians, however, were now smoothing their path into Germany.

The "gallant" style could not grow out of the opera and *bel canto* alone. The forms of instrumental music also had to contribute their share. To piano-music and chamber-music the delicate, scroll-like tracery of the baroque style added its mobile, refined touch. Dance-forms, in the idealized fashion in which they were cultivated by the French masters of the Suite, became a fount of the "gallant" style. France was the home of *esprit*, that intimacy of spirits which permits of playing with the emotions, of being profound without becoming sentimental. And it was only natural that the gallant fashion in life and society should find its reflection in the arts, and more particularly in music. This could take effect only in the art of the *camera*, as it filled the salons of Paris with its sonorities.

The harpsichord (clavecin) ousted the lute. But for the clavecin the composers retained all the earlier delicate ornamentation. In Italy and Germany clavier-music developed greater grandeur and pomp; in France they preferred a charming *causerie* on the clavecin, and there it was that the earliest form of the "gallant" style in music arose, to be carried by French *esprit* on the wings of fashion throughout Europe. Chambonnières and François Couperin were the masters; their music was ingratiating, refined, delicate, amorous, and intellectually elevated.

One hundred years had sufficed to mature a new style in music. The melody of Italy and the *esprit* of France had brought into being the "gallant" style. But this was only a beginning. For what we now term the "gallant" style in music did not remain a local Parisian concern, but became an event which busied the greatest masters until the end of the eighteenth century. The miniatures of French clavecin-music were merely the introduction to the great "gallant" Suite, in whose development the Italian and finally the German masters took a leading part.

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We have reached the early dawn of the eighteenth century. The European mind is impatiently shaking off the last vestiges

of the Middle Ages; it is the age of "enlightenment." And now music begins to raise her voice to sing of that which had gone before. (For music always speaks of the past, never of the future.) Everywhere, and in all departments of music, evolution was pressing on apace. In 1683 Jean-Philippe Rameau and Domenico Scarlatti had been born; two years later, Johann Sebastian Bach and Händel. Germany and Italy were striving after new instrumental forms of expression, The Sonata, the Concerto grosso, the Symphony, were flourishing and gaining new elements of grandeur. But in France Fontenelle mockingly demanded, "Sonate, que me veux-tu?" and his countrymen smiled understandingly. Outside the theatre (they thought), music should be only a kind of ideal program-music, in dance-form. Rameau followed in Couperin's footsteps, only furtively seeking to establish a loose connection with the sonata-style of the Italians. But he was a dramatist, and even in clavecin-music his temperament oftentimes overpassed the bounds of "gallant" playfulness and dreamfulness. While Rameau held fast to the style of Couperin, as an instrumental composer, in opera he attempted to reform the French tradition created by Lully. Having learned from the Italians, he desired to vitalize its stiff dramatic pathos by an infusion of *bel canto*; in a word, to introduce more melody into the French musical drama. Thus Rameau, in his universality, stands alongside of Lully and Couperin—a master of the pathetic as well as the "gallant" style. This was the great music of France. About the middle of the eighteenth century there broke out in Paris a most violent controversy over the future of opera and, likewise, the future of music.

For this campaign Italy was admirably prepared and fortified. The hegemony in Italian opera had passed from Venice to Naples, where Alessandro Scarlatti created the forms of that type of Italian opera which was destined to rule the world. Alessandro Scarlatti is the ancestor not only of Piccini and Cimarosa, but also of Rossini, Bellini and Verdi. In the Neapolitan opera began the brilliant period of *bel canto*. Beauty in music, first of all the beauty of song and melody, was deemed more important than the dramatic element. The Aria became the centre of gravity in opera. The accompaniment grew thinner and thinner. Nothing but melodies, only sweet *cantilene*, and "gallant" *colorature*! That it was possible to be dramatically effective even with this ideal of pure beauty, was proved by the genius of Giovanni Battista Pergolesi. His brief span of life (1710–1736) sufficed to render Pergolesi immortal. He is a marvel, a dream, a melodist

pur sang, and his opera *La Serva Padrona* won the heart of the world.

The "gallant" style of opera buffa was not the sole achievement that Italy could boast. In instrumental music, too, momentous steps had been taken toward a final deliverance from the prevailing style of contrapuntal polyphony. These endeavors reached their culmination in the works of Domenico Scarlatti. He left to posterity 545 pieces for clavier, which he modestly entitled "*Esercittii per Clavicembalo*" (Exercises for Harpsichord). He was the most celebrated pianist of his time, and there were enthusiasts who travelled across Europe to hear Scarlatti only once. In his compositions tenderness and passion are combined. He elaborated his fancies as a lyricist, an aphorist, with a courtly authority which almost always gives the impression of an improvisation, and yet is purely and simply the perfection of mastership. Scarlatti's method necessarily had, after its kind, a fructifying influence. His works travelled the same road as Pergolesi's—to Paris, there to unite with the "gallant" French style, and to prepare the great epoch of the piano-sonata in France and, at the same time, in Germany.

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Paris, 1752. In the "Académie royale" they were playing the serious operas of Lully and Rameau. This was the dramatic art for refined society. It did not satisfy everybody; many longed for a different music, with more of melody and less of pathos. Such bent their hopeful gaze on Italy, the birthplace of "gallant" opera. Only a fitting occasion was needed to bring on the outbreak of open hostilities between the two factions in Paris. Italian opera buffa gave the signal. Armed with a concession to produce comedy-opera, an Italian troupe came to Paris. Their trump card was Pergolesi's *La Serva Padrona*, their success was overwhelming. The French felt the all-conquering might of melodic genius. All their dramatic principles, their allegiance to their national opera, suffered a shock. Was this the art of real life, true art, the language of love and tenderness in human intercourse? The ripe, sweet, impassioned melodies acted like a charm. It was the revelation of the South in music.

Forthwith broke out a furious æsthetic controversy. On the one side were ranged the bouffonistes, the partisans of the Italians. Under the banner of Pergolesi they fought for the conviction that art exists, first and foremost, to give pleasure, and

that its highest goal is Beauty. Their opponents, the anti-bouffonists, contended for the style of Lully and Rameau. Their arguments were based on the "serious principles" of dramatic art, tradition, and pride in national French art. Innumerable pamphlets were written. Rousseau and Diderot took the part of the bouffonists. Some asserted that the French language was unsuitable for composition, that French opera had become a set pattern, and that, per contra, the melodic music of the Italians signified a "return to Nature." Finally, when Baron de Grimm launched his famous brochures, the "Lettre sur Omphale" and "Le petit Prophète de Boemischbroda," against Lully-Rameau and for the bouffonists, the situation took on a serious tinge politically. The Italians were obliged to close their season.

But the Italian invaders had fulfilled their mission. The "gallant" style of French music had received a new and most fruitful accession. Society of the rococo period had for a long time been enjoying "gallant" clavecin-music in the salons of the aristocracy; now, however, an upstriving bourgeoisie also demanded a share in the delights of "gallant" music. Men of letters supported this demand. It was a revolution in miniature. The Parisians, having become acquainted with the opera buffa of the Italians, would no longer dispense with that exquisite, exhilarating art. Thus the bouffonists gave the impulse for the creation of French *opéra comique*, for which the "gallant" style was the only possible investiture. This reaction against the tragic grand opera renounced mythology altogether. Its themes were drawn from the pastoral idyl and the sphere of civilian life, and reverted to the simplest popular subjects of the song-plays and operettas. Herefrom arose the "gallant" musical comedy, whose growth into a masterly form was assured by the native genius of the French for literary expression and the technique of the stage.

Philidor and Monsigny, the first composers in the new genre, rightly learned the lesson given by the Italians—the technique of the ensemble, vivacious recitative, and, above all, melody first, last and always. The third master was Grétry, whose genius speedily brought the new art to full fruition. That which the opera buffa of 1752 had awakened in its French admirers as keen desire, found its fulfillment in *opéra comique*, namely, the "gallant" style of dramatic music. The musical rococo of France had come to a standstill in the clavecin-works of Couperin and Rameau; in this field, too, the impulsion of foreign influences was needed to effect new progress.

It was a German musician in Paris who sought to unite French charm with German sentiment, and who, in his reaction upon Germany, became a powerful influence. This was Johann Schobert. He very soon won fame in Paris as a pianist, and composed important sonatas for his instrument. He combined French esprit and pathos with German reverie. His historical significance lies in the strong impression he made on the boy Mozart when the latter came to Paris. Mozart admired Schobert and learned much from him. Schobert gave the Salzburg wonder-child a conception of the true "gallant" style. This was the path that Mozart had to take for the fulfillment of that which Schobert had only divined—the European, super-national chord in "gallant" music.

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Italy and France had endowed "gallant" music with spirit and form; to Germany was left the infusion of the emotional current. Only the combination of all elements could raise the "gallant" style to the status a great event, a grand style. The rococo period, the last gleam of a vanishing social form, sought to swim in music. For these people, music was the received medium for the expression of every emotion. The graphic arts were dissolved into musical ornamentation. And everybody listened with rapture to the overpowering, intoxicating chime of Italian, French and German ideals in music, wherever the beauty of rococo had an abiding-place.

We have now to recall the share taken by England in the development of "gallant" music. England's musical genius was Purcell. He owed his unique position in English music to his own vast powers of synthesis, with which he gathered together all foreign elements, more especially the Italian, to blend them into new forms consonant with the national spirit. It was Purcell's genius that enabled Händel, coming after him, to obtain so potent an influence in England. This it was that prepared the soil for the "gallant" style, as well, which met with an enthusiastic reception by London's musical society. English musicians in general were by nature little adapted for this style, but the Continent had a superabundance of "gallant" masters to dispose of.

Germany's voice in this new symphony of the elegant passions carried the style upward to its culmination. By nature this land had been gifted with a store of latent music. It was

predestined for continuing the evolution of Netherland polyphony. But, together with their leaning toward mysticism, the Germans were possessed with an ardent longing for the Southland, for sunshine and lightheartedness, for plastic form. Italy was ever the goal of the German's hope. And Italy gave of her abundance without stint, so that Germany might in the end become the land where music found its fullest consummation.

Bach perfected the marvel of polyphonic style. He saw the blossoming of the "gallant" music on every side. With sympathetic delight he enjoyed the Italian works of instrumental music and the poetic miniatures of Couperin. But his art was not of this world. Händel took a wholly different attitude to the new era and the music of the South; he was more a man of the world, a cosmopolitan, than Bach, and readily made himself at home in the "gallant" style. In Italy he had discovered the magic of southern melody for himself, and now became an opera-composer of the *bel canto* school. It is from him, rather than from Bach, that the path leads on to Hasse and Graun, German masters imbued with the Italian spirit, upholders of *opera seria* in Dresden and Berlin. They prepared the way for the "gallant" style in Germany. From the house of Bach came the true creator of the "gallant" manner in Germany—Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach, the son of the Cantor of St. Thomas's, and cembalist at the court of Frederick the Great. His numerous works for harpsichord had a significant influence on the change of style in German music. He built the foundation for the piano-style and sonata-form upon which the great masters of the Vienna School erected their works. His ascendancy was especially felt by Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven, who revered him as their "teacher" and "intellectual father." His brother Christian (the London Bach) was also a master of the "gallant" style, and for a time represented the music of the rococo on the Thames.

During this period German music shook off early tradition. All was in fermentation; in literature, painting, architecture, manners, life in general, the baroque and rococo reigned supreme. It was a new world with a new outlook. The spirit of the age, the *Zeitgeist*, laid hold of the stage, as well. And like *opera buffa* in Italy and *opéra comique* in France, the *Singspiel* in Germany made head against the musical tragedy, *opera seria*. Everywhere the same longing for melody, for new melody, sought gratification through a new music.

Such was the time when the creative geniuses Haydn and Mozart appeared and wrought the marvel of crystallization for

a world in the throes of upheaval, awaiting the magic word of genius.

Vienna, the city wherein the spirits of the North and South meet, Vienna, the "Eternal City of Music," provided the atmosphere in which "gallant" music could unfold its loveliest blossoms. Haydn and Mozart effected the grand synthesis of Italian and German musical spirit. All the divertimenti, cassations and serenades of Haydn and Mozart have their root in Italy and derive from the art of Corelli and Vivaldi. But in them there is a new something that defies expression in words, something that speaks directly to the heart. The soul of the rococo lives therein; it exults and laments, it revels in beauty; yet well it knows that the day of death draws nigh. Mozart's music is the swan-song of the eighteenth century.

Haydn and Mozart were universal masters. This is shown in their sonatas, quartets and symphonies, their oratorios and operas. Germany looked with longing across the border, and reached out after foreign loveliness to assimilate it with her own. The great classical music of Vienna is representative of all elements of European music; the pathos and *esprit* of the French, the grace and mobility of the Italians, the reverie and introspection of the Germans. This combination Europe has seen but once.

In the second half of the eighteenth century cultured Europe swam in a sea of music, an ocean of melody. The "gallant" style had liberated music from national inhibitions, without robbing the various species of music of contact with their native soil. Music had become, in the best sense, a matter of European concern, the affair of connoisseurs and amateurs, of the intellectuals and of good society, a language of love understood of all men. The delights of the rococo and its music were felt in Vienna as well as in Munich and Milan, in Paris and London, in Berlin and Dresden. There was a spiritual alliance under the aegis of music.

And now we understand how Mozart, the last and greatest master of the "gallant" style, was of necessity the last truly European phenomenon in music. He died as the revolution was annihilating the rococo. And, amid the uproar of the new thought (which produced only renewed conflict), "gallant" music was silenced. Romanticism lifted up her voice to sing of other things.

II

When Burney asked the Italian composer Baldassare Galuppi for a definition of good music, the Venetian replied without

hesitation: "Beauty, clarity, and correct modulation" (*Vaghezza, chiarezza e buona modulazione*). That is not the definition of "good" music, but of "gallant" music. A vivid sense for the beauty of the forms is a distinctive characteristic of the rococo. The ideals of that period were derived from the baroque style, but had taken on a more feminine quality. The austere grandeur of polyphonic music gave way to the charm of sheer beauty. The development of the musical forms plainly shows, in the "gallant" style, a striving after melody and ever more melody, until finally something loftier than "melody" set the seal of perfection and lasting glory on the forms; this is what we have termed the "synthesis," the combination of all musical elements to create that classic "eternal melody."

In instrumental music, the path leads by way of the Suite, which is a concatenation of dances, to the Sonata. It represents the progression from Scarlatti and Couperin down to Haydn and Mozart. To have created the form of the sonata is the peculiar glory of "gallant" music. The problem of artistic form is the art of presenting contrasts in such a manner as to give the effect of unity. In the earlier forms only one theme held sway and created the contrasting themes out of itself, the contrasts being affiliated with the theme. The sonata-form, on the other hand, brought forward two or more themes that were fundamentally different from each other in character. The composers gradually discovered the technique of "thematic working-out" (in a sense quite distinct from that of the fugue), and created the tripartite form of Exposition, Development, and Repetition. This evolution in form characterizes the history of "gallant" music. Beginning with short pieces of programmatic, poetic music, it ends with the soulful sonatas of Haydn and Mozart, which are already something beyond the "gallant" style.

In opera the "gallant" style produced the finished form of the Aria. The Aria detached itself from the Recitative and was endowed by Melody with a life of its own. In the early Italian operas recitative and aria alternate; ensembles and choruses were interpolated only where vitally essential. This was the period of the "concert" opera, first raised to dramatic perfection by Cimarosa and Mozart. Its style was characterized by a striving after beauty at whatever cost. Where the choice lay between dramatic effect and loveliness of line, the former went to the wall. And we must not forget what technical mastery was acquired by the leading composers; they were in full possession of the thousand details on which the laws of beauty depend. They understood

what the voice demanded of the melody, and vice versa. The ideal of "gallant" music was beauty; it determined the style and the forms.

Hand in hand with the development of the "gallant" style went the progress in the making of musical instruments. The era of melody demanded of its instruments the ability to "sing." The guitar and lute were increasingly neglected, while the harp and piano gained ground. Piano building has a history of its own, closely linked with the progress of "gallant" music. Keyboard stringed instruments brought about the introduction of the tempered system of tuning. The spinet of the rococo was already tempered, i.e., the division of the octave into twelve equal semitones was already established, so that one could play in tune in all the keys. Silbermann of Strasbourg was one of the best piano-makers; his forte-pianos were highly prized by Bach. The clavier of the rococo period was the spinet, harpsichord, clavichord, cembalo, or whatever the various styles might be called. Liberated from the restraints of polyphony, the clavier-style divided into melody and accompaniment. Bowed instruments were also perfected. The period of the "gallant" style is the time of the great violin-makers, as well. The violoncello was an invention of the rococo era; it took the place of the viola da gamba, and in 1730 was admitted into the orchestra of the king of France. Together with "gallant" music and the development of the forms, orchestral music made rapid advances. In Paris every prince, nobleman and financier had his own orchestra, which during the winter played in salon or gallery, and during the summer in the garden. On its way from the suite to the symphony the orchestra gained an entirely new complexion; new instruments were placed in the foreground, and the capacities of each were enhanced. Italy was the land of violinists, France of the gamba- and 'cello-players, Germany of wind-instrument players. However, the continuous international exchange of musicians stimulated rapid progress everywhere.

A factor of peculiar and decisive significance was the close association with the vocal principle obtaining through the whole period of "gallant" music. The art of song, *bel canto*, lends an unrivalled charm to the age of rococo. The native land of *bel canto* was Italy. In the schools of Venice, Milan, Bologna, Florence, Rome and Naples were matured the various methods whose common aim was to free the human voice from the weight of matter and render it fit for the melodious expression of all spiritual emotions. Herein such a pitch of perfection was attained, that

the period of "gallant" music is rightly named the golden age of musical art.

Bel canto developed along with the upgrowth of Italian opera. This opera was wholly supported by the vocal element. From Scarlatti to Hasse and Cimarosa, from Händel to Mozart, composers of opera composed "vocally," that is, they "sang" their music. Their melodies arose out of the sense for song, and for the same reason vocal music reached so great a wealth and power of expression. The melodies were adorned with ornaments which, as coloratura, gradually grew broader and more complex. Thus was evolved the great art of articulation and phrasing, the ravishment of all beaux-esprits. It should not be overlooked that in this art, apparently so sportive and facile, there was hidden an enormous technical ability and scientific attainment. "Gallant" music often concealed deep feeling under an exuberance of ornamentation and flourishes. That is its greatest charm. And all the refined arts of articulation and phrasing overflowed from *bel canto* into instrumental music. The instruments strove to play "songfully"; they carried on the achievements of *bel canto* into the highest virtuosity. There was a *bel canto* of the piano, a *bel canto* of the violin.—Chopin was still well aware of this association. He always told his pupils to attend the Italian opera, so that they might learn from good *bel-canto* singers the articulation, the phrasing, of a melody. Only then, he would say, does one know what piano-playing means.

As a matter of course, during the epoch of "gallant" music, which derived its character from *bel canto*, the singers were masters of the situation. In the Italian opera of the eighteenth century, high voices were most in favor, basses being employed only in opera buffa; the "gallant" era was likewise the golden age of the prima donna and the castrato. This latter species of artists divided into two branches. The first included the sopranos who cultivated bravura singing; their most celebrated representative was Caffarelli, who in a short time earned an annual income of £40,000 with his marvellous voice. The second comprised singers of mezzo character, the name of Farinelli leading all the rest; on this side we find historical celebrities like the eminent teachers Mancini and Aprile; Händel's favorite, Carestini; Gluck's darling, Guadagni; and the soprano Salimbeni, who affected Frederick the Great to tears. And among the fair sex we need mention but a few transcendent names to illustrate that century—Faustina, Cuzzoni, Mingotti, Astrua, Mara, Gabrielli, Todi, worshipped throughout Europe. To obtain a view of that period, let us glance

at Venice in the second half of the eighteenth century, as described by Scudo in his musical novel "*Chevalier Sarti*": "A carnival lasting three months, eight theatres open almost every evening, four conservatories or schools of music, casini, ridotti, coffee-houses where people played and chattered all night, a populace given to masquerading the greater part of the year, as if to escape the seriousness of life."—This was the veritable rococo.

The other arts rivalled music in the endeavor to make life pleasant and enjoyable. Arcadian academies were founded, whose members assumed the names of rustic swains and shepherds and indited rhapsodic sonnets. People revelled in exquisite fancies. Paris, however, was the stronghold of the rococo painters. Here Boucher created his ten thousand drawings, his innumerable paintings and art-craft works—Boucher, whom Diderot called the painter of voluptuousness and sensuous beauty. Here feverishly labored Watteau, who despised money; an artist of melancholy, like Mozart, a master of the arabesque, who set the fashions for the fashionable world, and died poor, only 37 years of age, of consumption. The painting of music, or the music of painting (whichever one may choose to call it), was an aristocratic idyl with which were intermingled, from the side of Germany, the bourgeois sentimentalities of Salomon Gessner. Thus the rococo of poetry and painting became sentimental, while music was led by Mozart's genius into higher spheres.

III

"Gallant" music was the art of Society, of the upper classes and financial magnates, the latter competing with the courts of princes and the salons of the aristocracy as patrons of art. The musicians had no "public." They were dependent on the protection of the notables. For the courts, Versailles was the shining example. Endless festivities, masquerades, balls, concerts, stage-plays, the chase, etc., were the order of the day. Neither did the Princes of the Church lag behind; they built themselves magnificent palaces; the archbishop of Cologne lived joyously in the courtly style of Versailles; everybody spoke French, danced the minuet, and cherished the fine arts. All the activities of life were based on aristocratic culture. The prince bestowed valuable presents, or cash, on the artist in return for artistic feasts enjoyed by himself and his entourage. Even the public concerts, as a rule, were given under the protection of some aristocrat, to attract social patronage. Advertising was unknown, wherefore the artist

had to be recommended by some one well known in higher circles, as a voucher for his ability. It was during the rococo period, however, that the artist's economical status underwent a transformation; the rising tide of bourgeoisie gradually introduced the democratic modus of the "paying public" in contradistinction to "society," each contributing something, so that the aggregate formed a sufficient recompense for the artist. For the patron was substituted the generality of art-lovers. The artist gained in freedom. Whereas he had been, until then, the employee of some great personage, he became, in the course of time, his own master. This advancement, continuing throughout the entire "gallant" era, changed the artist from one who carries out "orders" to the modern type—he who creates independently, of his own free will, and offers his works to the public.

But it was the virtuosi and singers, rather than the creative artists, who occupied the foreground in public interest. It was they who played the authoritative part; they amassed riches, and made their influence felt in the sphere of politics. The composers created those immortal works in which the inspiration, the very soul of that time, are still kept alive for us. But we dream of an ideal when musing on that world wherein the works of the "gallant" era, the most delicate, refined and idyllic of arts, were brought into the world. As in all other periods, the reality displayed many and gloomy shadows in contrast with its dazzling light. How enchanting a picture Goldoni, in his memoirs, draws of Venice: "They sing in the open squares, in the streets, on the canals; the tradesmen sing when they proffer their wares, the workingmen sing, the gondoliers sing while awaiting their fares." How wonderful must have been the effect of the church music at San Marco, often continuing through five hours, and performed by six orchestras, two organs, and grand choruses. Again, we hear of the four Venetian music-schools, the Pietà, Mendicanti, Incurabili and Ospedaletto, in each of which from fifty to a hundred indigent young girls received the most careful musical training. Each school had an orchestra of girl-students: chief attention, however, was devoted to their vocal training. On this head Rousseau has some wonderful remarks in his "Confessions." Thirty years after him, Burney experienced the same musical revelation in Venice. We can understand why the students' proficiency was of so high an order; the most famous masters of that time were teachers in and directors of the schools—Alessandro Scarlatti, Porpora, Hasse, Jomelli, Sacchini, Anfossi, Cimarosa and Sarti. The composers Benedetto Marcello, Caldara,

Gasparini, Galuppi, Bertoni, Furnaletto and Lotti wrote numerous works for them. And from them issued stars of the first magnitude, like Faustina or Rosana Scalfi. The music cultivated here was anything but "sacred"; it was typically "gallant," and the contrast between the performers (who wore the white garb of nuns) and this "voluptuous music" (so termed by a contemporary) was enravishing. It was a thing to dream of—an ideal, as it were, of the rococo and its music. But to visualize the reality one must turn to the theatres, where art was a public affair. President de Brosses attended the opera at Bologna in 1739, and wrote to France: "Here the ladies behave themselves quite unconstrainedly; they chat with—I might better say, scream to—those in the boxes opposite during the performances, stand up, clap their hands, and cry 'Bravo! bravo!' The gentlemen conduct themselves with greater moderation; at the end of an act that pleases them they content themselves with howling until the players begin all over again." The French composer Grétry sharply censured the Roman audiences, saying that the people went to the theatre to hear some particular singer; when he was no longer on the stage they all withdrew to the rear of the boxes to play cards or eat ices, while those occupying seats in the pit fell to yawning.—Highly amusing is the description handed down to us of the doings in the Venetian theatres of that time. Two hours before the performance began, two wretched lamps on wooden poles were lighted directly in front of the stage, furnishing the illumination of the whole auditorium. Only here and there in the boxes gleamed a dim lamplet. The musicians had to read their notes by the light of tallow candles which diffused the vilest odors. For interesting performances servants were sent early in the morning to keep good seats for their employers. The wooden benches were hard and uncomfortable. At comedy performances only women of the lower classes sat on the benches, ladies of "society" occupying the boxes. For operas, however, the boxes could not accommodate the fashionable throng, so that even gentlewomen had to put up with seats on the benches. As the entire auditorium was shrouded in darkness, people could conduct themselves with the utmost freedom, particularly in the boxes, which were privately owned by patrician families, and from which the youthful occupants threw orange peelings into the pit. Between the benches pushed vendors of oranges, cakes, chestnuts and lemonade, while chocolate and ices were served in the boxes. The audience was boisterous and restless; quips and remarks on the players were bandied about quite unceremoniously, and elicited volleys of

laughter. The singers on the stage behaved with similar informality. When two virtuosi were "on" together, while the one was singing his aria the other would converse at his ease with the occupants of the boxes, and take snuff. The singers beat time with hands and feet, for in opera there was at first no conductor. And this same Venice possessed, in the second half of the eighteenth century, no less than sixteen theatres!—So stood matters in Venice, and in other towns it was no better. In England, France and Germany the theatre soon took on a more dignified and elevated aspect.

It is only when the lights and shades are rightly distributed that we gain a real, true idea of this period, the frame enclosing "gallant" music. And this music, if only we hear it aright, is a self-disclosure of that race who, with the rococo, bade a fond farewell to an old, outworn order of men and things.

The conscience of the time was astir in those who moulded public opinion. Opposing cohorts of *litterati* waged the paper war which kept the intellectuals in breathless suspense. In the forefront stood the keen-witted Frenchmen Diderot, d'Alembert, Marmontel, Grimm, Rousseau, de Brosse; Italy was represented by their peer, the impetuous Abbé Galiani, and the tranquil Algarotti, who had once moved in the environment of Frederick the Great; England's musical cosmopolitanism was impersonated by the learned and large-hearted Burney; and the profound German scholars Marpurg, Mattheson and Quantz constructed a safe and durable bridge from the good old times to the new. All the writings on music of the rococo period show that music, in the "gallant" era, was taken very seriously, not only in and for itself, but as a symbol of life in its entirety. These writings, too, afford a picture of the unceasing growth of mundane matters. They display the contention of intelligent men, armed with the sharpest weapons of the spirit, for high artistic ideals. Yet from time to time we catch a glimpse of the despondent perception that even the new ideals for which they are contending are doomed to grow old some day. This is the melancholy of the rococo, the art of an era already moribund and still full of the joy of life; an era which, in "gallant" music and in all spiritual things that this music touched, attained to such arresting and moving expression.

Christian Bach, Philipp Emanuel Bach, Couperin, Dittersdorf, Quantz, Hasse, Grétry, Salieri, Galuppi, Graun, Martini, Paer, Philidor, Jomelli, Monsigny, Gossec, Marcello, Pergolese, Piccini, Hiller, Porpora, Benda, Haydn, Mozart—the works of these and many other good composers constitute the "gallant" music of the

rococo. With Gluck and Beethoven there arose a new music to take its place. Gluck is the connecting-link between the French musical tragedy of Lully and Rameau and the romantic German music-drama of Wagner; Beethoven, himself still a classicist, opened the boundless realm of Romanticism in instrumental music. The activities of these two masters were contemporaneous with the great revolution in Europe, the fight for a new order of society. The ideals, tasks and aims of the nineteenth century were other than those of the century preceding. The Rococo was followed by Romanticism, aristocracy by democracy, art by art-craft, luxury by practicality. Nevertheless, many of the earlier ideals still lived under new names. For even revolutions can but change and develop what already exists. And so the music brought in by the new century was a continuation of "gallant" music, singing, in its sublimest revelations, of the olden ideals whereof the rococo sang—of beauty, of dreams, and of love.

(Translated by Theodore Baker)

SIDNEY LANIER

A POET FOR MUSICIANS

By HARRY COLIN THORPE

WHEN Thoreau delivered his famous assertion that all genius is essentially feminine in quality, he stated in terse fashion the truth which is apparent to all analytical observers, namely, that genius, and particularly literary genius, usually betrays the quick intuition, the delicacy of fancy, the extreme sensitiveness and the warm sympathy which are the traditional attributes of high-minded womanhood. And this very fact undoubtedly accounts for the tardy recognition of work possessing the exquisite finesse which characterizes the poems of Sidney Lanier. As a silken gossamer slips between calloused fingers without stimulating the deadened sense of touch, the finely wrought melody of his verse falls ineffectually upon sensibilities dulled by the violent stimuli of a cruder music. But if the beauty of Lanier's verse has failed to thrill the common crowd, it has also sung vainly in the ears of the "professors." This was to be expected, however, for most of these academicians are lacking in the gifts and attainments which alone can recognize artistic merit; their opinions and judgments are based, in America, upon the standard of the old New England poets and upon the dicta handed down by their academic ancestors. So far as I know, only one critic of note has assigned to Lanier the rank which he really deserves: John Macy, in his "Spirit of American Literature," says (in effect), "Only three significant volumes of poetry have been written in America; the poems of Edgar Allan Poe, 'Leaves of Grass' by Walt Whitman, and the poems of Sidney Lanier."

But if the masses have failed to appreciate this unusual poetry and if the professors of literature have slighted it, the musician, whose hearing has been trained to catch the cadences of even the most ethereal beauty, should be the one to whom Lanier's word-music would most strongly appeal. For other reasons also, the poet should find among musicians his most sympathetic auditors. Lanier was himself a musician. As a boy, it is said, he played (without instruction) nearly all instruments and in maturity he served for many years as solo flautist for the Peabody concerts

in Baltimore. So great was his skill that the conductor, Asger Hamerik, regarded him as the greatest flautist of the time. Because of this real musicianship his allusions to matters musical are always pertinent, never exhibiting the ignorance which places some poets in a ridiculous light when they venture to use the technical terminology of music. The strong musical instinct of the man and his deep musical learning caused him in many cases to treat his medium (language) almost as tone, so that much of his poetry possesses a melodic fluency and color, which is only equalled by Poe. Witness these stanzas from the "Song of the Chattahoochee."

All down the hills of Habersham,
All through the valleys of Hall,
The rushes cried, Abide, abide,
The willful waterweeds held me thrall,
The laving laurel turned my tide,
The ferns and the fondling grass said Stay,
The dewberry dipped for to work delay,
And the little reeds sighed, Abide, abide
Here in the hills of Habersham,
Here in the valleys of Hall.

And oft in the hills of Habersham,
And oft in the valleys of Hall,
The white quartz shone, and the smooth brook stone
Did bar me of passage with friendly brawl,
And many a luminous jewel lone,
Crystals clear or a-cloud with mist,
Ruby, garnet and amethyst—
Made lures with the lights of streaming stone
In the clefts of the hills of Habersham,
In the beds of the valleys of Hall.

Perhaps the noblest measures of his music are to be found in "Sunrise," a poem written shortly before his passing and one which probably represents the pinnacle of his achievement. The poem is too long to be quoted in its entirety, but several representative excerpts follow.

The tide's at full: the marsh with flooded streams
Glimmers, a limpid labyrinth of dreams.
Each winding creek in grave enchantment lies
A rhapsody of morning-stars. The skies
Shine scant with one forked galaxy,—
The marsh brags ten: looped on his breast they lie.

Not slower than Majesty moves, for a mean and a measure
Of motion—not faster than dateless Olympian leisure
Might pace with unblown ample garments from pleasure to pleasure,—
The wave-serrate sea-rim sinks unjarring, unreeling.

The climax of the poem is reached in the fervent apostrophe to the sun.

O Artisan born in the purple—Workman Heat,—
 Partur of passionate atoms that travail to meet
 And be mixed in the death-cold oneness—innermost guest
 At the marriage of elements,—fellow of publicans,—blest
 King in the blouse of flame, that loiterest o'er
 The idle skies yet laborest fast evermore,—
 Thou in the fine forge-thunder, thou in the beat
 Of the heart of a man, thou Motive—Laborer Heat:
 Yea, Artist thou, of whose art yon sea's all news,
 With his inshore greens and manifold mid-sea blues,
 Pearl-glint, shell-tint, ancientest perfectest hues
 Ever shaming the maidens,—lily and rose
 Confess thee, and each mild flame that glows
 In the clarified virginal bosoms of stones that shine,
 It is thine, it is thine:

Thou chemist of storms, whether driving the winds a-swirl,
 Or a-flicker the subtler essences polar that whirl
 In the magnet earth,—Yea, thou with a storm for a heart,
 Rent with debate, many spotted with question, part
 From part oft sundered, yet ever a globèd light,
 Yet ever the artist, ever more large and bright
 Than the eye of a man may avail of:—manifold One,
 I must pass from thy face, I must pass from the face of the Sun.

A beautiful lyric which, because of its frequent use as a song-poem, is probably quite well known among musicians, is "An Evening Song." I do not know how many musical settings have been given this text but I am familiar with those of Dudley Buck, Alexander Russell, and Henry K. Hadley. A reading of this hauntingly beautiful poem explains its fascination for the composer.

AN EVENING SONG

Look off, dear Love, across the sallow sands,
 And mark yon meeting of the sun and sea
 How long they kiss in sight of all the lands:
 Ah! longer, longer, we.

Now in the sea's red vintage melts the sun
 As Egypt's pearl dissolved in rosy wine,
 And Cleopatra night drinks all. 'Tis done:
 Love, lay thy hand in mine.

Come forth, sweet stars, and comfort heaven's heart,
 Glimmer, ye waves, round else unlighted sands.
 O night! divorce our sun and sky apart—
 Never our lips, our hands.

Another poem which has inspired at least two musical settings, those by John Alden Carpenter and Edward C. Moore, is a "song" intended for use in "The Jacquerie—a Fragment." Although of a fanciful character its music has unusual charm.

May the maiden,
Violet laden
Out of the violet sea,
Comes and hovers
Over lovers,
Over thee, Marie, and me,
Over me and thee.

Day the stately,
Sunken lately
Into the violet sea,
Backward hovers
Over lovers,
Over thee, Marie, and me,
Over me and thee.

Night the holy,
Sailing slowly
Over the violet sea,
Stars uncovers
Over lovers,
Stars for thee, Marie, and me,
Stars for me and thee.

Time out of mind the poets have found inspiration in musical instruments: the shepherd's pipe, the lyre of classic fame, the minstrel's harp and the inevitable lover's lute have all served to arouse the muse of the older poets. In later days we recall Tennyson's famous "Bugle Song," Browning's "Abt Vogler," Whitman's "I heard you, solemn sweet pipes of the organ," and many other instances of poems inspired by musical instruments. It remained for Lanier, however, to find in the limpid warmth of the clarinet inspiration for one of his most beautiful poems.

LIFE AND SONG

If life were caught by a clarionet,
And a wild heart, throbbing in the reed,
Should thrill its joy, and trill its fret,
And utter its heart in every deed,

Then would this breathing clarionet
Type what the poet fain would be;
For none o' the singers ever yet
Has wholly lived his minstrelsy,

Or clearly sung his true, true thought,
 Or utterly bodied forth his life,
 Or out of life and song has wrought
 The perfect one of man and wife;
 Or lived and sung, that Life and Song
 Might each express the other's all,
 Careless if life or art were long,
 Since both were one, to stand or fall:
 So that the wonder struck the crowd,
 Who shouted it about the land:—
 His song was only living aloud,
 His work, a singing with his hand!

Knowing that Lanier was endowed with musical instincts of the highest order, that from youth he had expressed himself musically both as a performer and a composer, that he was an important participant in the Peabody Concerts for many years and well versed in symphonic literature, it should occasion no surprise to learn of the unusual form into which he cast one of his longer poems. This poem, "The Symphony," is not, as might be assumed, an attempt to produce a poetic composition which would parallel the structural design of the symphony, as understood by musicians; the unique character of this poem is in the use of the orchestra and its instruments as media or mouth-pieces. It is as if the poet had heard a symphonic performance which spoke to his soul with unusual power and clarity and he had translated into language the impressions registered by the composer's creation.

"The Symphony" begins with the plaintive theme,

O Trade! O Trade! would thou wert dead!
 The time needs heart—'tis tired of head:
 "We're all for love," the violins said.

And, after a brief development, the entire string choir takes up the motif.

Then with a bridegroom's heart-beats trembling,
 All the mightier strings assembling
 Ranged them on the violins' side
 As when the bridegroom leads the bride
 And, heart in voice, together cried:
 "Yea, what avail the endless tale
 Of gain by cunning and plus by sale?"

This idea of the futility of trade and of its pressure upon the poor is further developed and elaborated, reaching its climax at the point where

—the kilns and the curt-tongued mills say, "Go!
 There's plenty that can if you can't, we know.
 Move out if you think you're underpaid.
 The poor are prolific: we're not afraid:
 Trade is trade."

This passionate passage is followed by a return to the piano protestations of the beginning and the strings relax into "long chords, change marked with sobbing"; but even this gentle motion soon ceases, the strings making "a great chord tranquil-surfaced so, As a brook beneath his curving bank doth go."

But presently
 A velvet flute-note fell down pleasantly
 Upon the bosom of that harmony.

 And clarified and glorified
 The solemn spaces where the shadows bide.

 From the warm concave of that fluted note,
 Somewhat, half song, half odor, forth did float.

 When Nature from her far-off glen
 Flutes her soft messages to men
 The flute can say them o'er again!

The flute voice then utters its belief that

Man's love ascends
 To finer and diviner ends
 Than man's mere thought e'er comprehends.

This theme is fully developed by the flute in a beautiful passage pleading for man's love to Nature. The flute proclaims itself as the voice of all Nature:

All purities of shady springs,
 All shynesses of film-winged things
 That fly from tree-trunks and bark-rings.

declaring that all men are neighbors and that the poor should have some opportunity to enjoy the beauties of Art and Nature.

The flute voice ceases, and, for a moment, silence reigns. But soon a slight movement is perceptible in the reed section and

Then from the gentle stir and fret
 Sings out the melting clarionet,
 Like as a lady sings while yet
 Her eyes with salty tears are wet,
 "O Trade! O Trade!" the Lady said.

"I too will wish thee utterly dead
If all thy heart is in thy head.
For O my God! and O my God!
What shameful ways have women trod
At the beckoning of trade's golden rod."

After a rather complete exposition of trade's withering effect upon the elemental human virtues, the minor mode and feeble rhythm of the passage are succeeded by a section of virile movement and brilliant tonality, in which the horn serves as soloist.

There thrust the bold, straight-forward horn
To battle for that lady born
With heartsome voice of mellow scorn,
Like any knight in knighthood's morn.

"Now comfort thee," said he,

"Fair lady.

For God shall right thy grievous wrong,
And man shall sing thee a true love song,
Voiced in act his whole life long,

Yea, all thy sweet life long,

Fair lady.

I dare avouch my faith is bright
That God doth right and God hath might.
Nor time hath changed his hair to white,
Nor his dear love to spite,

Fair lady."

Made end that knightly horn, and spurred away
Into the thick of the melodious fray.

And then the hautboy played and smiled,
And sang like any large-eyed child,
Cool-hearted and all undefiled.

"Huge Trade," he said,

"Would thou wouldst lift me on thy head
And run where e'er my finger led."

But the simple, pastoral strain of the oboe does not long continue, for

. . . o'er sea-lashings of comingling tunes
The ancient wise bassoons,

Like weird

Gray beard

Old harpers sitting on the high sea-dunes,
Chanted runes:

"Bright-waved gain, gray-waved loss,
The sea of all doth lash and toss,
One wave forward and one across":

And now we have reached the finale, the poem closing with a tutti of breadth and sweep, in which the poet rises to the heights of passionate prophesy, affirming his faith that ultimately the hard heart of Trade will melt before the genial warmth of Love.

Life! Life! thou sea-fugue, writ from east to west,
 Love, love alone can pore
 On thy dissolving score
 Of harsh half-phrasings,
 Blotted ere writ,
 And double erasings
 Of chords most fit;
 Yea, Love, sole music-master blest,
 May read thy weltering palimpsest.

And yet shall Love himself be heard
 Though long deferred, though long deferred,
 O'er the modern waste a dove hath whirred:
 Music is Love in search of a word.

Lanier was not only a poetic genius whose work is distinguished by melody and color, and a practical musician performing in one of the great orchestras of his time, but he was also a keen observer and critic of literature and music. Occasionally he would embody in a poem his appreciation or interpretation of some composer. Having acquired, through his symphonic experience, an intimate acquaintance with the symphonies of Beethoven and possessing a nature whose nobility responded to the lofty musical utterance of the master, it is only natural that he should find in Beethoven a spiritual kinship. With Lanier the architectural element in music was entirely subordinate to the idea that music was a medium of expression and that what is said is more important than the particular form which is the vehicle of thought. So in the poems which deal with Beethoven it is always the spirit—the meaning or message—never the form or technic, which occupies his thought.

TO BEETHOVEN

In o'er-strict calyx lingering,
 Lay music's bud too long unblown,
 Till thou, Beethoven, breathed the spring:
 Then bloomed the perfect rose of tone.

O Psalmist of the weak, the strong,
 O Troubadour of love and strife,
 Co-Litanist of right and wrong,
 Sole Hymner of the whole of life,

I know not how, I care not why,—
Thy music sets my world at ease,
And melts my passion's mortal cry
In satisfying symphonies.

It soothes my accusations sour
'Gainst thoughts that fray the restless soul:
The stain of death; the pain of power;
The lack of love 'twixt part and whole;

The poem is too long to quote entire, but in closing Lanier gleans from Beethoven some ideals which we may well consider.

To hold, with keen, yet loving eyes,
Art's realm from Cleverness apart,
To know the Clever good and wise
Yet haunt the lonesome heights of Art.

Yea, it forgives me all my sins,
Fits life to love like rhyme to rhyme
And tunes the task each day begins
By the last trumpet-note of Time.

Lanier was a contemporary of Wagner and was therefore a spectator of, if not a participant in, the fierce controversy which raged around the works of the Bayreuth master. Looking backward from the viewpoint of to-day it is interesting to see that Lanier had accepted the new musical gospel—accepted and understood it. In one of his poems "To Richard Wagner" he writes:

I saw a sky of stars that rolled in grime.
All glory twinkled through some sweat of fight,
From each tall chimney of the roaring time
That shot his fire far up the sooty night
Mixt fuels—Labor's Right and Labor's Crime—
Sent upward throb on throb of scarlet light
Till huge hot blushes in the heavens blent
With golden hues of Trade's high firmament.

Hark! Gay fanfares from halls of old Romance
Strike through the clouds of clamor: who be these
That, paired in rich proceSSIONal, advance
From darkness o'er the murk mad factories
Into yon flaming road, and sink, strange Ministrants!
Sheer down to earth, with many minstrelsies
And motions fine, and mix about the scene
And fill the Time with forms of ancient mien?

O Wagner, westward bring thy heavenly art,
No trifter thou: Siegfried and Wotan be
Names for big ballads of the modern heart.
Thine ears hear deeper than thine eyes can see.
Voice of the monstrous mill, the shouting mart,
Not less of airy cloud and wave and tree,
Thou, thou, if even to thyself unknown,
Hast power to say the Time in terms of tone.

One further poem must hold an especial interest for musicians. It is the text of the Centennial Cantata (for which Dudley Buck wrote music) as performed at the celebration in Philadelphia, 1876. Being a musician, in writing this poem Lanier could not help conceiving at the same time what he considered to be the appropriate musical setting. His marginal annotations in this regard are indicative of his capabilities as a creative tonal artist.

As for the poem itself, it must be said that it could not have been more fittingly thought out, since it epitomizes not only the history of our people but also their spiritual and religious experiences. And for a national ideal, I do not know of anything in American literature which surpasses the "Song of the Good Angel" in reply to the question as to how long the nation shall endure. With this quotation the quest for further beauty in this man's work is entrusted to the reader.

Long as thine Art shall love true love,
Long as thy Science truth shall know,
Long as thine Eagle harms no Dove,
Long as thy Law by law shall grow,
Long as thy God is God above,
Thy brother every man below,
So long, dear Land of all my love,
Thy name shall shine, thy fame shall glow!

SOME RECENT REPRESENTATIVE AMERICAN SONG-COMPOSERS

By WILLIAM TREAT UPTON

THE mountain-peaks of American song are not particularly numerous nor yet altitudinous, perhaps, but there are those that rise pleasantly from the surrounding plain—no majestic, rugged Matterhorn, it is true, but rather the smooth roundness of the friendly Pentlands, or our own gently rhythmed Green Mountains. Nor does this line of peaks extend back into any great antiquity. But song, as we are considering it in this paper, is itself of recent growth. We are yet to celebrate the centenary of the death of its great originator, Franz Schubert, so that we need not be surprised that our own recognized efforts along this line fall within the last half century—no more.

Fifty years ago our American songs, as we know them, were being written by two New Englanders, two Bostonians, in fact, Arthur Foote and George W. Chadwick, both of whom are happily with us to-day and still writing songs! John Knowles Paine was of the same company, but older, and his songs have not at all entered into our musical life, his strength having lain in other directions. To Foote and Chadwick, then, we must ever pay grateful homage for their pioneer work in this field. Founded on the solid rock of German study and tradition—than which there was nothing finer in those days—they gave American musical art a worthy beginning, reflected in their songs no less than in their other works. We cannot be too thankful that this high German ideal of sincerity, of thoroughness, in short “the artistic conscience,” was so deeply implanted in our native song at its first beginning, holding sway even to the very present. A permeating influence such as that of Schubert, Schumann, Brahms and later Wolf and Strauss, could scarcely be surpassed to leaven the lump of our immaturity.

In Mr. Foote's early songs, such as “I'm Wearing Awa' to the Land o' the Leal” (Lady Nairn), “In Picardie” (Graham R. Tomson), “A Ditty” (Sir Philip Sidney), etc., we find the same singleness of purpose, the same serious, capable workmanship that we see in his songs of to-day. “A Ditty” catches the very mood of its text, there is the same light, delicate touch; while in “In

Picardie" the deliberate movement, the expressive intervals, are equally potent in interpreting the meditative mood of the verses. And so it is with his latest songs; "A Twilight Fear" (C. G. Blanden) is simplicity itself. I commend it to our young writers as a model of expressive brevity, of artistic restraint. Of like simplicity is "The Red Rose Whispers of Passion" (John Boyle O'Reilly). We may well note the unaffected eloquence of the phrase "And the white rose is a dove." I doubt if anything finer in a musical way came out of the war than Mr. Foote's simple, sincere, heartfelt set of Three Songs, Op. 79—"In Flanders' Fields" (Lieut.-Col. John McCrae), "The Soldier" (Rupert Brooke), "Oh, Red is the English Rose" (Dr. Charles Alexander Richmond).

With a richer palette than Mr. Foote's, a more decorative use of contrapuntal devices in his piano score, and more suavity of style, but certainly with no more unerring instinct for that which is artistically appropriate, Mr. Chadwick's songs filled a large place in our national song consciousness for many decades. His early setting of Heine's much set verses "Du bist wie eine Blume" is fluent and graceful, not without very real charm, "Allah" (Longfellow) is characterized by a simple dignity of utterance, and "The Danza" (Arlo Bates) has distinct refinement, with interesting contrapuntal variety in the midst of its gay dance rhythms. "A Ballad of Trees and the Master" is serious and deeply felt, even though it seems scarcely to do justice to the infinite pathos of Sidney Lanier's verses. Mr. Chadwick has done little song-writing of recent years, the only things coming to my notice being the rollicking set of Three Nautical Songs, "The Admirals" (R. D. Ware), "Drake's Drum" (Henry Newbolt), and "Pirate Song" (Conan Doyle).

Following upon Foote's and Chadwick's earlier works, come songs by James H. Rogers, Edward MacDowell, Ethelbert Nevin, William Arms Fisher, Ernest R. Kroeger, Henry Holden Huss, Sidney Homer, Harvey Worthington Loomis, Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, Henry F. Gilbert and others, fortunately most of them still actively writing. It is a truly remarkable thing that to-day, in 1925, we can treat, as contemporary, writers who were also contemporary with the essential beginnings of our song—contradictory as that may sound.

Mr. Rogers' most important songs come within the last decade, including the two cycles "Five Quatrains from Omar Khayyâm" and "In Memoriam," and such admirable songs as "The Time for the Making of Songs Has Come" (Hermann Hagedorn) and "The Last Song" (Hartley Alexander).

Of the songs of Edward MacDowell it is scarcely necessary at this time to speak. Mr. Finck to the contrary notwithstanding (though one hesitates to disagree with so distinguished an authority on songs and song-writers), I cannot feel that MacDowell's songs are particularly distinctive. His medium was primarily the piano. Are the *Four Songs*, Op. 56, to be compared for one moment with the *Woodland Sketches*, Op. 51, or the *Sea Pieces*, Op. 55? Is there among all his songs a melody as fragrant as that of the *Wild Rose*? To my mind his songs are for the most part heavy and stodgy as compared with his more inspired piano pieces; and this is due primarily to the fact that he so often failed to sufficiently individualize the piano-part of his songs. Happily there is one transcendent exception—with so truly poetic a nature as his it was inevitable that there should be. In "*Midsummer Lullaby*" (after Goethe) the atmospheric background is fairly gossamer-like in its delicacy. It would seem doubtful that "*Silver clouds . . . lightly sailing through the drowsy, trembling air*" could be better expressed in music than MacDowell has done in this exquisite song.

I suppose no review of American song during these decades could be considered in any sense complete which left out of account the songs of Ethelbert Nevin, which enjoyed such tremendous vogue in their time. Nor was this entirely a mistaken enthusiasm; for while Mr. Nevin possessed no profundity of musical thought, he did have to a marked degree a feeling for fluent melody, a limited but expressive (though unfortunately often over-sentimentalized) harmonic sense, and a certain buoyancy of style not at all to be despised. The almost maudlin "*Oh! that we two were Maying*" (Kingsley) is at once, probably, his most familiar and his worst song, and yet even here his handling of "*O'er river, and mead, and town,*" is distinctly not unimpressive.

William Arms Fisher delights in a rich, sonorous harmonization which he utilizes with fine effect in his latest song, "*The Singer's Wish*" (Sara Teasdale). "*I Wait for Thee*" (Arthur T. Froggatt), first issued in 1893 and reissued in revised form in 1920, is characterized by the same richness of harmonic texture, while "*As Once in May*" (von Gilm) is a sterling song worthy to be ranked with the best settings of this well-known text. Special mention must also be made of Mr. Fisher's unusually skilful arrangement of numerous Irish songs and Negro Spirituals.

Ernest R. Kroeger has written many well-known songs, as have Henry Holden Huss and Sidney Homer. Mr. Kroeger's "*Bend Low, O Dusky Night*" is a simple, sincere setting of a

very appealing text; Mr. Huss has found a really delightful idiom for expressing Shakespeare's "It was a Lover and his Lass"; while Mr. Homer has never surpassed his early and taking "Sing me a Song of a Lad that is Gone" (Robert Louis Stevenson).

The delicacy and grace that Harvey Worthington Loomis knows so well how to impart to his writing, so particularly appropriate to the setting of child's verse, is well exemplified in "A Little Dutch Garden" (Hattie Whitney). We see the more serious side of his musical personality in the brief but poignant "Epitaph upon a Virgin" (Robert Herrick); while the strong individuality of Henry F. Gilbert finds expression in songs like "The Croon of the Dew" (George Turner Phelps) and "Bring from the craggy haunts of birch and pine" (John Todhunter), from "Celtic Studies."

Mrs. H. H. A. Beach has never given us finer work than in her setting of Robert Browning's "Ah, Love, but a Day," a truly distinctive song in its sincerity and depth of feeling.

With Howard Brockway, Alexander Rihm, Arthur Farwell, Oscar G. Sonneck, Henry Hadley and others, we come to those whose work has principally appeared in this twentieth century and who are thus—if I may be permitted to say so—of particular interest to the present writer, since they are his exact contemporaries! Before considering their work, however, I wish to take up those composers of whom it is my purpose specially to treat in this paper, they, too, representing the early decades of the twentieth century.

It has been interesting to note, as the years have passed, how potent has been that initial German impulse beginning with our very beginnings and carried down through the decades, now and again meeting new influences like the Negro idiom, the Indian element, but brushing them aside and keeping to its steady course till well into the twentieth century, when cross currents have become stronger, and we find many experiments along new lines. A touch of the French, of the Russian, has become apparent. Debussy in his time exercised what was probably the predominant external influence, though where Debussy had his thousands, Brahms and Strauss had still their tens of thousands. Of late these outer influences have grown vastly in power and effect. The advent of such men as Charles M. Loeffler and Ernest Bloch in our midst has exerted tremendous pressure toward a modifying of our hitherto strongly entrenched Teutonic ideals. And justly so—for we had developed these ideas and ideals to such an extent that it was time for the introduction of some new ingredient to

lighten and brighten what was in danger of becoming a bit stale. What will come out of all this turmoil of new ideas it is hard to foresee, for we seem to be in a transition period (the world always seems to be in some transition period or other!) between this highly developed art-technique of Beethoven, Wagner and Brahms and the art-technique of the unknown masters who are still to come; but it seems only reasonable to suppose that all this ferment will settle itself into something new and worth while. Quite probably it is true that art development, like pretty much everything else, is rhythmical—it comes in pulses, vibrations, waves, sequences, what you will, and calm is as sure to follow storm in art as in nature; so that after this time of intensive experimentation, we are very likely sooner or later to find ourselves once more in a settled period of art development, comparatively free from all this uncertainty of purpose and extravagance of means so characteristic of our time. When this new art-condition shall have established itself, built upon the four-square foundations laid so securely by the great German masters, as I firmly believe it will be, but modified to its very great advantage by Gallic grace, by the wayward charm of the Celt, the Russian pathos and stark realism, the new British and Italian influence, and who knows but also by something from America herself, we shall begin to realize how essentially fluid is art after all, and that stagnancy is as unnatural here as elsewhere; that to keep the current clear and lifegiving, it must be blown upon by all the winds of heaven, even at times lashed by furious gales. It may well be that in times to come we shall look back upon these early decades of the twentieth century as that time when the current of our native song began finding for itself new channels.

Let us examine then fairly in detail the work of some of our present-day song-writers. I have chosen Alice Barnett, John Alden Carpenter, Bainbridge Crist, Charles T. Griffes, A. Walter Kramer and Wintter Watts as perhaps best representing, both as regards the quality and quantity of their work, a cross section of contemporary American song.

And I have further chosen to discuss the songs of Wintter Watts first, because more than any other in this group he seems to me to be thoroughly American in his work. It may well be that I shall find it difficult to maintain this thesis to the satisfaction of others, for of course it is a very intangible thing—this expression of one's nationality in his art. And again perhaps I shall find it even more difficult to defend my second proposition—namely, that of this group, John Alden Carpenter is the least

American! And this in the face of some one's declaration not long since that there is something essentially American about all his work. Now I beg of you not for a moment to understand me to mean that the Americanism of the one, or the non-Americanism of the other, betokens greater or less ability. That is entirely beside the question and does not enter into my contention at all. But Wintter Watts from the very beginning has seemed to embody in his songs many of our outstanding American characteristics. Even his earliest songs, Op. 2, 3 and 4, are American to the core in the enthusiasm which so evidently went into their construction. More often than not this enthusiasm was entirely misdirected into the most extravagant modes of expression. Imagine, for instance, Arthur Symons' pathetic "Dreams" set to music of the most flamboyant type! It is youth, it is enthusiasm, and it is American! It took years of time and much experience to overcome this element of the over-obvious in his work; and one cannot say that it is even now entirely eliminated. But for the most part it has been transformed into a certain richness of texture which is very engaging. Subtle it may not be, but effective—and American!

Mr. Watts' writing, from its beginning even up to the present, has not been distinguished for its originality; one is always coming upon something that has a familiar flavor, as in "The Golden Rose," one of his loveliest songs, where we find the rhythm and general mood of a part of Wagner's Scene of the Flower Maidens reproduced almost *literatim*. But there are so many excellences in the songs of Mr. Watts that he would be a captious critic indeed who would dwell at length upon their minor defects.

And the fine thing about his writing is that it has been broadening and developing with the years. His last songs are his best songs. His craftsmanship has become increasingly sure, so that we may feel entire confidence that what he writes will be well written, as far as the technique of writing is concerned. His Americanism shows itself among other things in a direct, above-board mode of expression. He still has a fondness for some particular effects of a distinctly objective type, indicating a certain ingenuousness in his artistic make-up, which stands in no awe of those who would charge him with doing the straightforward, every-day thing, of being less sophisticated than he might be. American again!

If we wish to study his songs somewhat in detail, we can perhaps best begin with "Like Music on the Waters" (Byron), published in 1908. This song is neither strikingly original nor

modern in feeling, but so close knit is its texture, so smooth its contrapuntal weave, that in a sober, serious sort of way it is one of his most effective songs. The year 1919 was his banner year as far as publication is concerned, eight songs beside the cycle "Vignettes of Italy" having been issued in this year alone, and what is most important in the matter, all of them distinctive songs. "The Poet Sings" is to a text by Richard Le Gallienne, while two others and the above-mentioned cycle (nine songs in all) are settings of poems by Sara Teasdale. Indeed, it is quite certain that if our younger American song-writers were to enter upon a plebiscite as to who should be crowned Poet Laureate in the kingdom of song, there would be no doubt as to the outcome; their votes have already been cast in their songs. "The Poet Sings," "Love Me" and "Pierrot" (these also to Sara Teasdale texts) are all effective bits of lyricism, each with its own distinctive appeal. In "Vignettes of Italy" we come to one of Mr. Watts' most ambitious productions and I find it thoroughly typical of his art. It is quite American in the elemental simplicity of its harmonic background (there is no impressionistic vagueness here), and the effects are gained by the most objective means. For this reason it is easy to see why the less subjective parts of the text are best realized; for instance, one of the most interesting things in the entire cycle is the bell clangor in "Ponte Vecchio, Florence," and this is exceedingly artistic in its presentment. There is nothing commonplace about it—it may well be compared with Debussy's "Les Cloches," nor fear the comparison. The forthrightness of his style does not lend itself easily to the expression of the more subtle moods and feelings, and hence "Capri" is disappointing. However, there are some attractive nuances in "Addio" and "Stresa" which produce a certain sympathetic plasticity of mood, notably at the words "When unexpected beauty burns like sudden sunlight" in the first, and "The lake is a dreaming bride" in the last. The *Più mosso* here also is well worked out. Throughout the cycle we find Mr. Watts' favorite devices, the bold $\frac{6}{4}$ climax, the broad Brahms-like turn in the melody, and at "dewy flower" in "Naples" and "stars what I" in "Night Song at Amalfi," one of his pet uses of the subdominant harmony; for Mr. Watts is one of those composers not afraid to make use of the frank, open character of this chord. He uses it repeatedly in this and kindred ways. To be sure, one comes to look for it and it is probably overdone, but in many instances he derives great beauty from its use.

Again, in the Five Songs published this same year we find much of interest. "Utopia" (Frances Turner Palgrave) is once

more typical of Mr. Watts in his most accustomed mood. It is exceedingly solid in its harmonic structure, non-futuristic to a degree, and while seemingly made up of familiar material, is suffused with such charm of color that it seems far from commonplace. Indeed, this seems to be one of Mr. Watts' fundamentally American characteristics—to take a perfectly familiar harmonic formula and so color it that while possessing all the personal interest of the known, the familiar, it is yet illumined by some rarer light than that of common every day; a very happy combination, for when all is said and done we Americans are most of us not at all adventurous in our art tastes; we do not want to go too far afield. In "Golden Rose" (Grace Hazard Conkling) we find the harmonization a bit more sophisticated and of great beauty; it is only unfortunate, as we said above, that its parallel sixths should be so reminiscent of Wagner's Flower Maidens. Of still more piquant harmonic and rhythmic interest is "The Little Shepherd's Song" (13th century, Wm. Alexander Percy), while in "A Little Page's Song" (same authorship), a song of equal attractiveness but of entirely different technique, he reverts to his usual style. It is an exceedingly winsome song and the music mirrors to a nicety the naïveté of the text. "Tryste Noël" (Louise Imogen Guiney) shows once more the skill with which Mr. Watts is able to transfigure the simplest material. Here again the quaintness of the text has found full and sympathetic realization in the music. Quite at the opposite pole from these songs is "Joy," to the well-known verses of Sara Teasdale. Its exuberance is a fit contrast to the wistful pathos of the Noël. Between the two comes "Wings of Night" (Sara Teasdale), one of the most poetic of all Mr. Watts' songs, and containing at the words "My heart, like the bird in the tree," one of those meaty harmonic progressions that we find so often in the songs of Brahms. This might well have been written by that master himself. "With the Tide" (Edward J. O'Brien) is, also, thoroughly characteristic; in fact, its first phrase might be said to actually epitomize Mr. Watts' style. Here is a superb, sweeping phrase for the voice, in bold outline, and with the characteristic broad turn and the equally characteristic leaning toward the subdominant in its underlying harmony, exceedingly effective and exceedingly unoriginal; and yet this underlying harmony is so skilfully handled and its outlines so softened that it is transformed from what could so easily have become commonplace into something really admirable. Throughout the song the surge of the sea is excellently suggested, and the harmonic color becomes richer and richer, closing with one of Mr. Watts'

most brilliant cadences. "The Nightingale and the Rose" (William Ernest Henley) is a striking song, developed *à la* Rimsky-Korsakoff with excellent success. It is decidedly no mere imitation. The long and elaborate prelude serves admirably to establish the mood of the song and to show once again Mr. Watts' unusual skill in adapting well-worn formulæ to modern uses. Note the sequence at the words "While she triumphs waxing frail, fading even while she glows" with its combination of the most modern harmony and rhythmic freedom with good old-fashioned counterpoint—another concrete instance of what I like to think the Americanism of all his work. A song of very different type is "Intreat Me Not to Leave Thee" (text from the book of Ruth). Here we find the note of pathos, not often struck in Mr. Watts' songs. The tenderness of "or to return from following after thee" is very genuine; and the strange, half-barbaric march immediately following, set against the broadest kind of sustained phrase in the voice-part, is effective and original. The declamation is notable for its breadth and dignity, giving a distinctly heroic touch to the song as a whole. Aside from these two songs of larger calibre, Mr. Watts' most recent songs have all been of a more intimate, subjective type than his earlier work; of compact structure for the most part, and with skilfully written and easy-flowing counterpoint, imitative and otherwise, as in "Only a Cry" (Sara Teasdale) and "Only and Forever" (William Ernest Henley), with the deliberate longbreathed phrases so characteristic of his later songs. As we note the increasingly rich scoring in all these songs, we can but regret the lack of originality and freedom in the construction of his melodies. If his melodic invention were equal to his skill in harmonization and general all-round craftsmanship, his songs would rank very high indeed. Perhaps as free from this fault as any of these later songs is the tender, meditative "Transformation" (Jessie B. Rittenhouse), but even here a most conventional cadence in the voice-part but seems to emphasize this criticism. "Bring Her Again to Me" (Henley) is notable for a very interestingly developed and novel pictorial touch at the words "Over the western sea," where various superimposed octaves in the bass, sustained by means of the pedal and so blending the one into another, give a unique feeling of watery depth; and "Wild Tears" (Louise Imogen Guiney) is distinguished for a weird kind of cadenza, recurring in the voice-part with very telling effect; the closing cadence deeply felt and of great poignancy. "Let it be Forgotten" (Sara Teasdale), although having passages of great beauty, is on the whole

less original in its construction, while "A White Rose" (John Boyle O'Reilly) shows an entirely different type of technique, its score consisting for the most part of delicate arabesque figures admirably adapted to the piano, and enwreathing the melody as a rose is embowered in its own leafage. It is one of Mr. Watts' most delightfully lyric songs, and shows also the various earmarks of his particular style.

Of the latest of all his songs to come from the press—Three Songs for Low Voice—two, "Song is so Old" (Herman Hagedorn) and "Dark Hills" (Edwin Arlington Robinson), are conspicuously successful examples of his growing tendency toward the more intimate, atmospheric type of song; and while suffering no diminution in the richness of their harmonic background, show a distinct gain in melodic freedom and originality of treatment. The third member of this group, "Miniver Cheevy" (also Edwin Arlington Robinson), is as cleverly whimsical as its text!

The more I have studied Mr. Watts' individuality as expressed in his songs, the more impressed I am with the thought of his Americanism. There is first of all the forthrightness, the open and aboveboard genuineness, the directness of approach, the willingness to make use of anything which comes to hand, the personal independence which leads him to employ certain effects whether they happen to be in the mode or not—all this, I feel sure, is easily recognizable as belonging to our national temperament. On the other hand, the absence of any tendency toward mysticism, reluctance to dwell very much on the emotional element, avoidance of the sentimental or the slightest hint of the lachrymose—that is Wintter Watts and that, I am confident, is American.

Surely, 1912 was a memorable year in American Song, for during this year appeared John Alden Carpenter's first published songs, namely, Eight Songs for a Medium Voice and the Four Poems by Paul Verlaine, with yet another setting of a Verlaine text, "Where the Misty Shadows Glide." It is much to be doubted if any other year has brought forth quite so rich a fruitage. They are to be envied who first saw these songs fresh from the press, for there is no question that with them was ushered in a new era in American song literature. Here spoke a new voice, permeated with French influence, to be sure, but yet thoroughly individual and with something definite to say, together with great skill in the saying of it. Think of these fifteen songs with not a single weak one among them! It is true that Mr. Carpenter published two other songs this same year, but they are evidently much earlier, for while they are not without a certain excellence—

—"May, the Maiden" (Sidney Lanier) has much to commend it—still they seem to lack every evidence of that striking personality so apparent in all the other songs. But among these fifteen under review there is not one unworthy song, and they exhibit great versatility in technique and mood expression. In 1913 these were followed by *Four Songs for a Medium Voice*, in 1914 by "*Gitanjali*" (Tagore), in 1915 a couple of detached songs, in 1916 "*Water Colors*" (from the Chinese), then various scattered songs and in 1921 *Two Night Songs* (Siegfried Sassoon). So that in the five years from 1912 to 1916 inclusive, there appeared altogether thirty-one songs—a remarkable record when we consider their great value and varied content. More than any other American song-composer he seems to have sprung forth fully armed, to have been sure of himself at the very outset. So that in justice to Mr. Carpenter one must begin his study with the first published songs. If we start with his *Eight Songs*, we find in the first one—"The Green River" (Lord Alfred Douglas)—a fine instance of his sure skill in all that goes to make up song technique: a keen harmonic sense, exceedingly plastic and capable of being molded with the utmost freedom; charming bits of melody, fashioned with the greatest refinement of line and content; invariable correspondence of text with its embodying music—and whatever else you will, for it is all there! What poetry lies in the suggestion of the "Winding path" by means of these sinuous chromatic harmonies, the glints of melody and the harp-like figures suggestive of the unheard music, the expressive recitative at the words "And all the unravished silence belong to some sweet singer—lost or unrevealed," passing out in harmonies fittingly vague and indeterminate; the longing of "Oh, may I awake from this uneasy night," where the color of the harmonic background, the very intervals of the vocal phrase, the figuration of the accompaniment, all tend to emphasize just the right mood; and all this bringing us to the climacteric suggestion of the "music manifold," with its long melodic line and broad harmonization. The close is exquisite with its bit of whole-tone color leading into "Or else delight, that is as wide-eyed as a marigold." With this closing phrase, however, I have never been able to reconcile the cloying harmonies in the accompaniment. The melodic line is perfect, but the harmonization has always seemed to me to be appropriate to the richest orchid—anything rather than a wide-eyed marigold! But that is a negligible defect, in the midst of so much that is supremely good. I have gone into this song with a fair amount of detail, for it is so entirely characteristic of Mr. Carpenter's method of procedure

throughout all his songs. He may not think of himself as belonging to the psychological school of song-writers—but be that as it may, we have no composer more expert at fitting the tone to the word than he; and herein lies much of his strength as a composer of songs.

Although in general anything in song that borders on the humorous is my own personal pet aversion, I must admit a certain liking for "Don't Ceäre," in which Mr. Carpenter has set William Barnes' Dorsetshire dialect verses with really remarkable skill. The voice-part runs on in characteristically monotonous monologue fashion, while the piano score abounds in the most fascinating double rhythms and the merriest counterpoint imaginable, and the harmonization, although appropriately simple, is anything but commonplace. If there must be humorous songs, or those bordering thereon, may they all be graced with the art of "Don't Ceäre."

"Looking-Glass River" (Robert Louis Stevenson) is rich in carillon effects of great attractiveness, while "Go, Lovely Rose" (Edmund Waller) is one of the most ingratiating songs of the group. I imagine Wintter Watts would almost envy Mr. Carpenter's clever manipulation of his subdominant harmony at the words "How sweet and fair she seems to be." The middle section with its weirdly conceived harmonies cut into solid blocks, as it were, might have come from Cyril Scott. The two Blake poems, "Little Fly" and "A Cradle-Song," receive sympathetic treatment, the former particularly attractive by reason of its filmy, unsubstantial harmonization, the latter for its simplicity and artistic restraint—a model for this much abused type of song.

In the first of his four Verlaine songs, "Chanson d'automne," we find another example of that meditative type of song apparently so dear to his heart. Here, as so many times, we find flowering out of the very midst of a quiet, neutral background some broad, expressive melodic phrase in the piano-part, as at the words "Tout suffocant et blême," vitalizing it much as the introduction of the human figure serves to give life to the painted landscape. "Le ciel" is an exceptionally perfect bit of atmospheric writing, the antiphonal effects and suggestions of bell tones being managed with rare skill, while at the close there emerges from the shadows one of those typical Carpenterese glints of melody, bringing us at once from the world of unrealities into that of human experience. In "Dansons la gigue" we find again Mr. Carpenter's dexterity in employing simultaneously two different rhythmical schemes, this time waltz rhythms in both $\frac{3}{4}$ and $\frac{3}{2}$ time. "Il pleure dans mon cœur" is a dull grey monotone, effective because of its very

monotony. "Where the Misty Shadows Glide," one of his loveliest Verlaine settings, shows the naturalness with which Mr. Carpenter's melodies develop. Could anything be less studied or artificial than the evolution and development of the initial melody in this song? It is this unconscious logic in his musical thinking that so often gives Mr. Carpenter's songs their sense of spontaneity and inevitableness. Note too, at "Close then thine eyes, my beloved," the appearance in the accompaniment of those bits of melody referred to above.

In the four songs published in 1913 we find further evidence of this logical development, this inevitability. Directly in the first song, "Les Silhouettes" (Oscar Wilde), the germ of the whole work, as far as its accompanimental background is concerned, appears at once: a group of three chords, rugged three-note chords, two of the three built up of superimposed fourths, in dotted rhythm, two longer chords separated by the shorter; and this motif, slight as it is, dominates the entire song. And even though at times it may seem to have entirely disappeared, its rhythm at least is present to the very end. It is a striking instance of the economy of means to which, when he wishes, Mr. Carpenter is able to confine himself; and naturally the song is unified thereby as would scarcely be possible in any other way. "Her Voice" (also Oscar Wilde) is one of Mr. Carpenter's most fluent and facile songs, although the voice-part maintains its long, deliberate line. It may be questioned, perhaps, whether a somewhat more dramatic treatment of the voice in this instance would not have still further heightened the emotional value of the song. "To One Unknown" (Helen Dudley) contains one of those passages of rich sonority in which Mr. Carpenter is so successful. It occurs at the words "I have kissed the shining feet of Twilight, loverwise, opened the gates of Dawn." Effective as it is, it cannot be said to be in any way strikingly original either in its means or manner, and in this way differs from the tremendous climax in "Light, My Light," soon to be considered. But in its own way it is of exceeding dramatic value and again exemplifies Mr. Carpenter's admirable economy of means, the entire passage of six very full measures being built up upon only three major chords, but enriched by a wealth of chromatic octaves, wide-flung arpeggios and the like. "Fog Wraiths" (Mildred Howells) is an imaginative and suggestive treatment of its text.

When we reach "Gitanjali," a setting of various Tagore texts, we come to one of Mr. Carpenter's most important works. I suspect that no one of all the myriad interpreters of Tagore has

more truly caught his spirit. At any rate these songs are distinctive, original, not to be surpassed among the best American songs. The rich texture of "When I bring you coloured toys," the solemnity of "On the day when death will knock at thy door," the tenderness of "The sleep that flits on baby's eyes," the poesy of "I am like a remnant of a cloud of Autumn" with its finely developed climax at "Paint it with colors, gild it with gold, float it on the wanton winds and spread it in varied wonders"—all these serve really as but preliminary to the supreme achievement of the last two songs, "On the Seashore of Endless Worlds," and "Light, my Light." In the first of these Mr. Carpenter has succeeded in transmuting the fragility and transparent beauty of the child-spirit into tones, as I remember it to have been done only in Pierné's "Children's Crusade." Could anything be more felicitous than the setting of the passage beginning "While children gather pebbles and scatter them again?" Throughout the song the simplicity of the means employed is in remarkable contrast with the effect attained. In vividly contrasting mood is the brilliant pæan of praise to "Light, my Light." Here is no slender threadlike melodic line, but great bursts of golden tone like the full-throated voice of the orchestra. It is no song in the true sense of the word, but a flaming forth of elemental ecstasy. I know of nothing like it. It is written for no mortal voice. Perhaps arch-angelic voices might cope with its long-drawn trumpet-like phrases, but no earthly voice should attempt these soaring flights! Passing by "The Day is No More" (also Tagore), with its wealth of oriental mysticism, and the imaginative setting of W. B. Yeats' "The Player-Queen," we come to "Water Colors," a cycle of Chinese tone-poems, which with "Gitanjali" probably represents Mr. Carpenter's work at its very best. Here is the same clever interpretation of the text, the invariable refinement of style—it seems that Mr. Carpenter has forgotten (if he ever knew!) how to write a commonplace phrase. Even his title is chosen with rare skill, for water colors is just what they are—there is none of the gorgeousness characterizing so many of the songs in "Gitanjali" ("Light, my Light" was painted in oils and with broad brushwork if ever a song were), but here everything is done with the utmost delicacy and with all the tints and half-tints so characteristic of this particular medium. If there be no thrills, there is at least constant charm. "The Odalisque" and "To a Young Gentleman"—could there be anything more graceful than the one, or more whimsically human than the other? Or was there ever a closing cadence more weirdly fascinating than that of "On a Screen"?

Of his more important songs there remain still to be mentioned the two settings of verses by Siegfried Sassoon, "Slumber-Song" and "Serenade." The former, while giving many glimpses of Mr. Carpenter's customary ability, seems to lack his usual sense of cohesion and unity; it sounds diffuse, loose-jointed. The "Serenade," on the other hand, is closely knit, unified throughout. It is full of perverse rhythms, its mood is rather distraught, but it is a powerful song, well put together, with all of Mr. Carpenter's facility in craftsmanship.

To sum up, I find in Mr. Carpenter, to a greater extent than in the case of any other American song-writer, the meditative spirit, the love of expressing the genius of nature, the out-of-doors, in its quieter aspects and in its influence upon human experience. I need but recall "Where the Misty Shadows Glide," "Chanson d' Automne," "Le Ciel," "Il pleure dans mon cœur," "The Green River," "Looking-Glass River," "The Cock shall Crow," "Les Silhouettes," "Fog Wraiths," "On the Seashore of Endless Worlds," "Light, my Light," "The Day is No More," all of "Water Colors" and "Slumber-Song." Surely no other among our composers has been so drawn in this direction. This sympathetic reaction to the moods of nature has been, perhaps, my chief point in feeling the inherent non-Americanism of Mr. Carpenter's work. Any one who knows this inborn love of the out-of-doors in its more subjective moods, so characteristic of many peoples of the earth, and so uncharacteristic of our own, to whom the out-of-doors means pure objectivity—an auto ride or a baseball game—will understand what I mean. We may acquire this sincere love of nature, and it is to be hoped that most of us do, but it is a matter not lightly to be taken for granted. That Mr. Carpenter has felt this so keenly, serves at once to set him aside from most of his colleagues. To my mind, songs of this type are the most beautiful and companionable of all types, but not to every composer is it given to worthily write them. To Brahms it was given in perhaps the fullest measure ever granted, and we may well congratulate ourselves that in Mr. Carpenter we find one so worthily following where he led.

Then, too, the aristocratic elegance of his style, oversophistication it may be at times (but seldom)—that is non-American; as is his perfection of finish and freedom from mediocrity, for a modicum of mediocrity is expected from even the best American work. Mr. Carpenter's meticulous care in choosing his texts is a case in point. He seemed never to make a mistake in this regard—once more non-American! With even Bainbridge Crist setting "No

Limit" (Godfrey Montague Lebhar) and Wintter Watts' "Locations" (Tom Hall), to say nothing of A. Walter Kramer's "The Great Awakening" (Gordon Johnstone), we can appreciate what this means!

Another song-writer to whom this appeal of nature in her various moods has been only less powerful, and whose reaction toward it has been embodied in many exceedingly attractive songs, is Alice Barnett. It is not for nothing that among her very first published titles (in 1908) appear "Evening" and "At Twilight," nor that her only song to an original text begins "Hush of twilight, dew on the rose." From 1909 to 1916 there were no published songs, but in the latter year appeared "Serenade" (Clinton Scollard), with which began her real career as a song-composer. In none of her later songs has she surpassed this in delicacy and grace. It is a strictly feminine song, in the best sense of the word, in its shimmering harplike figures, in the smoothness of its harmonization, in the blend of one mellow dissonance into another; and even its one passionate climax is expressed with the reserve of a Debussy rather than the virile abandon of a Richard Strauss. And this is exactly as it should be, to interpret its text. It is in precisely this genre that Miss Barnett has best expressed her own individuality—heroics are not so much in her line. And yet one hesitates to say this, recalling her very successful interpretation of Robert Browning's "In a Gondola," for Browning was anything but feminine in his poetic style and Miss Barnett has not only been able worthily to interpret these remarkable verses, but to add to them a beauty of her own. Still, it is to this mood of tranquil buoyancy that she turns again and again.

In 1918 appeared three songs, of which "Nightingale Lane" (William Sharp) is the most noteworthy. This is done with the deftest possible touch and is one of her most individual songs. In 1919 she published several songs, among them "Tryst" (Clinton Scollard) and "Mood" (original text), both characterized by the same feminine charm as the Serenade; also "The Cool of Night" (Egmont H. Arens), a song of similar style, but somehow with a heavier touch and not showing the spontaneity of its fellows.

In 1919 also appeared Miss Barnett's most important published work, the above-mentioned cycle of eight songs comprising Browning's "In a Gondola." Here Miss Barnett shows a vigor of style, a feeling for sonority of tone and a richness of scoring, as well as an ability to deal with a dramatic situation quite unsuspected from her earlier songs. Almost the best of the entire cycle is the opening "Serenade," of splendid sweep and fervor;

followed by the "Boat Song," in which both the gentle motion of the boat and the sardonic humor of Browning's lines are cleverly expressed. "The Moth's Kiss first" is a bit of skilful characterization, while "What are we two" is notable for its broadly sonorous refrain "Scatter the vision forever," and for the admirable suggestion of "the sprite of a star" in the accompaniment, which could scarcely be surpassed in delicacy and finesse. While perhaps best of them all in its mood painting is "He muses—drifting." "Dip your arm o'er the boatside" and "To-morrow, if a harpstring, say" interestingly continue the narrative, which reaches its dramatic culmination in "It was ordained to be so, sweet." It can be questioned whether Miss Barnett was quite able to rise to the sudden dénouement of the stabbing of the lover, though her roughly harmonised and rhythmmed whole-tone phrase at the very beginning of the scene is excellent. But with the entrance of the voice-part her hand is once more sure, and the pathos and tenderness of the text is finely realized. The thematic reminiscences of the opening "Serenade" are as effective psychologically as they are musically attractive. I know of few modern song-cycles containing more beautiful music.

Of the Three Love Songs published in 1921, "Days that come and go" (John Vance Cheney) shows a particularly rich harmonic background with interestingly managed counterpoint in the piano score. Two Even-Songs were issued in the same year, "Mother Moon" (Amelia Burr), a child-song of great attractiveness, and "To-night," a setting of Sara Teasdale's familiar lines in Miss Barnett's peculiarly fluent style. Among several songs in 1923, "Agamède's Song" is perhaps the most notable by reason of its subtle harmonic scheme.

I think, however, that Miss Barnett has never written anything more imaginative than her recent "Chanson of the Bells of Osenèy" (Cale Young Rice). The skill with which she has individualized each of the bells in turn, Haut-Clere, Doucement, Austyn, John, Gabriel, Marie, is quite beyond praise; and all with true carillon effect. There is no monotony, and yet through the entire song the air of mysticism is carefully preserved. It never falls to earth, but is kept at all times in an atmosphere charged with the clangor of the bells—a remarkably unified and interesting song. Indeed, the entire group of songs published in 1924 is distinctive and quite different in style from all her earlier published work. The texts she has chosen are for the most part exotic in type and hence naturally call for a totally different idiom, and she has shown quite unusual mastery of her new mode of

speech. Unlike so much of this sort of writing, there is nothing forced, nothing which smacks of exaggeration or caricature. Miss Barnett is apparently as much at home here, and speaks with as much sincerity of feeling, as in any of her earlier songs. Probably the most extreme example of this type is "As I came down from Lebanon" (Clinton Scollard). This song lacks the feeling of unity so characteristic of the other songs of this group, but has its interesting moments. "A Caravan from China comes" (Richard Le Gallienne) is attractive throughout, and the feeling of reverence and awe at the words "Her face is from another land" is most impressively realized in the music. "The Singing Girl of Shan" (F. M.) is engaging in its pure, transparent melody, quite typical of Miss Barnett's ability to write simply, fluently, but with no sign of shallowness. "On a Moonlit River" (again the unknown F. M.) has an ingenious technical motif all its own, which, at the phrase "the gloom is stirred with silver mist of fire-flies glowing," makes an effect altogether delightful. The use of a bit of strict canon in the midst of an ultramodern environment greatly enhances the interest of "The Time of Saffron Moons" (F. M.).

There seems no question that without Miss Barnett's gracious femininity, not only would an individual note of very great charm remain unsounded, but our native song would be much the poorer thereby.

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It is interesting to note that several of our best known song-writers began writing and publishing early in life. For instance, Miss Barnett, after publishing two groups of songs (seven in all) in 1908-09, allowed eight years to pass with the issuing of only one song, and that near the end of this period; since which time, however, she has composed and published with approximate regularity. Wintter Watts was very prolific in his earlier years, and in a like period of eight years issued some twenty songs. A. Walter Kramer belongs also to this same group and from the year of his first published songs has allowed but one year to pass without new issues. In all these cases these earlier songs are naturally of interest only in what they suggest of that which is to come; and Miss Barnett seems to have chosen the better part when she elected to wait for further publishing until her art had ripened. Among all whom we have so far considered, however, it is John Alden Carpenter who seems to have acted with the greatest

wisdom. He published nothing until in his thirties, and the result is that there is scarcely a song in his entire output we would discard. Perhaps it is not quite so direct a case of cause and effect as that, but it would almost seem so. At any rate, in the case of Mr. Kramer, as of Mr. Watts, there are about a score of songs that we can very comfortably pass over. We said of Mr. Watts that his immature songs showed a certain theatricality of effect; with Mr. Kramer this immaturity shows itself either in close imitation of the German type of song, with very unoriginal themes and manner of treatment, or a disjointed, diffuse, recitative sort of song with decided French atmosphere. Mr. Kramer has always followed impartially these two leadings, and we can but hope that he will ultimately find his own individual type of expression. Some exceedingly interesting songs, however, have resulted from this twofold development, more particularly on the French side; while his recent German song, "Invocation" ("Gebet"), poem by Otto Julius Bierbaum, is a truly admirable song. It shows the influence of Richard Strauss at its best, and with the exception of its rather commonplace ending has worked out excellently well. The entrance of the voice-part is managed with the real Straussian skill, and the syncopated opening of the second phrase is of his very spirit; so are the artistically handled counter-melodies scattered throughout the song. In contrast to his earlier songs, these melodies are individual and attractive—as at "Loved Night, upon thy bosom," and the brief but lovely imitative effect at the words "Mother of all pity." Of an entirely different type, but still showing Teuton influence, is "The Faltering Dusk" (Louis Untermeyer). Here Mr. Kramer has caught the very spirit of the German folk-song, but so illumined it with flashes of fancy that not only is it one of his most sincere songs, but one of the most attractive as well. The dreamy interlude "like a dance memory" is both psychologically and musically interesting. Predominantly but not exclusively of German type is "The Crystal Gazer" (John Alan Haughton). Here Mr. Kramer has hit upon a formal scheme of great attractiveness, a modernized and flexible form, suggesting the classical recitative and aria. Mr. Kramer's fondness for quasi-recitative effects has often led him into a rambling diffuseness which seems almost formless, but here the close-knit texture of the second section of the song has saved him from this error. Like Mr. Watts, Mr. Kramer is often far from original in his material, but, also like Mr. Watts, he often obtains effects of great beauty; so that in this song, along with certain measures so far from original or in

any way distinguished that they sound almost banal, we get such really impressive harmonic progressions as at the words "In other days," and the admirable cadence "Show me of all the one most dear." Mr. Kramer's songs show great skill in the development of his accompanying melodies, of which the long melodic line in the piano score throughout the first page of the G flat section is a notable example. If we compare this with the similar *obbligato* in the earlier song, "The Last Hour" (after a poem by Jessie Christian Brown), we find that while the melodies themselves are perhaps not particularly dissimilar or of unequal value, very great advancement is shown in the setting of the later melody; there is evidence of a far less objective treatment—so much so that the other seems fairly bald in comparison. In the Two Lieder, we find the first, "Pleading" (Hermann Hesse), a typical lied in form and style (though a rather ineffective one), but "Unto all Things Voice is Given" (Cäsar Flaischlen) is no lied, either in form or spirit—rather a big concert aria, suggesting full orchestra in every measure. The apostrophe to the sea is excellently handled, but one begins to fear that, if he is not careful, Mr. Kramer's evident fondness for imposing effect may lead him into mere bigness without depth.

Before we turn to the songs which show direct and unmistakable French influence, let us note in passing the attractively simple and appropriate setting of Campion's well-known "There is a Garden in Her Face," and the buoyancy and rhythmic effectiveness with which Mr. Kramer has invested Sara Teasdale's equally popular "Joy"—both of them earlier songs. Any conscientious accompanist, however, will resent the closing cadence of the latter song, where he is expected to take a chord *ffff*, and hold it for two measures with a constant crescendo! One does not relish being asked to accomplish the impossible.

Of the French songs (as I have called them), perhaps none is finer than "Swans," another Sara Teasdale text. Here Mr. Kramer has made excellent use of his chosen medium: there is no diffuseness—the weave is close and firm; there is no formlessness—the recurrence of the phrase "We watch the swans," with its identical melody, gives a sense of a momentary return to what has gone before, so essential to any formal success; there is no harmonic restlessness—the frequent prolonging of a single harmony through more than one measure giving a sense of restful poise, attractive in itself and interesting as suggesting the mood of night with its quiet calm. Then too, as we should expect, there is the exquisitely molded *obbligato* at the words "How still

you are—your gaze is on my face.” All in all a wellnigh perfect song of its type, one in which we feel no desire to alter a single note anywhere. How can one pay higher tribute!

Not so unified, but still more imaginative, is “I have seen Dawn——.” John Masefield’s verses give ample opportunity for descriptive touches in the music, and the composer has written up to them with great skill. So deftly is it all done, however, that one is scarcely conscious of the process; we get only the intensified effect of the text, its lights and shadows only deepened thereby, but nothing altered. Could anything be more delightful than that fleeting suggestion of “the slow old tunes of Spain,” or the dainty tripping steps of “the Lady April bringing the daffodils?” while “the soft warm April rain” has inspired one of Mr. Kramer’s most ingratiating melodic moments, and “the old chant of the sea” is a very breath of salt sea air. Indeed, this almost programmatic portion of the song serves once more as a sort of recitative introduction to the main part of the song, whose breadth of melodic line and sustained harmonic background vividly suggest—as did “The Crystal Gazer,” above—the old-time aria. Very successfully it is all worked out, with its reintroduction of the Lady April motif at the end, except for the fact that this broadly conceived air must be so unnecessarily interrupted by such fragmentary treatment of the phrases “and her voice, and her hair.” Surely it was not essential that the piano should answer each of these phrases, syllable for syllable. It is the only structural defect in an otherwise admirable song.

Seemingly only less successful than these two songs, and in fact strikingly similar in style to “Swans,” is “Now like a Lantern” (Alice Raphael). Here is found the same technique, the same atmosphere. Of shorter, more compact songs of this same type, there should be mentioned the very sincere and sympathetic interpretation of Arthur Symons’ “Tears”; of “Green” (D. H. Lawrence); the two interesting “Sappho Fragments”; while the early Debussyish “Nocturne” shows Mr. Kramer’s unfailing delight in varying tone-color and rich euphony.

In the recently published Sonnet Sequence, “Beauty of Earth” (Charles Hanson Towne), we see Mr. Kramer’s more recent development at its best. The free recitative treatment of the voice, which is here adopted throughout the cycle, may be, and very probably is, most appropriate to this particular text; and yet it is perhaps an open question whether the expression of four extended sonnets by such means, no matter how interesting the accompanying score, is not in very certain danger of creating a

monotonous effect. There can be no question, however, that this sequence abounds in individual details of great attractiveness; and in the final sonnet, "Clouds," the composer has not only shown great skill in establishing an appropriate atmosphere, but at the words "Some clean, white morning I shall thus abide," he has given the voice a melodic phrase of great beauty and impressiveness.

That Mr. Kramer is also a sympathetic and skilful arranger of folk-songs is evidenced by his Swedish melodies; nor must we fail to appreciate his telling example of what a sacred song should be in "This is the Day the Christ was Born" (Frederick H. Martens). Would that all writers of church music might emulate the dignity and simplicity of this song. The "Song without Words" does not concern us, for to me, while an interesting piece of work, it is no song in any sense whatsoever; and just what mental aberration was responsible for the crudities and artificialities of "The Great Awakening" (Gordon Johnstone) and "Body and Soul" (Harold Robe) it is not our province to enquire.

In Mr. Kramer then we have seen two distinct lines of development; the one, the earlier established of the two, but continuing through the years, having to do with the manner and matter of the typical German song—the same technique and the same content with which Strauss, Brahms and others have made us so familiar. Later came the French influence, latterly coming more and more to the fore and producing what are probably his strongest songs. Here we have seen once more depicted those serious moods of nature, so loved of Miss Barnett and Mr. Carpenter, but treated in a somewhat different manner. Just what may be the ultimate trend of Mr. Kramer's writing remains, as we have said, still to be seen.

With Bainbridge Crist we find a musical temperament still different from any to which we have so far given our attention. He is primarily attracted to that which is fanciful, unreal. At its best his writing is finely imaginative—a touch of otherworldness is felt throughout much of his work. If ever "the light that never was on sea or land" has seemed to cast its glamour over any song, that song is "Into a Ship Dreaming." And yet I have always felt a distinct objectivity in his songs. This light of fancy seems never actually to come from within, the song seems bathed in its soft effulgence, but not itself to have irradiated it. Next to his delight in this fancifulness and unreality of mood, comes the joy of painting exotic pictures, where again imagination may have full play, indeed curbed only by the writer's own limitations of

fancy or its expression. How vivid is this pictorial imagination in Mr. Crist's case, may be clearly seen in his cycle "Coloured Stars" and other oriental scenes.

That Mr. Crist, however, is not restricted to these shadowy half-lights, nor to exotic moods, we soon learn in songs such as "Girl of the Red Mouth," which is as spirited and vigorous as any song we know of. But one feels the imaginative mood lurking in the background at all times; it is his own individual and characteristic mood.

It seems quite remarkable that his very first published song, "To Arcady" (C. A. M. Dolson), composed in 1908, should so unmistakably foreshadow this future development. Like Mr. Carpenter's first published songs, it shows a sureness of touch not attained so early by the others we have been considering, and points to the future in no uncertain way. Indeed, this early song is quite captivating in its pensive, *sehnsüchtig* expression, and contrary to most early works, is worthy to rank with more mature efforts. I doubt if Mr. Crist could even now better the admirably modelled final phrase of the fifth page, "As sweet as grew in Arcady." Here was a dissonantal shadow of great attractiveness cast long before!

Of the ten songs published in 1915, "April Rain" (Conrad Aiken), a song of the greatest harmonic fluency and varied tone-color, is likely always to suffer more than it deserves from its very obvious suggestion of Grieg's "With a Water-Lily." "If there were Dreams to Sell" (Thomas Lovell Beddoes) is one of the striking examples of that fanciful mood which we have spoken of as belonging so particularly to Mr. Crist. Technically it has many points of interest—the very effective suggestion of bell ringing ("and the crier rang the bell"), the exceedingly subtle harmonization throughout, and the free use of dissonance in the counterpoint, which in connection with the smoothness of the harmony serves to give a tang to the taste that is at once delightful and unique.

The year 1916 brings us the beginnings of that happy association of Mr. Crist's individual temperament with the verses of Walter de La Mare, which was to prove so stimulating to his art. He set no less than eight of Mr. de La Mare's poems—slight poetic fancies for the most part, but ideally fitted to Mr. Crist's style, in their delicacy and refinement. In "Mistletoe" there is complete fusion of text and music. Mr. Crist is always skilful in his declamation; here, however, it is not only an outward fitting of sounds to words, but of spirit to spirit as well.

Most interesting is his treatment of the repetition of the words "Palegreen, faery mistletoe" in the second stanza, for their weird harmonization prepares one for exactly what follows, an effective instance of the added vividness which it is possible to impart to an idea through musical as well as verbal expression. Scarcely less attractive in its whimsical charm and delicacy of touch is "The Little Bird." "To Columbine" (Kendall Banning) is distinguished for the richness and beauty of its final cadence; and here we begin to glimpse the tonal glories of such songs as "Coloured Stars," soon to follow. In 1917 we find more of the de La Mare texts, and the delightfully droll "Chinese Mother Goose Rhymes," but it is in the following year that we reach his very zenith of attainment in the etherealized, spiritualized type, in the song that to me is the most perfect song he has ever written, and one of the most perfect songs I know of anywhere, "Into a Ship Dreaming," this also to a de La Mare text. This song is the very apotheosis of imaginative fancy, and is of remarkable poetic beauty.

This year of 1918, though not as prolific as some years, shows us much of Mr. Crist's very best work. "You Will Not Come Again" (Dora Sigerson Short), is a powerful song in which Mr. Crist interprets a mood quite unusual for him, that of deepest pathos, and he has succeeded admirably in establishing this mood. Again, in direct antithesis to this, is "O Come Hither" (George Darley), a coloratura song of much buoyancy and old-time grace; then, still different, the "Girl of the Red Mouth" (Martin MacDermott), fairly bubbling over with good spirits, exuberant, ecstatic, as full of motion as "Into a Ship Dreaming" is of tranquil mysticism. 1919 brings us only de La Mare's "The Old Soldier," in which occurs one of Mr. Crist's most suave and lovely melodic passages, beginning with the words "'Twas sweet and fresh with buds of May"; the next year appeared "Drolleries from an Oriental Doll's House," continuing the odd humor of the "Chinese Mother Goose Rhymes," and two exceedingly poetic settings of texts by Conrad Aiken, "The Dark King's Daughter" and "Enchantment," songs differing utterly in technique but perhaps equally worth while. In "The Dark King's Daughter" we find an unusually rich and multicolored piano score, the harmonies unloosed and cascaded all over the keyboard with the most lavish effect, and yet with a delicacy of harmonic feeling entirely befitting the text. "Enchantment," on the other hand, is of the closest texture, but no less rich in its harmonic color scheme.

These opulent songs lead us naturally to the cycle "Coloured Stars" (Chinese and Nepalese texts), published the following year, in which, as nowhere else, Mr. Crist has given full play to his love of color. As a cycle it is very successful in its variety and yet unity of feeling, in its skilful distribution of high lights and shadows, reaching in its second song an unusually rich tonal climax, but in its last one leading up to a dramatic and emotional peroration as powerful as it is vengeful. That Mr. Crist has the ability to draw a broad melodic line as well as paint in delicate harmonic tints, is shown at the beginning of the B major section of the song "Coloured Stars," from which the cycle takes its name.

Of Mr. Crist's latest songs, "Would You Go So Soon" (anonymous text) is a mingling of pathos and power, and "Languor" (once more a Chinese text) is true to its name in its masterly portrayal of the voluptuous languor of the East.

The songs of Charles Tomlinson Griffes, which should naturally be considered in this group, have been so thoroughly discussed from my own point of view, and that so recently, in these columns (*MUSICAL QUARTERLY*, July, 1923), that it seems necessary only to refer to them here.

As time passes and we study these songs more and more with regard to their own development and their relation to other contemporary American songs, the regret continually deepens that this great talent should have been so prematurely cut down. It seems increasingly clear that Mr. Griffes had something to give that, so far at least, no one else seems quite to possess. We see in his Op. 11 (Three Poems by Fiona MacLeod), for instance, not only such rich accomplishment—they bear manifold repetition and continued study remarkably well—but still more such sure promise of future accomplishment, yet richer, yet more worth while, that (as in the similar case of MacDowell) it seems both a national calamity and a national disgrace that such a seemingly unnecessary loss should have been possible. If there are still in our midst those with such talents (or such genius, if you will), overburdened, sacrificed to dull daily routine, may we have the grace to rescue them before it be too late.

As musical affairs are judged by to-day's extreme standards, none of the group just under discussion, except Mr. Griffes, could be classed other than as rank conservatives. He alone had the devoted modernist's love of searching after new truths, even at the cost of the most drastic experimentation. The rest, while making free use, as occasion suggested, of different modern idioms, thus showing no unwillingness to follow where others had led, yet

apparently have no desire to break new paths of their own, or do any intensive exploring on their own account. And there is always this line of cleavage. Human nature seems to be so constituted that there always must be the two types side by side, the one continually experimenting, always enthusiastic, full of the creative instinct, dissatisfied with the present, tired of the old ways and means, looking for something different, rather impatient of those who seem too placidly content with things as they are; the other, reverent toward all that is beautiful in the past, diffident in regard to new means and methods, fearful of losing what has been so laboriously won through the past ages, wishing to see the old types enlarged and beautified rather than new types evolved. And of course this is exceedingly fortunate. Without the one, no progress could ever be made, and without the other there would be no stability of any sort; while without those between these two extremes, art would lack its very necessary balance-wheel.

As the musical world at large has its Stravinsky, its Schönberg, its Milhaud, so we in American song have our own modernist group—not so large perhaps as one might expect, but vigorous and flourishing.

There may well be good and sufficient reasons for the fact that our most pronounced modernists are not so much our own native-born Americans as those who have come to us from other lands. Certain it is that no one now resident in America seems to be doing such convincing work along this ultra-modern line as the Swiss-born Ernest Bloch. His work is always characterized by the utmost skill in craftsmanship, and while no one could ever accuse him of any reticence in individual self-expression, he is never guilty of incoherence or formlessness. Rather there is a fine sense of logic, of unity and symmetry in all that he does; a firmness of substance that can come only from keen thinking. And in a feeling for what is sombre, stern, tragic in musical expression he is hardly surpassed to-day.

No one can study his earlier "*Poèmes d'Automne*" (Béatrix Rodès) without being moved by their pathos, and feeling a deep admiration for the personality able to evoke such intensely human moods as these. This admiration for Mr. Bloch as a transcriber of the deeper human emotions, is only strengthened by his powerful Psalms 114 and 137, and that great dramatic monologue, Psalm 22, where he not only searches the soul's deepest depths, but in the final climax rises to superb heights of spiritual ecstasy. It is powerful writing—that of a hand sure of its own strength.

Charles M. Loeffler, while writing with the same genuineness and, too, with a full rich texture of his own, apparently avoids the deeply tragic and deals preferably with themes of less passionate utterance, yet with no less sincerity of expression. In his songs, at any rate, Mr. Loeffler shows more the Debussy influence; but he is far from being a mere imitator, his own artistic personality is too vigorous for that.

His latest songs as far as I know them, "The Wind Among the Reeds" (W. B. Yeats), published in 1908—it seems incredible that there should be no songs of more recent date than these—are delightfully imaginative, and expressed with all the charm of style that we should expect from Mr. Loeffler. Perhaps, however, he never wrote a song of more tender beauty, of more expressive simplicity (for expressiveness may be simple!), than his early song "To Helen" (Edgar Allan Poe).

Still unlike either our Swiss or French co-workers, is he from Australia, George F. Boyle, but with a skill in expression quite his own. Mr. Boyle's three last-published songs are really remarkable in their successful delineation of utterly diverse moods. "A Spirit Haunts the Year's Last Hours" (Tennyson) is, of course, dull grey throughout, and the sombre color of the text is reproduced in the music with extraordinary fidelity; but so ably done, and with such musicianship, that there is no monotony of effect. In "Proud Maisie," Mr. Boyle gives us an extremely interesting treatment of Sir Walter Scott's fantastic verses. One is tempted to dwell on the clever use of cross rhythms, of dark and gloomy harmonization of the simplest melody, all serving to accentuate the sinister portent of the words. One technical point is much in evidence—almost a mannerism, in fact. What the subdominant color is to Wintter Watts, such is the verbatim repetition in the accompaniment of a closing phrase in the voice part, to Mr. Boyle. He uses it time and again in all his songs. But here so clearly do these short, reiterated phrases seem to reinforce the mood that is past or anticipate the mood that is to come, that they become a very important element in his interpretational mechanism. The third song, Eugene Field's exquisite "Little Blue Pigeon," receives an equally sympathetic and attractive setting.

Of our own American-born members of this modernist group, I should give first place to Charles T. Griffes. I know of nothing in this field finer than his Three Poems by Fiona MacLeod ("Lament of Ian the Proud," "Thy Dark Eyes to Mine," "The Rose of the Night"), already mentioned, and "In a Myrtle Shade" (William Blake) and "Wai Kiki" (Rupert Brooks), with the possible

addition of the Two Poems by John Masefield, "An Old Song Re-sung" and "Sorrow of Mydath." In all of Mr. Griffes' work there is present the same sense of logical development, of artistic sincerity, that I have referred to in the case of Ernest Bloch. In fact it seems to me there is more than a superficial kinship between their artistic natures.

With the opening section of Marion Bauer's "Roses Breathe in the Night" (Margaret Widdemer), published in 1921, it seemed quite evident that the composer was beginning to find her true self. Her means of obtaining a remarkably attractive atmospheric effect were simple but unusual, reminding one of a similarly clever device in Duparc's "Chanson Triste." This growing power of self-expression has now fully flowered in her recently published Four Poems, Op. 16, to texts by John Gould Fletcher, which seem to me to form one of the most notable of recent contributions to American Song. Here, once more, we see it made perfectly clear that the freest possible use of modern color and effect is entirely compatible with an underlying sense of form and a very real appreciation of the value of an expressive melodic line, as we have already seen it so abundantly proved in the songs of Mr. Griffes. Indeed, in easy command of modern technique, in rich pictorial quality, in vivid play of the imagination and sustained dramatic interest, these songs may worthily take their place beside Mr. Griffes' own.

Frederick Jacobi has written few songs, but their quality is in an inverse ratio to their quantity. His two most recent songs to texts by Chaucer, "Rondel" and "Ballade," are the work of a thorough-going musician, written in the quaint old-fashioned style absolutely appropriate to their text. The "Ballade" is particularly vivacious and abounds in telling effects. Ever since it was issued in 1918, "The Faery Isle of Janjira" (Sarojini Naidu) has been one of my most treasured songs—double or even triple starred *à la* Baedeker!—notable for the aristocratic elegance of its rhythms and deft melodic touches. "In the Night," from the same set of three songs to texts by the same author, is only second in interest and attractiveness, and the remaining "Love and Death" is a dramatic song of great emotional power.

I have never been quite able to grasp why the Orient should seem to possess such an overwhelming appeal for our song-writers. I can understand the attractiveness of writing in an idealized oriental atmosphere, as Mr. Carpenter has done in "Water Colors"; there it is a matter of tone-color, but still attractive and comprehensive to Western ears. But when Emerson Whithorne writes

almost exclusively to Chinese texts, and chooses not to mitigate what seems to us the uncouthness of either rhythm, melody, or harmonic background, he is of course entirely within his rights, but it certainly cannot fail to materially diminish his audience, for to most of us a very little of anything so entirely foreign to our own idiom suffices. For this reason I can admire all the cleverness and ingenuity he puts into these songs—from a distance! It is only when he comes to a text like Walt Whitman's "Invocation," that I feel able to meet him on common ground. This is a massive and powerful song; and while there are moments whose harmonization seems unnecessarily vague and obscure, still the song is laid out with great skill and effectiveness. The *marche funèbre* motif at the beginning and the end is both impressive and touching, while the final climax is of great dramatic vigor. In very different mood is "Pierrette and I" (Hugh McCrae), a slight bit of fantasy, but wonderfully attractive in its deliciously acrid harmonization. Unusually suave for Mr. Whithorne, in its general outline, is his setting of Eugene Field's "The Babe in the Garden."

Another composer much orientalized in his style is Louis Gruenberg, whose setting of Bliss Carman's "A Fantasy" is captivating in its fantastic Japanese atmosphere. It is a far cry from Japan and China to Dr. Campion of Elizabethan fame, but Mr. Gruenberg seems to have known how to bridge the gulf of the years. His "Never Love Unless . . ." is appropriately and simply set, with the same sort of dry humor in the music as in the verses.

Another attraction seemingly very potent these days is toward the setting of free verse, and the freest of free verse at that. Probably we have no more extreme case of this than Carl Engel's three recent Amy Lowell songs, "Opal," "A Decade" and "A Sprig of Rosemary." These settings are as truly imagist as the verses themselves. There is much of the later Scriabine about them, the same rhythmic vitality, the same intellectuality (there is no loose thinking there, as in so much of the ultra-modernist writing of to-day), even a similar tonal scheme.

"Opal" is lurid, volcanic, brusque, with a powerful and compelling harmonization. But is it a song? Or is "A Decade"? I would give a very great deal to hear this latter in orchestral dress, with the oboe taking the melody instead of the voice. It would make a most pathetic and expressive intermezzo in the midst of some stormy orchestral tone poem. But is there any conceivable connection between its mood expression and that of "morning bread," "red wine and honey"? On the other hand, "A Sprig of

Rosemary" is in very truth a song, to my mind the only one of the three. They are all instrumentally effective, but only as absolute music; and except in the case of this one, are merely marred by the attaching of words—that too, in spite of the great expertness with which the declamation is handled. Here we are conscious of no lack of cohesion between the music and the vocal line of the text, it forms an organically unified whole. And must not this be the case in any true song? Must it not even still be true in song that the voice-part, while uniting with the tonal background to form a unified mood for the whole, must yet be vocal? Must still have a sustained melodic line? And in our desire—praiseworthy though it be—to express ourselves dramatically, vitally, are we not in danger of overlooking this fact? And are not certain texts, for this very reason, quite unsuited to setting as songs?

Granting, however, that any text whatsoever may be set to music, Mr. Engel has shown how it may be done with consistency and a sense of logical procedure. It is this saving grace in his case which seems to be so woefully lacking in certain other treatments of similar texts, as for instance the "Free Verse Songs" of Rupert Hughes. Here, barring a few measures which show some signs of rhyme and reason, we have only a mass of conglomerate details, with no apparent feeling of unity whatever, no development, no semblance of logical sequence. Mr. Hughes has shown, however, that his mind does not always and necessarily travel in this zig-zag fashion, in such songs as his setting of Shakespeare's 71st Sonnet under the title "Remember Not," a sincere and expressive song. Quite remarkably successful is his rhythmic and tonal treatment of the words "Than you shall hear the surly, sullen bell."

Two interestingly atmospheric settings in the ultra-modern manner are those of John Beach to Carl Sandburg's "Passers-By" and "Clark Street Bridge." Whatever may be our opinion as to the advisability of setting such texts as these to music, there can be no question as to the musicianliness with which Mr. Beach has done his work. In both songs his harmonic scheme is logical and interesting. With all its nebulousness in expressing, as he does, monotony of movement, the distant roar of the city, mist and the like, there is all the time the sense of an underlying vigorous organism.

We scarcely think of O. G. Sonneck as a song-writer, having known him so long as musicographer, editor, librarian, etc.; but he has published a goodly sheaf of songs, and is a capable and sincere interpreter of his texts. "To Helen" (how beloved of song-composers is this exquisite lyric of Poe's!) is perhaps his best song.

"Studies in Song," Op. 19, are stimulating though not conclusive. "To a Golden-Haired Girl" is harmonically rich, but in no sense ultra-modern; it is in the fluidity of its rhythm and the freedom of its declamation that we feel its modernity. Its twenty-three measures include the following time-signatures: $\begin{smallmatrix} 4 & 3 & 7 & 4 & 6 & 4 & 5 & 10 & 6 & 4 & 3 & 4 \\ 4 & 2 & 4 & 4 & 4 & 4 & 4 & 4 & 4 & 4 & 2 & 4 \end{smallmatrix}$. A simple bit of figuring will demonstrate its unusual rhythmic ebb and flow.

Alexander Steinert, Jr., has written several songs of very modern type, his latest song, "Footsteps in the Sand" (Elizabeth Gunn), being quite in the ultra-Russian and French manner. It is fortunate that Mr. Steinert has a strong, fundamental feeling for rational harmonization, for its wholesome influence is felt even in this song, and he never quite loses his sense of direction as do so many in threading the labyrinthine ways of modern musical art. And yet one can but wonder just why it is necessary, nowadays, to make use of quite such elaborate machinery to express one's thoughts! Are we so complex in our thinking as it would seem? Is simplicity and clarity of thought a lost art? Are our ideas really so much greater and deeper and more comprehensive than those of Beethoven, Wagner, Schumann and Brahms, that even in accompanying a simple song we must needs make use of three staves, all of them as full of notes as they may comfortably be? As far as my own modest judgment goes, I find it difficult to forget the point made in my early training, that a composer's ideas are often in inverse proportion to the number of his notes! Not at all so extreme in any way, and of a far lovelier texture, is Mr. Steinert's earlier song, "My Lady of Clouds" (Lillian Gertrude Shuman).

In line with the above remarks let me say that the only songs in all my experience that I have ever found it impossible to bring myself to play through, are Leo Ornstein's "Cradle-Song" (save the mark!) and "A Vision of Glory" (both to German and English texts). One needs but a glance at the notes to realize the absolute emptiness of idea within this ridiculously garish dress. And that a cradle-song of all things should be treated with such patent insincerity is indeed adding insult to injury. It is to be hoped that Mr. Ornstein has written more worthy songs than have so far come to my notice.

A new name among our song-writers is that of Albert Spalding, but finely has he passed his novitiate with Four Songs from "The Hesperides" by Robert Herrick. All show originality of treatment, logical development and admirable adaptation to the text. Exceedingly effective are the piquant harmonies in "To Daffodils,"

the richly sonorous piano score of "The Rock of Rubies," the buoyant rhythm and harmonic charm of "Cherrie-Ripe," and best of all, "Song to Musique," where Mr. Spalding may well lay aside for a day his laurels as a violinist to accept those of an acknowledged composer. Such refinement of style and beauty of expression as that of page four, beginning "Thou sweetly canst avert the same," and the phrase "I live and die 'mongst Roses" are too genuine ever to have come by accident. In fact, to match this song in artistic sincerity and yet in the most modern feeling would be no light task.

Of virile imagination, delighting in broad, sweeping harmonies, yet with moments of sincere tenderness—such Philip James shows himself to be in "Moonlight" (Frank Dempster Sherman), in "When Thou Commandest Me to Sing" (Tagore), and in the stirring Ballad, "The Victory Riders," text by Theodosia Garrison.

Leaving for the time those who represent song-writing in its most recent phase, its latest mode of expression, we find many who are writing vigorous, imaginative songs, yet almost or quite untouched by those influences of which we have been speaking.

The later songs of Frederic Ayres, for example, while not ultra-modern in any sense whatever, are powerful, impressive songs of a certain masculine ruggedness of style that is very heartening. The Three Songs published in 1921 represent him at his best—"Triumph" (William Vaughn Moody) being one of the most telling songs published in America in recent years. In the declamation of the text, in its harmonization and general mood expression, it is a big, heroic song. "The Song of the Panthan Girl" (Kipling) is notable for the manner in which the original background is suggested rather than actually presented, which, as I have already stated, is (to my mind, at least) the more artistic method. The dirge-like rhythms in "Strong as Death" (H. C. Bunner) are presented with unusual skill.

Quite Valkyrie-like in its mood and expression is Eric de Lamarter's "Love-Free" (Sara Teasdale), while "Summer Lullaby" (author unknown), at the other pole of musical expression, is perhaps equally successful.

Howard Brockway has gained an excellent name for himself through his "Lonesome Tunes" and "Kentucky Mountain Songs," prepared in collaboration with Loraine Wyman. These are exceedingly interesting arrangements of unsuspected old English ballads and folk-songs in our very midst. Mr. Brockway has made the ground quite his own and has done his work with ingenuity and true musicianliness. Nor should we overlook his

unusually attractive song "An Answer" (Owen Bruner), the delicate fragility of whose harmonies reminds us not unworthily of MacDowell's "Midsummer Lullaby."

For a pure lyric gift, expressed always with simplicity but with never-failing grace, we have no composer to surpass Alexander Rihm. Of his Three Songs published in 1918, "Thou and I" (Sidney Lanier) is a perfectly finished lied of the true German type and might without shame be signed by a Schumann himself. "Her Lullaby" (Lorena Zeller), while of conventional material, is marked by many artistic touches. The third song, "The Rose" (Sara Teasdale), is utterly charming from its first note to its last, in its fluency of utterance and yet rich musicianship. One rarely finds a song of such transparent texture and yet no hint of the commonplace. Mr. Rihm's skill in handling contrapuntal melodies is abundantly shown in "To One Away" and "Joy"—both to Sara Teasdale texts—the latter being one of the best settings I know of these popular verses, in the vigor of its themes and their handling. "Pack, Clouds, Away" (Thomas Heywood) is of appropriately facile technique, and Sara Teasdale's "Wood Song," while somewhat unoriginal, is characterized by Mr. Rihm's unfailing refinement of style.

Two songs have recently come from Arthur Farwell, "The Wild Flower's Song" (William Blake) and "Love's Cathedral" (James Grun), the former very successful in establishing the true Blake atmosphere.

Henry Hadley's songs show the technical dexterity we should expect from him; and of late have disclosed an increasing solidity of workmanship. His early song "I Plucked a Quill from Cupid's Wing" (Aubrey Boucicault) will never lose its freshness; and similar in the spontaneity of its expression is the later song, "The Lute-Player of Casa Blanca" (Laurence Hope). Of unwonted seriousness and restraint is "Stille, träumende Frühlingsnacht" (Otto Julius Bierbaum); and "Il pleut des pétales de fleurs" (Alfred Samain) is a most engaging mood picture. Mr. Hadley's harmonization of the passage beginning "quelle est donc" is as felicitous as it is unusual. But perhaps the very best songs he has yet written are his recent "The Time of Parting" (Tagore) and "Colloque Sentimentale" (Verlaine). The latter of course challenges comparison with Debussy's setting of the same text, and while it lacks the eerie quality of the French song (particularly Debussy's organpoint maintained with such uncanny effect throughout the entire ghostly conversation), is in most respects, it seems to me, superior. Not so extreme in its characterization, it

still obtains the appropriate atmosphere and is a fine, musicianly song. "The Time of Parting" is less involved, less dramatic in treatment, but no less effective.

David Stanley Smith's "Portraits," a cycle of five poems by Walter de La Mare, is perhaps his most notable contribution to our song literature. Of these "Portraits," "Rachel" and "The Scarecrow" are the most successful. The former is a thoughtful, subjective song with a well-defined atmosphere. "The Scarecrow" is a clever bit of characterization of entirely different type.

Probably no song-writer among us has enjoyed greater popular success than has Richard Hageman with his picturesque songs "At the Well," "May Night" and "Do not Go, My Love," all to Tagore texts. Also "Happiness" (Jean Ingelow) is a fine buoyant song with a remarkably sonorous piano score. Mr. Hageman has the happy knack of writing brilliantly, but with no lack of sincerity, albeit, as must be admitted, objectively. The truly subjective song is probably beyond his ken. "Thy Heart is Like a Tomb" (Jacques Boria), refined and beautiful as it is, is yet perceptibly lacking in human warmth.

Of somewhat similar type are the songs of Frank La Forge. Perhaps his best song is "Song of the Open" (Jessica Hawley Lowell), in which the mood of the out-of-doors is well realized. More expressive and in the type of the German lied is "Retreat" (German text), which shows more serious musicianship than many of his songs.

Among the songs of Carl Deis is a setting of Oscar Wilde's "La Fuite de la Lune" which challenges serious comparison with Charles T. Griffes' setting of the same text. The effect of misty, shadowy silence is admirably maintained throughout the song. His Two Complaints—"The Waning" (H. W. Longfellow) and "A Lover's Lament" (William Martin Johnson) are interesting interpretations of two very diverse moods.

John Powell has published few songs, but "To a Butterfly" and "Phantoms" are admirable settings of John B. Tabb's fanciful lines. The piano score is rich and elaborate, yet not heavy, expressed indeed with a delightfully light touch.

I do not wish to bring this paper to a close without at least brief mention of what seems to me the most encouraging feature of the entire outlook for American song—namely, the sporadic songs, the individual songs which spring up, here, there and everywhere; songs of great beauty, of musicianship, of sincerity, giving rich promise for the future:

Charles Repper's "Song is so Old" (Hermann Hagedorn), with rich, warm harmonic color; Walter Golde's "Sudden Light" (Dante Gabriel Rossetti), a song of great imaginative interest; the attractive coloratura treatment of Sara Teasdale's familiar "Pierrot" by Homer Samuels; Donald Tweedy's delightfully naïve "The Little Angels of Heaven" (Ford Madox Hueffer); that dainty pen-and-ink sketch "Wanderchild" (text from an old book of children's verse) by Marshall Kernochan; Paul Ardayne's ivory and old-gold setting of Arthur Upson's "Agamede's Song"; the interestingly atmospheric treatment of "Love Sings a Song" (Frederick H. Martens) by Arthur Cleveland Morse; Henry S. Gerstle's expressive "Spring Sadness" (Helen R. L. Valentine); the whimsically cynical "Fugitive" (Edna St. Vincent Millay) from Constance Mills Herreshoff's group of Miniature Recital Songs; Lucile Crews' poetically conceived "Nocturne" (Clinton Scollard); still another setting—and a thoroughly musicianly one—of La Gallienne's popular "A Caravan from China Comes" by Warren Storey-Smith; Charles H. Marsh's dignified and seriously beautiful "Three Hills" (Everard Owen); William Reddick's tender and poetic "Two Loves" (Charles Hanson Towne); C. Hugo Grimm's fluent bit of lyricism "May-dew" (Samuel Lover); Deems Taylor's effective "Captain Stratton's Fancy" (John Masefield) or his peculiarly individual "Three Songs," Op. 13 (James Stephens); Edward Ballantine's richly scored "Palazzo Pagani" (Wilfred Scawen Blunt), and doubtless many, many more that have not happened to stray into my hands.

Is it not in this widespread and ever-increasing desire for worthy self-expression, that the real hope of American song lies?

"TRISTAN," FIRST-HAND

By HERBERT F. PEYSER

SOMEWHERE in the eighteen-fifties Mathilde Wesendonck gave Wagner a gold pen. It seems to have been one of those infrequent and extraordinarily tractable implements which all of us encounter once or twice in a lifetime and grow to love like an accommodating pair of shoes or a household pet. At any rate, Wagner wrote effusively about it to Liszt. He spoke of the pen as "everlasting." He declared it had "made a calligraphic pedant of me once more. One cannot escape one's fate," he went on; "Meyerbeer in Paris used to admire nothing in my scores so much as the neat handwriting."

Of course, Mathilde's pen had very little to do with it. All his life, gold pens or steel, Wagner was more or less the "calligraphic pedant," the insistent opposite of Beethoven or Brahms. He seems to have felt about his script a good deal as he did about his satin dressing-gowns. He liked to feel his thoughts as smoothly robed as his person. At the same time, this "pedantry" varied with circumstances. One says advisedly that he was "more or less" the calligrapher. The man who could put the "Siegfried Idyll" on paper with such flawless perfection of penmanship and immaculate clarity of notation that the beholder has need of a second look to assure himself these pages are not engraved, could also make a "fair copy" of no less than "Tristan and Isolde" with blemishes, erasures, angry corrections and a variety of miscalculations and slips that for him, at least, amount to positive disorder. All this in spite of the Wesendonck's precious pen which, in Wagner's own words, "spun the web of the entire score."

At Tribschen, in 1869, Wagner made Judith Gauthier a present of a whole page of the third act of "Siegfried," after the enthusiastic Frenchwoman had redeemed it from a waste-basket to which the composer had lightly consigned it because of a blot. "And at that," he told her ruefully, "I ought to rewrite the three foregoing leaves because I smudged them." But in "Tristan"—of all his works—he was not so plagued by his calligraphic conscience.

A few years ago the Drei Masken Verlag of Munich conceived the luminous idea of reproducing photographically the

manuscript of "Die Meistersinger," which lay mouldering in the Germanic Museum of Nürnberg. To all intents the reproduction possessed every feature and quality of the priceless original save the consecration of the composer's actual touch. It was a marvel of clarity, neatness and beauty, only second to the "Siegfried Idyll" (which the firm similarly reproduced a short time after). As the next Wagnerian enterprise of the sort came "Tristan." That told another, perhaps a more engrossing tale. For there are "human" details about the "Tristan" manuscript that the "Meistersinger" and the "Siegfried Idyll" lack—details that afford more than one telling glimpse into the composer's workshop, details that bear mute witness to a state of mind and spirit very different from those that prevailed a few years later. Besides, the "Meistersinger" and the "Idyll" show Wagner, as it were, on dress-parade. He designed his "fair copy" of the symphonic piece as a birthday gift to Cosima, that of the comedy as a present to his royal benefactor, Ludwig. In them he consequently put his best calligraphic foot forward. Even so, the "Meistersinger" does not come through without some trifling mishaps. Here he scratches out, there deftly corrects. In one passage he carelessly writes the wrong word (and thereby gives rise to a good deal of future confusion on the point) and in another he sets down the vocal note and forgets to put in any word at all. But all told, he is on his good behavior.

"Tristan" is nobody's present. He writes it without any idea that the world will gape at its original pages. He writes it in growing doubt that the world will ever hear it. And he writes it in agony, in ecstasy, in fiery impatience, in fierce self-reproach, in dazed self-admiration. He sticks for a week at a point in the second act that seems at present perfectly obvious and inevitable in its fluency, and for three desperate days in the third he can neither invent further nor orchestrate what he has already written. As you look at page upon page, particularly of the second and third acts, you become acutely conscious in the formation of the notes, the angry vigor of the erasures, the pervading sense of breathlessness and aggressive haste which these details somehow convey, of the fevered state of soul and consuming creative necessity that here sought outlet and ordered expression. Typographically, so to speak, the first act is the best behaved of the three. Almost invariably in the other acts it is the most impassioned pages that show the greatest frenzy and disorder. The Wagner who most decoratively penned the "Meistersinger" prelude would never have permitted a passage

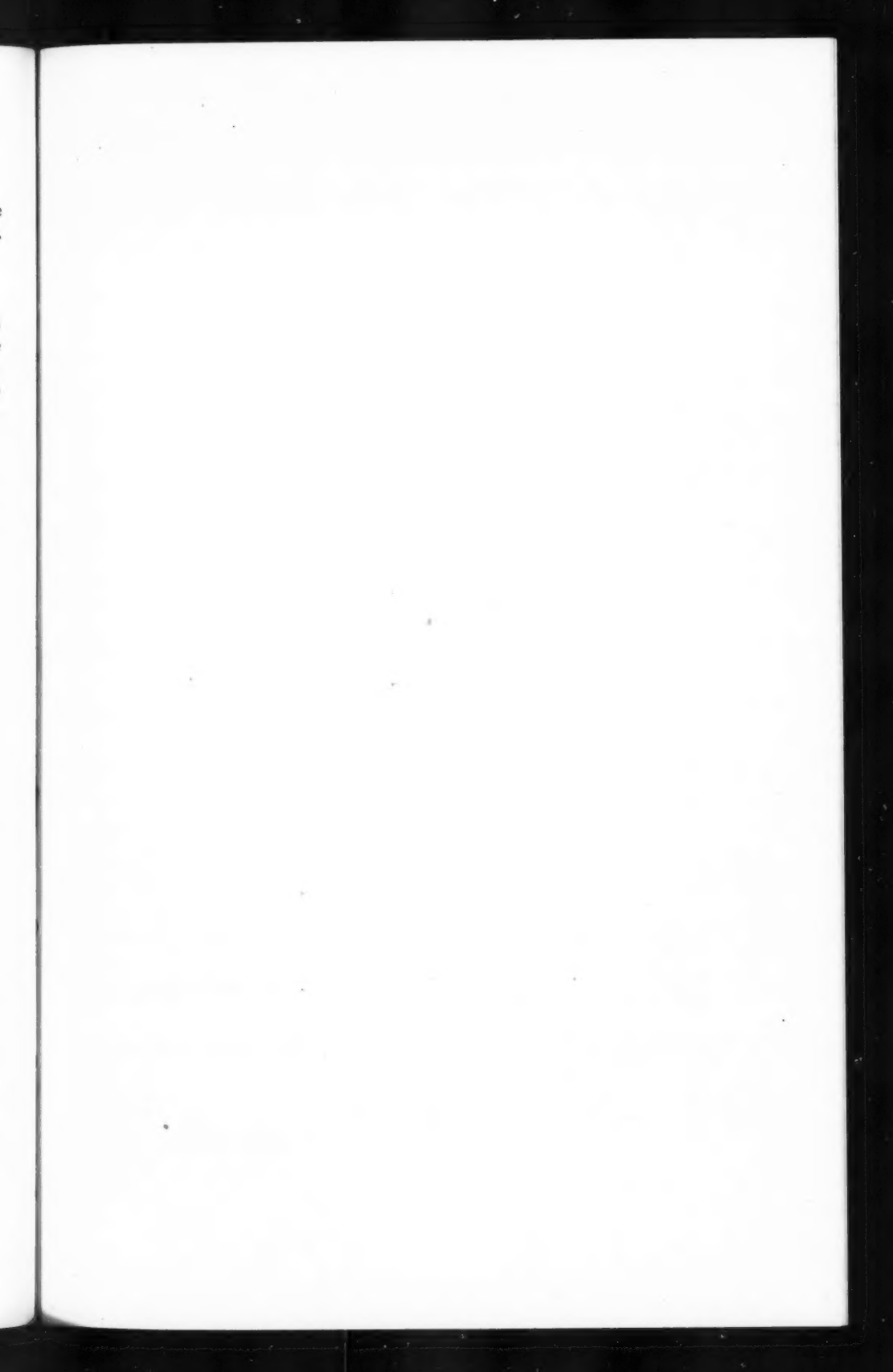
like Tristan's curse of the love-potion to stand on a page where seven other staves had been started and then viciously stricken out.

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Time after time in the "Meistersinger" Wagner ruled his bar-lines with an anxious care. They are ruled throughout the *Vorspiel*. They are very frequently ruled elsewhere. But in "Tristan" he had no stomach for such niceties. In the entire manuscript only sixty-six bars are ruled and these, for some curious reason, occur at the end of the first act and in the last eight measures of the "Liebestod." Everywhere else they are made free-hand, with a light stroke. Sometimes they are remarkably straight and then again they bend and waver. Even the double-bar at the beginning and end of all but the first act is hand-made. Several times in the course of an act he errs in the placement of the double-bar, writes it, scratches it out with the pen and rewrites it where it belongs. Changes seem never to be made with an eraser, as they repeatedly were in the "Meistersinger." But errors in notation, in slurs or wording are generally eliminated by means of a series of small connected loops that sometimes assume almost the appearance of another note. Seldom does Wagner remove a mistake by transfixing it with a straight stroke. He takes no chances with the intelligence of printers.

The prelude is the most tranquilly and beautifully written part of the score. Its neatness, the delicate formation of the notes (like blossoms in the bud) and the sheer fineness of the calligraphic texture rank with the most perfect specimens of penmanship that even Wagner achieved. It is almost free from errors, and such erasures as do occur are virtually negligible so far as they relate to the bird's-eye view of the *Partitur*. On the second page there is a correction in the 'cello-part made by Wagner in response to a query put there by the engraver. Such queries, incidentally, are not at all infrequent later in the opera. Marks of interrogation stand forbiddingly in many a margin of the score's 354 leaves, some provoked by accidental oversights, others, no doubt, by the same unquenchable philistine spirit that moved Mozart's publisher to return one of his greatest quartets with an inquiry, whether its bold dissonances were not "mistakes."

With the rise of the curtain Wagner makes his first considerable correction, one that, if it does not greatly mar the appearance of the written page, does not contribute anything



decorative. The half-dozen opening bars of the young sailor's unaccompanied song—written, as is all of Tristan's part, in the tenor clef—are subjoined to staves for 'cello and double-bass, as though the composer had first designed to accompany the melody in some such fashion as when it reappears a little later, prior to Brangäne's fateful colloquy with Tristan. However, these instrumental measures are filled in with rests and finally cut out of the scheme with two zig-zagging lines extending the width of the page. Thereafter, for a space, things run in comparative smoothness, except where Wagner accidentally writes Brangäne's part for nine bars in the clef of the violas, and vice-versa. "Versetzen Sie das" ("Change that about") is the pithy injunction given to the engraver in a marginal note. Indeed, more than once the composer spares himself the trouble of rewriting by requesting the engraver to see to the correction himself. In one place during the scene of Isolde's narrative he orders this worthy to "place the bass-clarinete under the bassoon." A little further he decides to add a trombone chord which he had evidently not originally purposed. So he puts it on two staves at the bottom of the page, marks it with the traditional German sign of printed changes and corrections—a large "F," and then indicates, by a repetition of this sign further up, the place where the trombones should be inserted. This "F" is to be encountered not only in Wagner's scores but also in his prose writings and his verse.

As he attends to the trombones, so he does to the first and second horns in an adjoining passage. It is to be noticed that the greater number of alterations in the notation as such will be found on the staves of the transposing instruments. Occasionally he is plainly careless. When he comes to the plangent viola solo after Isolde's "Er sah mir in die Augen" he forgets that the voice has a bar's rest and proceeds to write "Seines Elendes jammerte mir" directly under the viola. Thereupon there is nothing to do but draw some wavy lines through words and notes, rewriting them at the bottom of the page and settling the matter with the inevitable "F." Occasionally, where corrections become too complicated or where they run the danger of growing unintelligible, Wagner draws his own staff-lines above, below or in a margin and writes the notes as they should stand. Here and there to save himself an embarrassment he will slightly extend the lines of the music paper. But this he did in "Meistersinger" as much as in "Tristan."

The stage directions are set down with care. Also, with much exactitude as to the precise chord or phrase upon which an

action begins. Tristan, for instance, steps into Isolde's presence exactly upon the sombre, fateful harmony which follows his mighty entrance theme. In stage performances he invariably enters too early, and the real meaning of that portentous chord is dissipated through the ignorance of singers and the laxity of stage-managers. However, the printed piano and orchestral scores likewise bear a burden of guilt in this matter. I find in four piano and three orchestral scores that lie before me as I write the identical error in the same place. All of them put the first words of the instruction "Tristan tritt ein" an entire measure ahead of where the composer wrote it in his manuscript. On the other hand, Wagner gave no indication of the precise and proper moment at which Brangäne must make her momentous decision about changing the potions. For this omission, astonishing for one who scarcely ever slighted a detail, he is duly open to reproof. As things stand, the episode is never convincingly enacted. Every Brangäne goes about this vital bit of business differently, but always awkwardly and too late. The published scores furnish us no enlightenment, and even Mottl, in the meticulously annotated edition that he prepared, prescribing to a nicety almost every step, every movement, every bit of stage-business, is silent on this point. No artist, no stage-director seems sentient enough to perceive that the psychological moment for Brangäne's supreme move, the moment in which the attention of the spectator is most keenly focused upon the hapless tirewoman, is just when the voices of the seamen break in upon the tragic business, apprising her with their jubilant "Ho! he! Am Obermast die Segel ein!" that the journey nears its end and that whatever she does she must, therefore, do instantly.

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The ninety-ninth page of the score will repay a momentary inspection. It is the passage where Tristan, having recovered from the first mad transport of the love-philter, exclaims, "Was träumte mir von Tristan's Ehre?" Wagner seems to have changed his mind about some details of the instrumentation or else to have been forgetful. He decided after scoring the passage that he wanted a kettledrum roll on the word "Ehre." He found, likewise, that he would need a harp to gild and make lustrous the delirious ascending phrases that follow. So he tacked harp and tympani staves at the bottom of the page. Above, he wrote for

four horns on two staves and for three trombones on only one. At the seventh bar he wrote a descending passage, giving it to bass-clarinet, third bassoon, bass-tuba, 'cellos and contrabasses. Then, having it on paper, he deprived the 'cellos of their say and had them content themselves with a single sustained C sharp instead. Below the music he made the following note for the engraver: "Nehmen Sie für diese Seite—als einer vollen Partitur-Seite—4 Systeme für die Hörner, 2 für die Posaunen und für die Bratschen, vielleicht auch für die Clarinetten. Setzen Sie dann auch das 2^{te} Horn im letzten Takte sogleich in den Bass-schlüssel."

In the second act the changes and erasures become more extensive and numerous and the appearance of the page is rather less a matter of concern to the composer than it was in the first act. Here, moreover, the expert proofreader of the house of Breitkopf & Härtel grows increasingly suspicious, not to say incredulous. The instrumental introduction has progressed but forty-six bars when his eagle-eye is riveted by a dissonance that his sense of respectability repudiates. Whereupon he pencils a tiny question mark over an F in the viola-part, repeats the mark in the right hand margin and adds the word of despairing inquiry, "Wirklich"—"really?" It must, however, have been "really," for the F remains undisturbed to this day. A little further on this worthy renews his queries, this time with the more humble appeal: "Fg. oder Bsl. richtig?"—was the bassoon right or the bass-clarinet? Inasmuch as the score at this point shows no sign that a change was subsequently made we are left to conclude that Wagner had written the passage just as he wanted it. This place, by the way, comes just after Isolde's extinction of the burning torch, where the so-called *motif* of impatience is passionately carried up through two octaves by the second and third bassoons and the bass-clarinet.

Occasionally, however, Wagner does decide on significant modifications and makes them irrespective of the resulting look of the page. Some of these alterations affect the instrumentation, which the composer judges, now and then, too thick, or too heavy, with the upshot that wood-wind or string-parts are deleted. The pages following the tumultuous encounter of the lovers look—for a "calligraphic pedant"—positively slovenly. Just how much printers and engravers had to do with the smeared and grimy condition of parts of the manuscript is not easily ascertained. But it is worth recalling that the "Meistersinger" "Reinschrift" bears no such evidence of unwashed hands. However, human

thumbs and fingers were not the only agency that violated the more or less virginal whiteness of the paper that bore on its bosom the incandescent music of "Tristan." Somewhere, sometime—was it in the Palazzo Giustiniani on the Grand Canal of Venice, in some back-room of Breitkopf & Härtel's publishing establishment at Leipzig, or in the peace of Wahnfried's archives?—a swarm of inconsiderate flies elected to leave traces of their visitation upon pages 201, 203 and 218 of the score—in other words upon the magical opening of Brangäne's warning call, "Einsam wachend in der Nacht," and again where Tristan sings "Sein dämmernder Schein verscheuchte uns nie." This last page, indeed, is remarkably untidy, with an additional staff drawn free-hand and awkwardly at the bottom of the paper to accommodate a bass-tuba part which Wagner either forgot or decided only later to incorporate into the orchestration; and a large black smudge in the upper right-hand corner of the page which renders a few notes in the flute-part almost illegible.

The remainder of the love-scene runs its course in comparative smoothness, fairly free from blighting stains or intrusive blotches. But in King Mark's reproachful address there is some vicious scratching out with heavy black straight lines instead of Wagner's habitual method of circles and loops. In one case he had put down the wrong instruments in the wrong place, in another erred as regards the signature. The last correction in the act is the removal of the English horn which, according to the composer's original design, was to enunciate in company with the first and third horns the nostalgic phrase which leads to the short, sharp chord that brings the second act to an end.

As a revelation of Wagner's state of excitement and perturbation in writing it, the third act stands grimly ahead of its predecessors. The beginning, to be sure, is calm and beautifully done, almost in the composer's best style. On the second page, at the bottom, he has addressed a couple of lines of instruction to the engraver and then (presumably after they had served their purpose) cut them out. On the third, coincident with the last bar of the shepherd's melancholy tune, is something singular and unaccountable; for, in the blank staff separating two systems, he has pencilled in notes of pinhead size the so-called theme of "Tristan's anguish" in the key of G flat and ending in a kind of indeterminate cadence. It looks like a trial of enharmonics or an experiment for something that never came off. The curiosity of the thing is why Wagner permitted it to stand undisturbed on the page.



The Climax of the "Love Curse" in "Tristan," Act III, showing below what was intended as an instrumentation different from that finally adopted



A Passage from Act III of "Tristan," showing how parts for three bassoons were added, either as an afterthought or an oversight

What impresses the one who turns the leaves of this manuscript is the differences in the dynamics of penmanship, so to speak, between successive pages of the third act. The side containing Tristan's "Doch was ich sah, das kann ich dir nicht sagen," strikes the eye with the fragile beauty that was noted in the prelude to the first act. But the very next one is thick and, if not disordered, at least on the border-line of untidiness. In the margin, moreover, Wagner has indulged in a little sum in addition and has come to the interesting conclusion that 29 plus 36 makes 59! His numbering of certain pages is equally diverting. He writes "160" on the side following the one marked "259," while "261" is succeeded by "162" and "163," and "264" by "165." Obviously, Tristan's woes made him careless of trifles. When he reaches "Isolde kommt, Isolde naht" and the outbreak of hysterical affection for the faithful Kurwenal, the notes assail the eye with the same fire and torrential passion as they do the ear. Everything is thick, black, heavy, and bespeaks frenzy and driving haste. Nothing matters but the consuming inspiration. Anything would have served the purpose of that moment as well as Mathilde Wesendonck's gold pen. The music of Tristan's "love curse" is set down with a rather lighter stroke and the score-paper looks less grimly disreputable. However, a most remarkable detail here forces itself upon the attention. The words "Verflucht, wer dich gebräut" were evidently to have been accompanied by a different—and lighter—instrumentation. And so, on the same page with the preceding "Verflucht sei, furchtbarer Trank," Wagner prepared staves to be occupied by strings only. He appears to have changed his mind at once and, before writing a single note, crossed out the names of the instruments with an impatient stroke, abandoned the page and proceeded to the accompaniment as we know it, in the fullness of trombones, horns, bass-clarinets, bassoon, clarinets and strings.

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Wagner signalized the close of each "Meistersinger" act with his name, the date of completion and the place. The first act of "Tristan" he failed to annotate in this fashion at all; the second closes with his initials and "Venedig, 18. März, '59," while only "R. W., Luzern, 6. August, 1859" serves as capstone to the "Liebestod." Wagner did not—as he subsequently did so proudly in the "Meistersinger"—tell the world the hour at which

he completed this supreme flowering of ecstasy and anguish. He will not even go down the ages as having had the last word on his own manuscript. For, at the very close, even after the Wagnerian initials, someone—presumably a proofreader or engraver—wrote in cramped, diminutive German script : “Durch am 4. Nov., '59” and sealed this information with a fervent “! !” which seems to utter volumes.

IS MUSIC THE LANGUAGE OF THE EMOTIONS?

By COLIN McALPIN

IT seems strange to raise such a question as the above, seeing how difficult it is to conceive of any one with a real love of music meeting it with a flat denial. Yet so divergent have been the views that musical esthetes have perforce split themselves up into rival factions. On the one hand we have the Formalists, and on the other the Expressionists—Intellectualists and Emotion-alists, respectively. They represent distinctive types of musical man. And the division is as old as art itself.

Needless to say, they hold theories diametrically opposed to one another, according as the accent is laid on the form or on the content, on the outer physical symbol or on the inner mental state. Hence, whilst one school of thought is entirely satisfied with the external manipulation of tones, the other demands that music shall have some interior meaning beyond the mere sport of sensuous sounds. The former theory puts in the forefront the aural impressions; the counter-theory grants supremacy to their spiritual significance. And the battle-cry of the one is 'Art for art's sake'; whilst that of the other is 'Expression for expression's sake.' They are but "ancient forms of party strife."

Neither is music alone in its divided counsels. We have in both art and literature the Naturalists and Idealists—those whose portrayal of life is entirely regardless of the claims of beauty, and those who make beauty their chief esthetic end. In philosophy, too, we have had the Realists and Nominalists. Indeed, the philosophic pendulum is forever swinging from one side to another, according as philosophy becomes objective or subjective in its outlook. The fact is, both contending parties entertain a relative truth. But although objective realism may gain our qualified assent, we feel constrained, for reasons of logic and experience, to grant to subjective idealism the higher deliverance of truth. Soul is more than sense, mind is more than matter; even as musical experience is greater than auditory impression.

Without further preamble, let us consider some of the pronouncements of no less an authority than Dr. Hanslick, the eminent Viennese critic, who answers our question uncompromisingly

in the negative. He writes that "Definite feelings and emotions are unsusceptible of being embodied in music." For purposes of discussion let us drop the word 'definite.' It is safe to assume that to be moved by emotion is to know the kind of emotion by which we are moved. If, however, what he tells us is true, then we are left with but an exterior form of thought deprived of interior content. At least, so it would seem. What he really says is that music is simply the expression of itself, and not of anything else; just as if one were to say that a picture expresses only contour and colour, and not any particular human figure or natural object. The artist, however, traces his lines and so gives birth to cognisable form; even as the composer weaves his melody whereby an emotion is born.

In a discussion like this, it is essential to differentiate between sense that is material and sense that is mental. If we say that all we are conscious of in music is but the sensuous effect of organised sounds, we must also say that we are conscious only of the words of poetry, of its rime and rhythm, and not of any intellectual meaning. For there is a word-music quite apart from the ideas themselves. We have only to recall the liquid language of a Swinburne or the verbal felicities of a Keats to realise the difference between sound and sense. Beauty of language must not be identified with beauty of thought. Only when beautiful thoughts are clothed in beautiful language do we reach consummate art.

We must distinguish between the sensuous means and the spiritual meaning. Painting has its drawing, chiaroscuro and colour; just as music has its melody, harmony and orchestration. But these are the modes of expression, not the matter expressed. Architecture has its stones as music has its notes; but these are only the media which bring to light the beauty of form and feeling. The essence of music is other than the sounds in which it is embodied. The same emotion can be expressed in a variety of musical ways.

If, then, musical mentation be not in itself emotion, it may yet 'embody' emotion. Though words are not in themselves the ideas they stand for, poetry is nevertheless expressive of ideas. Poetry is not the expression of words, but of thoughts. Painting is not simply the portrayal of light and shade, but of objects, animate and inanimate. And music is not merely melody and harmony, but emotional experience as well. In short, the medium is not the message, the material is not the thought. The word 'rose' is one thing, but the *idea* of a rose is quite other than the name for which it stands. Is it so strange, then, that the material of music should be the vehicle of something other than itself?

Neither must we confound the ideal with the real. Plastic and poetic presentations are not the actual things they represent. The *idea* of a rose is not the rose itself. The *thought* of 'joy' is not the same as joy experienced. A portrait is only the portrayal of a person. The statue is not the man himself, but his esthetic semblance. Perhaps Hanslick is confusing ideality with reality, expression with experience. But feeling felt is not the same as feeling imagined. Melodies are not themselves the feelings they excite; they stand for the potential of ideal feeling. Music is not emotion: it is the expression of emotion. It is the artistic symbol of a spiritual state.

Hanslick's view really reduces music to sound without sense, sensorial means without a spiritual end. It deprives the material of music of all possible meaning. It makes it a phenomenal mode, rather than a psychological mood. It gives us sensation without sentiment, an objective expression shorn of subjective experience. And if true, then, perhaps, there is something more than wit in the waggish definition of music as the least disagreeable form of noise.

But music is more than a 'concourse of sweet sounds,' just as poetry is more than honied words and pleasing phrases. The ear may mediate either wisdom or folly, ethos or pathos. It is not a question of sense alone. Despite much forceful pleading, our erudite critic seems to have wandered far away from the true meaning of music. He stands without the sanctuary: he fails to hear the inner voice.

If, moreover, emotion be not 'embodied in music,' how is it that words of an emotional persuasion are best for musical treatment? Music and poetry were ever congenial companions, and it is to poems of passion and sentiment that music instinctively flies.

What, again, do we mean by 'playing with expression,' if not the bringing out of the emotive element in music? It is just the interpretation of the *sense*, as distinct from the bare production of the *sounds*, that makes the vital difference. A pianist may play correctly, and give us a clever performance; but if such execution be devoid of feeling we are deprived of the very soul of art. Technique, apart from emotional endowment, is futile.

Further: why is a minor key felt to be sadder than a major? Why do composers so often write in flat keys to convey their more sombre ideas, and in sharp keys to convey impressions that are bright and exhilarating? Surely these are questions which can only be answered along the lines of emotional experience.

Should we, however, eliminate emotion from music, what exactly have we left? In the case of melody—but the bare

sensation of successive sounds. But apart from feeling, these have neither esthetic meaning nor artistic worth. All we are conscious of is their audible behaviour: all we can say of them is that they are pleasant notes agreeable to the ear. But surely this does not exhaust the beauteous possibilities of melody. In the enjoyment of melodious music we are not simply heeding the progress of sequential sounds. Even if these should merely please, the element of feeling has already insinuated itself. But more often than not we say: 'How pathetic' or 'How exultant' of this or that particular theme. And if words mean anything at all, they specifically imply the soul's emotional response. Indeed, the very undulation of melody is artistically analogous to the rise and fall of feeling, the elevation and depression of emotion.

If, then—as we argue—melody be not an appeal to the auditory sense alone, it may yet be regarded as making, in the last resort, a purely mental appeal. Is it, then, simply the ingenious arrangement of musical tones that wins our artistic approval? Though such sonant jugglery may delight us, it does no more than play upon the surface, and can in no way account for the profounder reactions of the soul. From the auditor's point of view, the beauty of melody cannot, therefore, possibly reside in the purely intellectual apprehension thereof. Though fully conscious of the formal movement of melody, the listener does not mentally measure the distance that separates one note from another. He does not record, in his analytical brain, the rise and fall of sequent tones, and so deduce therefrom the beauty-value of a theme. It is not the intellect that thus informs him which melody is beautiful and which is not. All such analysis can be accomplished without a single excitation of the feeling soul.

Why, then, does one series of notes appeal to us, and another not? Is it that the entrancing melody traces some mystic line of beauty? And if so, what is this line of beauty, and how do we know it to be such? The truth is, we here apprehend intuitively with the emotions whose especial mode of activity is foreign to logical analysis. Though we derive a certain intellectual satisfaction from the perfect balance of melodic periods, this of itself does not make one theme strenuously arresting and another gently persuasive. The same notes may be cast in the same metrical mould; but it is the particular way in which they are ordered that constitutes the character of the music.

It is a fact—dispute it as you may—that different melodies awaken in us different feelings. And it is the emotional content, not the *thinkable* form, that makes the essential difference. We

do not say: 'What a beautiful pattern the melody weaves,' or 'What a clever assortment of sounds';—that is to exteriorise it and sense it in its objective movement alone. We take it inwardly to ourselves—an essentially musical method—and say: 'How *moving* it is in its beauty.'

The same may be said of harmony, whose especial function is the enhancement of melodic ideas. For we do not deliberately calculate the intervals that go to make up a chord. No amount of chordal analysis will, of itself, engender in us the sense of harmonic beauty. It is quite possible for an utterly unmusical person to comprehend its science. There is all the difference between the objective attention which fastens on the patent, and the subjective appreciation which appropriates the potential, in music. Far be it from us, however, to disparage the cultured harmonist. True knowledge is the consciousness of details unified in combination. Hence there is all the difference between a clear, and a confused, conception of harmony.

Still, we may sense the several notes of a chord separately, as well as conjointly, without appreciating their esthetic effect. Harmonic beauty is instantaneous in its appeal. It is (like all things appertaining to art) known in intuitive immediacy, apprehended in terms of feeling. Chords, moreover, differ in their feeling quality, both singly and, most certainly, in relation to one another. Though, unlike melody, they say nothing in particular, they have a sensuous beauty all their own.

And the same holds true of rhythm. As in the case of poetry, we do not lay one measure alongside another and consciously time their respective lengths. Rhythm is intuitively perceived; it belongs to our elemental consciousness. Music is embedded in time, as emotion is embedded in music: the words of poetry are in metre, as beautiful thoughts are in words.

But our 'Formalist' friends might conceivably point to Form as the musical ultimate and final source of all enjoyment—a still more intellectual position. For, according to Ruskin, form is the proof of intelligence. Do we, however, hold the musical ideas as of less account than the mould in which they are cast? In hearing music do we simply say: 'What a beautiful intellect'? Surely this is to confuse the manner with the matter of expression.

Certainly, some classic composers appear to meet the severer claims of the 'Intellectualists.' Their music is less an appeal to emotion than an attempt to fashion a perfect medium of expression. The very reiterated chords, so favoured by the earlier classicists, seem more like the hammer-taps of master-builders

bent on making firm the structural framework of their art. Hence the finished form tended to overshadow the finer feelings. Their strength was that of structure, rather than sentiment. They laid foundations: they built for the future.

Obviously, the intellect must be operative, from the very fact that music is the supreme product of the creative faculty. But we speak here solely of the essential genius of the art, that which distinguishes it from all other forms of beauty. And what we expressly affirm is that to strip all music bare of the emotions is to leave it a barren, stricken tree, uprooted from its own congenial soil.

Even when the formative principle is seen to operate most cogently, music should never forgo its essential nature. Form should never usurp the prior claim that feeling has upon our sense of musical beauty. It should merely represent the best way of presenting emotional ideas, and stand for the discipline of feeling. It is just the garb in which emotion is most suitably arrayed. When form supplants emotion, music does but strive to emulate the formative arts with which, in this regard, it cannot hope to compete. Being formless in essence, the form that music takes is an artificial creation.

By no force of logic, then, can the mode of expression be said to rise superior to the thought expressed. A symphony may be an intellectual achievement, but it is such in the interests of emotion. A composer no more writes to express the intellect than does a sculptor chisel his marble to inform the mind. A composition is meant to satisfy the soul, as a statue is designed to figure forth the comeliness of human form. Form in nature is one thing, in music another.

Since form is not the idea—not even of the nature of the idea—the intellect is not the esthetic end, but rather the means to ends that are emotive. Certainly some kinds of form are more suited to certain kinds of music. The musical matter of a Chopin Mazurka, for instance, would be ill at ease cast in the sonata mould. But our contention is that the feeling content is quite other than the covering form. We can have perfect form embodying feeble feeling, and noble emotion embodied in feeble form. The jewel, however, is not the casket: the diamond is not its setting. Two composers might write in perfect symphonic form, but one might succeed and the other fail. And why? Surely it is a question of the content of emotion. In reference to Absolute Music, we do not speak of the 'binary' form as noble or of the 'rondo' structure as beautiful. These are epithets applicable to esthetic emotion

alone. What pleases us is that so high a soul should have so brave a form. The fact is, musical mentation must be finally judged apart from its intellectual organisation, not to speak of its manifold embellishments.

Though formless music is unthinkable, the intellect should always be subservient to emotion. First, the feeling that prompts: then, the form or fashion, which should ever be a secondary source of satisfaction. Music exists to rouse the feeling interests of the beautiful. It is meant to inspire, not instruct; to solace the heart, not to satisfy the brain. Composers do not reason, they reveal. And with the unnumbered years of concentration on its own peculiar ideal, it has risen to heights of spiritual intensity.

Still, as is so often the case, both views—that of the Formalist and that of the Expressionist—are right. For none can dispute the esthetic importance of musical construction; none should disparage the undoubted pleasure the cultured auditor derives from the orderly sequence of thought, the finely fashioned form that obtains in Absolute Music. It is more a question whether preference should be given to the emotions or to the intellect. And what we emphatically maintain is, that to reduce all music to an 'arabesque of sound,' with the consequent intellectual appreciation of the architectonic aspect alone, is to rob it of its choicest meaning.

The truth is, Hanslick's view is all too barrenly mechanical, too baldly analytical, too remote from the inspirational element which engenders music. To him, music is more akin to some logical discourse or learned disquisition; or, better still, more like the tonal tracings of some deft design; as if, for all the world, composers were but weavers of some tuneful tapestry, or cunning craftsmen in a world of sound. Composers, however, are neither skilful artificers nor ingenious draftsmen: they are, primarily at least, creators of an inward realm of feeling. Unlike sculptor or painter, they draw their original inspirations from no formal figure of an outside world, but from an interior source of being.

Is, then, the esthetic ultimate of music to be found in intellectual apprehension or in emotional appreciation? Do we simply applaud the melodic balance of phrases, the congruent notes of a chord, the formal features of a piece? Surely, these constitute but the mental manipulation of the material of music, a particular way of stating its beauty-truth, and not the truth itself. Wherein, then, does the evaluation of radical music reside, if not in the graduated passions of the soul? Wherein lies the qualitative worth of different kinds of music, if not

in their emotional appeal, rather than in their intellectual treatment?

Music varies in emotional excellence. We assume, instinctively, a feeling preference, a 'scale of values' in the mind. The very term 'classical' implies degrees of beauty-value. Some music is inspiring, some insipid: some is paltry, some profound. We prefer Wagner to Weber, in virtue of the affections. Radically regarded, it is a feeling preference. Neither do we register the difference in terms of things, as in painting, nor in terms of thoughts, as in poetry; since neither things nor thoughts, as such, are to be found in the raw stuff of music.

And herein lies the difference between music and other forms of art. If we can only rise superior to the cramping conception of music as merely the mental play of sensuous impressions, at its best it must speak to us of what is highest in our character. It cannot paint for us an evening sunset, or chisel the human form divine; neither can it sing aloud some epic of man's history. The truth is that beauty, in the ultimate, is felt; our esthetic estimates are intuitively formed. We feel instinctively one piece of music to be nobler than another; and here we alight on that which transcends the faculty of thought.

Of course it is quite possible to argue that music has no correspondent model in reality; that, unlike other arts, it has no expressional powers peculiar to itself. But why should it be the one exception in the realm of beauty? If it cannot express either fact or form, as in plastic art, if it cannot literally 'think,' as in poetry, what else of the artistic is left to music but emotion? If art, at root, be feeling, and things and thoughts are not the proper province of music, what other phase of beauty, save feeling, can it appropriate? In point of fact, music is really a specific language capable of conveying specific impressions. Broadly speaking, there is the beauty of form, as in architecture; of objects, as in sculpture and painting; of ideas, as in poetry; and of the affections, as in music. Still, it is quite true to say that music expresses nothing in particular, if by that we mean *no-thing*. It is only plastic art which can properly be said to express *some-thing* in particular.

After all, it is not a question of theory but of fact, not of opinion but of experience. Our instant court of appeal should be to the reality of life itself. And from time immemorial music has ever been the most natural expression of emotion. Man's feelings instinctively translate themselves into audible utterance. In the wail of sorrow and in the shout of joy we have the primitive

promptings of a music yet to be. Genetically considered, the modern symphony might be roughly regarded as but the direct descendent of a sigh. And the reason why music is peculiarly fitted to express emotion is, that it has been eternally faithful to the initial impulsion from whence all beauty sprang. Whilst other arts have found for themselves divergent modes of expression, music has, all down the ages, concentrated solely on the inward promptings of the spirit.

So to tell the music-lover that the joy unspeakable he derives from hearing highest music is but pure delusion, that it was never intended, in the nature of things, to appeal to his deeper feelings, is to rob him of perhaps his richest heritage of beauty.

Yet another point of view. Hanslick asserts that "The initial force of a composition is the invention of some definite theme and not the desire to describe a given emotion by musical means." In other words: "An *inward melody*, so to speak, and not mere feeling, prompts the true musician to compose." That is to say, words, not meaning, lines, not objects, prompt the poet and painter to create. But can these ever be divorced? Of course, if emotion be not 'embodied in music,' the composer cannot possibly create as from the emotions. But let us say at once that where there is no emotion there can be no beauty. No feeling, no art. Pictures are dead, unprofitable things if not fraught with feeling. Melodies are just uninspired sounds, but a mechanical movement of meaningless notes, if not emotionally informed. Let us be clear on this point.

Now, music is basal beauty. And the emotions which underlie all artistic activity become the models of the musician. The composer may not appear to aim at expressing some definite feeling simply because the matter he treats of is the causative principle of all creativeness whatsoever. If he does not deliberately set himself the task of expressing some clearly defined emotion, his music, nevertheless, arises initially from the activity of his emotional nature. The motive which prompts the man of art to create becomes at once the subject-matter of his music. He cannot, therefore, set up—let us say—'joy' as a painter would his model, since it is secreted within himself. He cannot, like the poet, even objectify his matter for treatment, for he addresses himself to no definite ideas. His mode of thought is essentially subjective. It is hidden in the deep recesses of the mind. It is not what is seen, as in a picture; not even what is known, as in a poem. Here the esthetic ingredients are packed away from view. No phenomena are called in from without to stock the artistic

consciousness. Here esthetic cause and effect seem to coincide: here model and motive are one. Hence the difficulty of recognising at once the initial impulse to create. For musical modes are in no wise sharp in consciousness, as is the model of the sculptor who chisels his figure from some external form. Emotion has no such definite delineation.

It follows from what has been said, that musical models, being subjective, are few; whilst pictorial models, being objective, are many. But whereas the models of music are capable of limitless modes of treatment, the modes of treatment in painting are limited by the demands of the models themselves.

If, then, a composition should arise from a condition of joy, the composer may rightly be said to have expressed the condition out of which it arose. If the composer be in a state of joyousness when he composes, joy becomes his inevitable model and most assuredly induces his music. If it were otherwise, then would a composer write what he did not feel—surely a strange inversion of the character of creativeness. We rather hold that great music is only what a composer greatly feels; and it moves us because he himself is moved.

True music, therefore, emanates from a condition of being, and is the direct expression of an inward state of soul. It is the instant outcome of, and artistic appeal to, man's affectional mood of mind. Here emotion becomes thought. Hence, the composer evokes from within the living deeps of spirit such stirrings and strivings as escape the definitude of fact and tangibility of form. He really expresses himself, his inmost attitude of soul, and not another. Even when an artist paints himself, it is still a model severely external to himself. He gives us, moreover, much of material semblance which is not his truest self. All art is, in varying degrees, an unself-conscious mode of self-revelation. And this is eminently true of music; since the model of music is really the inner man himself. So to the composer we would say: 'On all occasions be yourself.' For what else but our common humanity can he ever hope to express?

We conclude, then, that a composer may even say that he did not deliberately *think* about 'joy' when composing some joyous theme, since thought—as such—is not emotion. Only a poet can literally be said to 'think': only an artist can really be said to observe his thought objectively. Suffice it to say that his music sprang from a joyous state of mind.

Besides, all true art does not deliberate like science; it may more properly be said to arrive mysteriously. Certainly this is

true of music, which is more a spontaneous, unpremeditated welling up of feeling than a laboured portrayal of some visible object. For a melodist is not one who makes a judicious choice of notes, a harmonist is not one who comes by his chords by means of mathematical computation; any more than a poet is one who strings together wisely chosen words. A composer does not pick and choose his phrases as a painter would select and rearrange the objects of a preëxistent world. Inspired music simply comes. Like some refreshing spring of nature, it issues from the fount of deepest life, and is borne along the tide of buoyant feeling. Though it may be approved of or corrected afterwards by the critical faculty, it is not argued out, but intuitively conceived. It is not the result of a logical activity. It is an intuitive act of immediate seizure, not an act of deliberate judgment. Though a composer may meditate on the intellectual formation of some given theme, the theme itself must have originally arisen as the tuneful product of intensive being. It must be mediated, as it were, not manufactured; else it is no inspired utterance at all. In short, feeling in some degree or other is the primal source of musical creativeness.

We are, however, well aware of the fact that a given talent may continue to function, by reason of persistent exercise, apart from the original stimulus that prompted its activity. It is no new phenomenon, this, of the mind. We see it in life, as well as in art. Pleasure may be the original motive that prompts the selfish man, and money the means by which he hopes to attain it. But in his pursuit of gain, the sordid love of money, by dint of concentration, not infrequently supplants his former love of pleasure. So a man may exercise a musical faculty apart from the 'divine afflatus,' may wield a gift for music void of inspiration; but only so by robbing music of its higher mission and stronger power of appeal. Doubtless a capacity for composition may energeise apart from emotive impulsion; doubtless some 'music-makers' have a superficial aptitude for writing without being profoundly moved; but it is exactly because the feeling impulses lack cogency, and emotional warmth has fled the heart, that so much unconvincing music is abroad. It is manufactured music, cunningly cut to some classic pattern, its only merit being a certain constructive cleverness. Nemesis must ever dog the footsteps of the rigid Formalist: it is in the nature of the case.

So, when the composer ceases to *feel* his music, the wells of inspiration have already run dry. We hear only the creaking machinery of some facultative ability which gives rise to arid

academism. And it is along such lines that the great 'schools' of music, unwarmed by the fires of enthusiasm, have grown moribund and perished of inanition. Man may compute with the head, but with the heart alone must he compose. And the blighting effect of such a skeptical view of music!

But to return to our critic. Hanslick further assures us that "It is esthetically quite correct to speak of a theme as having a sad or noble accent, but not as expressing the sad or noble feelings of the composer." And though such an opinion contains a saving clause, it is, nevertheless, qualified by a contention which is more than a matter for doubt. For without entirely eliminating the emotional element in music, he regards it not as a primary cause, but as a secondary effect alone. Stated otherwise, it might be held that in reading poetry we understand what the poet was not thinking of when writing; that the audience feels what the composer never felt at all. In other words: "It is not the actual feeling of the composer, not the subjective state of mind, that evokes a like feeling in the mind of the listener." (Hanslick.)

Are we to believe, then, that the mood and music of the composer are at variance with one another? Do we hear with the heart what he composes with the head? Can happy music issue from a state of sadness? Does the composer first write and then, perhaps, feel his music? Surely, the converse is more logical and more accordant with experience. There may be isolated occasions when a composer writes more from an innate power of expression than from an inward strength of feeling; still, the personal persuasion of the composer is, in the main, inevitably reflected in his music. The imperious Handel must perforce write imperiously: the genial Haydn cannot but write felicitous music.

What, after all, is the true relation of the man of art to his artistic products? What is the relation of the poet to his poems, of the painter to his pictures, if not, at root, an eminently sympathetic feeling-relation? How much more, then, is the relation of the composer to his compositions one of affectional accord. It surely cannot be one of emotional indifference, since music itself is the esthetic organon of sympathy. Even the scientist is not wholly apathetic when pursuing his investigations. His very love of truth forbids it. Even the mathematician, with his colder calculations, warms as he nears the conclusion of a correct computation. Still science, in essence, is dispassionate and impersonal; whilst art is personal and passionate—and music especially so. Beauty differs from truth as emotion does from thought.

But, by all this, we do not mean that a composer must be agitated when writing a symphony, or hysterical when at work on some tragic opera. Such active emotionalism is aroused only when man is embroiled in tensest life. There is all the difference between ideality and reality. All we mean is that deep within the soul of the composer there is a general feeling-tone, even when penning some sober-minded fugue.

The sea of music is not always stormy. Sometimes its surface is lashed by the battling waves of passion; at other times it calmly ripples neath the benison of a radiant sky. It ranges from the pastoral to the passionate, from tranquility of mind to the querulousness of an angered soul. But mostly it breathes the atmosphere of social-friendly feeling, and is as the genial current of emotion which gently courses through the heart of a kindly disposition. Indeed, there are infinite degrees of feeling possible to music. In the relative impersonalism of the 'scientific' fugue, in the crystal clarity of counterpoint, we see emotion sluggish and at lowest ebb. Yet even here we are sensible of the *feeling* of 'fitness.' We take pleasure in the rounded phrases and the balanced parts, even as we do in the symmetrical grandeur of some architectural pile. And in the 'Appassionata' of some soul-fraught symphony we reach the human summit of aspiring spirit.

And what a fund of reality lies at the disposal of the composer! His are the unsounded deeps of experience, the unscaled altitudes of life—all, indeed, that escapes the surface-play of fleeting circumstance. To him belongs that which can never be seen in pictured form or recorded in poetic fancy. For who can fathom the possible depths of sorrow, or measure the potential heights of joy? How inadequate are our words to express such deep experiences. They can be registered in music alone.

Since music is of a passionate persuasion, it is to the emotionalist, rather than to the intellectualist, that we must award the palm of primacy. Despite cold and calculating criticism, music is at root an emotive experience. The musical temperament itself is a fact of convincing significance. True, there are different types of musicians. Some are attracted by figuration and design; others are satisfied with nothing less than the affectional outpourings of a strong, impassioned soul. But only those whose finer feelings are touched by the magic of an inward beauty are really alive to the deeper significance of music. Indeed, if it were otherwise, it would be better to study mathematics than hear a concerto, better to read a treatise on logic than listen to a fugue. The fact is, in things artistic we must give ourselves up unreservedly

to the interior experiences of the soul, before we can properly appreciate the essential worth of beauty. In other words, we must not unduly intellectualise our esthetic conceptions. What is true of science is false of art. Each has its own peculiar province, each its appointed mission. Nor must the one usurp the functional right of the other; for only so are the distinctive faculties of mind severely satisfied.

In art, we must not be so much interested, as intensified in our inmost being. Hence, to applaud formation at the expense of feeling is to deny the genius of beauty. It is to put the body before the soul, organic structure above the living spirit. Of course, there should be form even in music; but of all the arts form has least to do with its essential constitution. The intellectual Formalist, however, would reverse the order of merit. For he lays greater stress on the outward figuration than on the inward feelings, on the head than on the heart. He puts pattern before passion, style before sentiment. With him it is more a question of manner than of matter. He, therefore, stifles the spirit of music, contracts its ample powers, and impairs the purport of its mission which would fain grant the soul escapement out into infinitude.

In consequence, the Anti-Expressionist inclines towards a purely intellectual appreciation of his art. He favours the severely mental grasp of matters musical, whereby artistic attention becomes but arid analysis, and creative inspiration degenerates into critical inspection. And just as a purely intellectual bias tends to run into fixed forms and rigid moulds, so he prefers the established standards of musical beauty to the artistic ventures of the original mind. He espouses the academic formularies of his age. His is the advocacy of 'things as they are.' He is incorrigibly conservative in his art. He has, therefore, a native distaste for esthetic suggestion, and a rooted distrust of non-formal impressionism. For it is in the nature of the static intellect to crystallise its concepts and force them into forms of spiritless stability.

Thus the intellectual-objective view of music approximates too closely the function of the critical faculty, in so far as it seeks to hold it in a kind of permanent poise peculiar to plastic beauty, and pin it down for purposes of analytical scrutiny. And in so doing it restrains its movement and cramps its freedom. It arrests the current of emotion: it stems the tide of feeling. The natural flux of music is thereby in danger of being altogether lost, like the sluggish waters of some ample river which loses itself in the sandy stretches of the desert-waste.

Advocates of such a musical esthetic listen to music as if, for all the world, they were gazing at some stationary statue outside the mind. They concentrate on it as if they were noting the anatomical structure of some figure-painting. They do not allow music to *possess* them, to run its appointed course through their inmost soul; they put it on some pedestal for close examination, whereby its life-blood is chilled and its inward warmth of inspiration lost. They are as entomologists who, rather than enjoy the vision of a life of joyous liberty, pin down the ethereal butterfly for purposes of passionless research.

Music, however, belongs more expressly to the things of the spirit. It does not lend itself so readily to detailed consideration. It should possess us like the overmastering power of some dominating passion. The tuneful auditor should never be the cold observer of some classic pose. Painting is nearer the scientific method of objective scrutiny. It aims at exactitude of observation and definition of detail. It studies phenomena external to the mind, though for reasons entirely foreign to science. Here we observe outwardly, rather than apprehend inwardly. Philosophy, again, may fix its attentive gaze on the interior soul of man; nevertheless, it must still prop it up on the easel of objectification. It is analytical rather than appreciative; more critical than creative. Though deeply absorbed in thought, the man himself never really enters as in music. But as regards subjective experience—that which is of the very essence of music, and the music-lover's reason for its existence—the Formalist will have none of it.

Such a preferential attitude of mind, however, hardens only too readily into a stolid dogmatism, which would rob all vibrant beauty of vitality and put a check on the creative energies of man. For this very reason music, at the hands of the Anti-Emotionalists, becomes in course of time both stilted and stagnant, formal and feelingless in character. It never really gets home, but remains forever outside the mind. It stands external to the soul, like the cold marble of some statue, which lacks the warmth of painting and the fire of poetic ardour. It becomes an object of intellectual interest alone. It is apprehended rather than appreciated, liked rather than loved. Viewed in this fashion, music stands in stony isolation from the auditor. It is more like some austere architecture in motion. Its enthusiasm is chilled, its fires are abated. Robbed thus of its radical content, music becomes but a moving mosaic of sound.

Given time, the Intellectualist would reduce all music to formal construction without a soulful essence. And this because

his centre of interest tends to shift from the 'within' of beauty, where subjective experience exercises an esthetic dominance, to the 'without' of beauty, where objective organisation plays the greater part. Hence, he must needs espouse such classicism as marks the terminal triumph of an age, and combat any advance which seeks to break with stereotyped tradition.

So Hanslick, the high-priest of Formalism, was naturally a supporter of the 'Brahmins' as against the then rising tide of the 'Liszt-Wagnerian' movement. The latter he could not abide; and as a logical partisan he bitterly inveighed against its enthusiastic supporters. But we have also our modern musical 'Buddhists,' who fain would drain their art of every trace of emotion. They would have us commit a kind of spiritual suicide, by sterilising the very affections which are the inner mainspring of our humanity. Generally speaking, they ignore the interior impulses of the soul. They affect to despise the instinctive inclinations and emotive urgencies which make for esthetic evolution. They prefer brains to beauty. They abhor sentiment, eschew romance, spurn the affectional, and throw cold water on the fires of enthusiasm. They would suppress all feeling and stifle all emotion. As if our common human nature could, with impunity, ever be denied. They are the unconscious supporters of a pseudo-psychology which seeks to identify all feeling with the sensuous; which regards all passionate moods of mind as but the stupefying fumes of a weak, indulgent self. It is the purest heresy possible. As if the wrath of outraged justice, the pity for a crushed and wounded soul, were but enervating motions of the spirit.

We cannot, however, fight against the spirit of art. We are not deceived. The deeper feelings implanted in each one of us are there for purposes divine. Whether for bodily or spiritual ends, hunger and thirst are purposeful realities. To disavow all this is but treachery to the truth of beauty as it is in music.

It is a flat denial of the most sacred passions of the soul. It gives the lie direct to music's inmost heart. Little wonder that unruined spirits turn a deaf ear to the hollow sounds of an insensate pedantry. Their hearts are hungry for the bread of beauty, and a bloodless stone will not suffice. Sentiment, indeed! The whole wide world is girdled with its invisible bonds. It gilds with joy the morn of infancy, throws its protective mantle over youth, and softens the darkling shadows of old age.

The fact is, we are apt to confuse serious sentiment with sickly sentimentality. But why seek to suppress all sentiment, which no man-made enactment can annul, just because it has

suffered enfeeblement at the hands of maudlin musicians? We do not cease to think because error is a possible product of thought. In all sincerity, a soul without sentiment is as a scentless flower. What perfume is to the rose, sentiment is to the soul.

But who are these artistic 'impossibilists,' these superesthetes who pedestal themselves above the common vulgar herd? Do they not realise that art should make appeal to what is universal in the life of man?—that beauty belongs to the common fund of sentiment engrained in every human heart? Indeed, some modern tendencies need careful watching, since they involve the very principle of beauty itself. Can we, moreover, afford to dispense with the smallest measure of romance, since there is so much that is sordid in our present mode of life?

But this—more as a musical note of warning to such moderns as have high hopes of running their art on the hard and fast lines of a strict and rigid mentality. They may appear clever, but certainly not convincing: they may succeed in being interesting, but inspiring—never.

THE 'FORTY-EIGHT' FROM THE PLAYER'S STANDPOINT

By EDWIN HUGHES

AMID all the clamor of "back to the ancient instruments," let the writer confess that he fails to find that any great detriment is done to the keyboard compositions of Bach through their adequate performance on a modern grand piano. This applies to the harpsichord compositions, such as the concertos for one or more harpsichords and strings, the Italian Concerto and the Partitas, just as well as to the forty-eight Preludes and Fugues of the Well-Tempered Clavichord.

While the superiority in general of the modern piano as a musical instrument to the clavichord and harpsichord is too apparent, in my opinion, to call for any discussion, there were nevertheless certain points of advantage in the mechanisms of the older instruments, notably the clarity and incisiveness of attack which were possible through the sharp stroke of the brass tangents of the clavichord on the strings or the plucking action of the harpsichord jacks. To an ear accustomed to the transparency of the voice progressions in the performance of music in polyphonic style on the older instruments, the duller impact of the felt-covered hammer of the pianoforte may have seemed to offer no noteworthy advance in instrument construction, particularly when the comparison was made with the light-hammered and tiny-toned pianos of Bach's day, which were hardly superior, perhaps not even equal to the better harpsichords of the time in resonance and tone-quality.

At any rate, although Bach was familiar with the pianofortes built by Silbermann in the early part of the eighteenth century, improved models of the Italian Cristofori's invention, he never owned one, nor did they succeed in arousing his very enthusiastic approval. In public performance he used the harpsichord, on account of its volume of tone as compared with his other household instrument, the clavichord, and of the variety of effects obtainable on it. He doubtless preferred it to the clavichord for music in the brilliant style, but for compositions of a more intimate character his preference, according to his sons, Wilhelm Friedemann and Carl Philipp Emanuel, *via* Forkel, was for the

more modest but more expressive "Clavier," as the clavichord was commonly called in Germany in those days, and it was for this instrument, as the title indicates, that the Well-Tempered Clavichord was intended.

A perusal of Richard Buchmayer's article, "Cembalo oder Pianoforte," in the *Bach Jahrbuch* for 1908 should put an end, it would seem, to the contention made in some quarters that "Das wohltemperierte Clavier" was written for performance on the harpsichord. The invention of the "bundfreies" clavichord about 1720, or two years before the assembling of the twenty-four preludes and fugues of the first volume, may well have been one of the incentives to the making of such a collection for clavichord in all major and minor keys. Although some of the numbers, particularly among the preludes, lend themselves equally well to harpsichord performance, and the A minor fugue in Part I was probably originally written for a pedal harpsichord (although the organ-point at the close could also have been played on a clavichord with pedal attachment), still the character of the music in general demands unmistakably an instrument adequately capable of dynamic shading in the single voices from tone to tone, of which sort of expression the harpsichord was entirely incapable.

A consideration of the instrument for which "Das wohltemperierte Clavier" was conceived is therefore of paramount importance in the interpretation of the Preludes and Fugues through the medium of the modern piano. If they had been written for the harpsichord, a styleful performance would exclude dynamic *nuance* completely, limiting itself to such changes in dynamics as are possible on that instrument, namely, changes of tone-quality in bulk, and forgoing even the accentuation of single notes in the progression of the voices. The clavichord, however, gave the player possibilities of nuance of equal fineness though of much lesser tonal range than the modern piano, together with ease of accentuation and a polyphonic clarity difficult of reproduction on the piano, with its hammers of soft felt.

The clavichord was a small instrument with a compass of four octaves, extending from C to c³. Many of the specimens of the time could easily be taken under one's arm and carried from one place to another, although there were also clavichords of larger dimensions. The mechanism was very simple, consisting of key-levers made of one solid piece, without joints, springs or other complications. To the back or inner end of the key-levers were attached upright brass tangents, which, when the keys were

depressed by the player, struck the strings near one end and remained in contact with them as long as the fingers were held down. Only the longer portion of the strings vibrated and produced the tone, the smaller section being damped by pieces of tape wound in and out, which also acted as dampers to the vibrating portion when the key was released and the tangent dropped back from the string.

The tone was neither large in volume nor rich in quality, but within the limits of its range it was capable of much variety in the hands of a skilled player. Unlike the piano or harpsichord tone, it could be further controlled to some degree after the first impact of the tangent on the strings, so that by rocking the hand to and fro, an effect somewhat similar to the vibrato on the violin could be produced. Like the harpsichord of the day, it had no lever arrangement, such as our modern pedal, for holding the dampers away from the strings after the keys had been released by the fingers.

The matter of pedalling is, therefore, one which calls for no little consideration in the performance of the Well-Tempered Clavichord. To avoid altogether the use of the damper pedal would be pedantry. Not only are a number of the Preludes, such as those in C major, E flat minor and B flat minor from Part I, and those in C sharp minor and F minor from Part II, immeasurably improved by the use of the pedal, but also some of the Fugues in which the tempo is a measured one, as the B flat minor Fugue in Part I or the E major in Part II. To reinforce the full piano tone by means of the pedal in climaxes such as that at the close of the D major Fugue in Part I is also entirely justifiable. The player of intelligence will probably find a sufficient brake to an over-use of the pedal in a recollection of the fact that the Well-Tempered Clavichord was composed for an instrument not equipped with a damper-pedal. Certainly the promiscuous pedalling so often heard in performances of the Fugues cannot be looked upon as an aid to purity of style in the performance of these compositions. Many of the Preludes and Fugues gain immensely, in fact, by being played quite, or almost entirely, without pedal. In any case, its use must be so discreet as not in the least to destroy the clarity of the polyphony, and must be kept entirely out of the domain of modern "pedal effects."

The question of the correct execution of embellishments has remained a vexed one ever since the days of Muffat and Couperin, and it will no doubt continue to be a vexed and vexatious matter so long as musical ornaments are indicated by signs instead of

being written out in notation. In the Well-Tempered Clavichord it is the bugbear of the neophyte. The subject is elaborately discussed in Edward Dannreuther's "Musical Ornamentation" and H. Ehrlich's "Die Ornamentik in J. S. Bach's Klavierwerken," to mention two of the best-known works on the matter; but after all has been said and done regarding the embellishments, their execution must be left largely to the taste of the educated performer. The fact that these ornaments are indicated by signs instead of being written out (their expression in ordinary notation would have been quite possible in every case), is proof enough that Bach intended to leave the player familiar with the subject of embellishments a great measure of freedom in their performance. The now obsolete custom of ornamentation as it existed in Bach's time was, in most instances, naught but a concession on the part of the composer to the performer, a granting to the latter the liberty of making his own effects by adding freely to the original—something regarded nowadays as esthetic anathema.

Because, perhaps, a large number of the editions vouchsafe no information in the matter, numbers of musicians are curiously enough completely ignorant of the fact that, with a few scattered exceptions, Bach left no indications as to the interpretation of the Preludes and Fugues in the Well-Tempered Clavichord. There are no tempo headings except in Prelude and Fugue No. XXIV, Part I, and in Preludes XVI and XXIV, Part II. The indications "Presto," "Adagio" and "Allegro" toward the end of Prelude II, Part I, are from the manuscripts, as are the "Presto" at measure 23 of Prelude X, Part I, the "Allegro" at measure 25 of Prelude III, Part II, and the words *piano* and *forte* in the third and fifth measures of Prelude XVIII, Part II. A few original staccato dots and short slurs appear in one or two instances; otherwise there is no written clue left by the composer as to the manner in which the Preludes and Fugues are to be performed. The marks of tempo, dynamics, agogics, phrasing and touch found in the various editions of the Well-Tempered Clavichord are merely editorial expressions of opinion.

Albert Schweitzer, in his work on Bach, concludes from certain original marks of expression found in harpsichord compositions of the master, such as the Italian Concerto and the B minor Partita, that Bach never made use of any degree of *nuance* in his playing of keyboard instruments, but that his expression, from a dynamic standpoint, consisted largely in an alternation of *piano* and *forte*, with no gradual merging of the one into the other. Now, although this was undoubtedly Bach's method of obtaining

variety on the harpsichord, the construction of the instrument precluding any other, it is impossible to believe that Bach handled the clavichord in the same manner, for its very nature invited the player to make use of the most exquisitely fine dynamic *nuances* within its limited tonal possibilities. The harpsichordist was compelled to depend for variety on stops which altered the pitch of the keyboard from an eight- to a four-foot or, in some cases, even to a sixteen-foot tone, or on shifting from one of the two manuals to the other, which produced a different tone-color. Through couplings and the alternation of the hands on the manuals charming effects were obtainable, but there was absolutely no possibility of shading the melodic line from tone to tone, which could be done as easily on the clavichord as on our pianos of to-day.

As mentioned before, many of the Preludes in the Well-Tempered Clavichord are well adapted to a harpsichord style of performance, particularly those in faster tempo, such as the B flat major in Part I or the D minor in Part II. Others, however, would become dry as dust through such a rendition. With the Fugues this is even more the case. Schweitzer's attempt to brand dynamic *nuance* in the performance of all of Bach's keyboard compositions as a breach of style can therefore arouse little sympathy. One asks one's self what would become of the ineffable beauty and depth of emotional content of numbers like the eighth Prelude and Fugue in Part I under such conditions.

The truth of the matter is that the difference in style in the playing of Bach, as compared with more modern schools and conceptions of expression in music, is not so much a question of dynamics as of agogics. This becomes convincingly apparent if we compare the compositions of Bach with those of the romantic school. With the exception of a few works, such as the Chromatic Fantasia and the Organ Fantasia in G minor, in which Bach himself becomes for the time a romanticist, the carrying of agogic expression to any such lengths as are called for in Chopin, Schumann or Liszt would be ridiculously out of place. Those who wish to cultivate a styleful performance of the Preludes and Fugues in the Well-Tempered Clavichord will seek it not in dynamic monotony, but in just the opposite, coupled with a rhythmic line that is free from exaggerated undulation, pursuing its even pace in many cases almost uninterruptedly from the beginning to the end of a composition, the *ritardandi* used sparingly and largely to mark the close of the sections, and *tempo agitato* or *rubato* treated as a complete taboo. Players should also take into consideration that a *fortissimo* as we know it on a

modern grand piano was a matter of utter impossibility on the clavichord.

As for Bach's own playing, we have, unfortunately, only hearsay evidence concerning it. J. N. Forkel, although not quite eighteen months old at the time of Bach's death, enjoyed the friendship later in life of both Wilhelm Friedemann and Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach, the two musically most important sons, and it was from them that Forkel had the information which he uses in the description of the elder Bach's manner of performance. According to Forkel, "Bach played with so easy and small a motion of the fingers that it was hardly perceptible. The fingers rose very little from the keys, hardly more than in a trill. An unemployed finger remained in the position of repose. The fingers were so placed upon the notes as to be in full control of the force they might be called upon to exert." Evidently, the discovery of weight playing is not so modern as some would have us believe. But after all, this information is only on the technical side of the matter; as to the actual sound of the music of the Well-Tempered Clavichord as it came from the fingers of Bach (on occasion he would play right through one of the volumes for a circle of friends and pupils), we are left as much in the dark as ever.

There is no close esthetic connection, either in mood or content, between most of the Preludes and the Fugues which follow them. In fact, a great many of the former existed as separate compositions before the collection was assembled, some of them being transposed from other keys to make them available for this or that fugue. Bach, who was a most prolific arranger of his own and others' works, being surpassed only by Liszt in that respect, was accustomed to make transpositions of various of his compositions and to use them often for quite different purposes than was first intended, so that he evidently did not share the belief of many musicians that, in musical creation, key and conception are inextricably bound together. The piano concertos are for the most part simply arrangements of violin concertos in other keys, and scores of similar examples could be cited among his works. His writing of the eighth Prelude of Part I in E flat minor and its accompanying Fugue in D sharp minor throws an interesting light on his standpoint regarding the enharmonic meeting-point of the sharp and flat keys. The lack of any particularly intimate relationship between the Preludes and Fugues in the mind of the composer is also shown by the fact that he made a separate autograph copy of all the Preludes in both parts, without the Fugues.

Perhaps Bach's apparent indifference in so many cases to changes in tonality may be traced to his partisanship for the new "tempered" scale, a method of equalized tuning which Bach was the first composer successfully to champion, and which has remained in use to the present day. It made possible the use of keyboard instruments in all twenty-four keys, whereas they had formerly been grossly out of tune in nine of them. The enthusiastic championship of Bach for the new system, which divided the octave into twelve exactly equal semitones, is reflected in the title, "The Well-Tempered Clavichord." Among other things, the work was to foster the playing of compositions in all major and minor keys on properly tuned instruments, and Bach used it and seemed to regard it largely as material for practice and improvement for his advanced pupils. There was, as far as is known, no attempt to have it published during Bach's lifetime, although three copies, more or less complete, of Part I and one of Part II exist in Bach's own handwriting and there are a number of other contemporary manuscript copies made by various of his pupils.

The richness of imagination, the seemingly infinite variety and fecundity of ideas and the perfection of contrapuntal workmanship displayed in the Well-Tempered Clavichord remain things of constant amazement to the musician. How rough-hewn most modern fugue writing seems when compared with the perfected art of contrapuntal expression which one meets in a Bach fugue! The moods are manifold, varying from rollicking good humor to the profoundest depths of religious fervor. Here one finds whimsical conceit, gentle sadness, nobility, gaiety, wistfulness, soul-searching introspection, crushing grief, astoundingly unique flights of fancy that defy cataloguing, all spread out with a kaleidoscopic prodigality of inspiration. Some of the numbers seem to spring from no other emotional source than the sheer joy of being able to put to paper a capital bit of fugue writing, or the delight in toying with some winsomely tender motive.

There are very few traces of a dry working out of thematic material after the manner of the old contrapuntists, feats in musical acrostics, as it were, where the same thing can be said forwards, backwards, upside down, twice as fast or twice as slow, and still make sense, or where a motive may start afresh in another voice before it has finished its say in the first, and still result in understandable musical cross-talk. Bach was intimately familiar with all these technical tricks, and with the fine art of inventing musical subjects which would lend themselves readily to such

contrapuntal juggling. Happily he was so familiar with them that they offered no hindrance to his abundant fantasy, so that almost everywhere through the maze of technical mechanism there shine the pure rays of unfettered inspiration and resplendent genius. Such compositions as the D sharp minor Fugue in Part I and the E major in Part II, which belong among the greatest of all compositions for keyboard instruments, are proof enough of the sublime heights to which an inspired and unhindered mastery of this form of composition may rise.

In Part I there are numbers which hardly equal the standard set by the finer works in that volume. Not so in Part II, however, where there is scarcely any deviation in the remarkable quality of the inspiration and the musical workmanship. The master of fifty-nine, ripened by time and experience, shows his superiority over the composer of thirty-seven in a richer and more fully developed imagination, a larger grasp of materials and means, a greater and more varied power of expression. The Preludes are, in many cases, of more elaborate form and content than those of Part I, usually quite equalling the Fugues in interest. As for the contrapuntal skill, one cannot but stand in amazement before such an example of inspired musical ingenuity, for instance, as the B flat minor Fugue in the second series, and on every hand are evidences of that consummate mastery which will remain an eternal model for polyphonic writing.

In Bach's music we always feel a calm, superior soul ruling over, and to no small extent aloof from, the storm and stress of earthly struggle. The music is not so "human" as that of Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin, Wagner or Liszt. In its deeper moments it concerns itself little with a tonal expression of the moods, passions and emotions of the soul of man in its earthly passage, but rather seeks refuge from the problems of life in religious mysticism and contemplation.

There are enthusiasts who would find within the magic pages of the "Forty-Eight" a complete compendium of emotional expression. But in spite of these, it must be quite frankly said that Bach's range on the emotional side is far from being all-embracing. His life, surroundings, precedents and personality (there was a good deal of the mathematician in his make-up), the very period in which he lived, prevented it from being so. Since Bach's day, music as a means of emotional expression has come to do with matters little dreamed of during the first half of the eighteenth century. To urge that this is not an esthetic advance is to brand one's self as either a pedant or an ignoramus. The

art of tone has become more intimately connected with life, more intense in both means and manner of expression, more colorful, variegated and humanly emotional. It has advanced both in form and content, and it would be futile, even in the face of such a colossus as Bach himself, to attempt to belittle the import of the new musical vistas which have been opened up by the Titanic genius of a Beethoven, the strange, romantic charm of a Chopin or a Schumann, the heroic splendor and exaltation of a Liszt, the formal grandeur of a Brahms, the overwhelming emotional surge of a Wagner.

Quite the antipode of the Bach enthusiast is the piano student who regards Bach as "technique," a deal more vexing and perplexing than the "Three C's," Czerny, Clementi and Cramer, but technique nevertheless. He has, perhaps, been rather belligerently cowed into having the Well-Tempered Clavichord thrust down his throat, and is suffering all the torments of polyphonic indigestion in the process. Ebenezer Prout has devised some pleasant pellets for this particular ailment, in the shape of humoristic texts to fit the various fugue subjects. While these mottos have been the source of much perturbation on the part of the pedants and purists, who inveigh vigorously against their flippancy, they have perhaps proven of value in the cases of many recalcitrant and unimaginative students.

The development of an appreciation of Bach is not always an easy matter in a generation very apt to grow up in the belief that Tchaikowsky represents a distinct artistic advance over Mozart because he uses a larger canvas, a gaudier palette, a coarser brush and a noisier style, or that Stravinsky, in his highly interesting experiments with cacophonies and orchestral extravagances, has actually and artistically outdistanced the writer of the Fifth Symphony. It is doubly difficult because of the fact that the emotional appeal of Bach's music is not by any means a universal one. There is no denying the austerity of much of it, and austerity is not a quality with which to make a successful appeal to the crowd. It is extremely doubtful whether any amount of propaganda for Bach could ever bring about among music lovers in general that wide-spread and genuine affection for his works which, for example, those of Chopin enjoy. On the other hand, however, his artistic immortality is perfectly safe in the hands of those who are able to place themselves *en rapport* with the most finely inspired, finely conceived and finely executed examples of musical creation, of which sort of music-making Bach has left us a more abundant legacy than any other composer. He

is the composer's composer *par excellence*. Once the spark of delight in the beauty of the musical thought and workmanship in a single one of his compositions is kindled within the young musician, the flame of enthusiasm for his immortal genius is quite certain to burn unceasingly ever after.

It is from an intimate, personal acquaintance with his works that the genuine Bach lover is developed. The Well-Tempered Clavichord lends itself in particular to such an acquaintance, for, although its numbers will doubtless continue to exert their wonted charm over the concert-hall audience when exquisitely performed, the work was not conceived for auditoriums thronged by thousands, but rather for an immediate circle of the understanding few. Not to the multitude, but to the *cognoscenti*, belong its final delights, beauties, revelations.

THOUGHTS ON MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

(Gleaned from Sources Ancient and Modern)

By J.-G. PROD'HOMME

AS a sequel to a selection of "Thoughts and Reflections Anent Music and Musicians" gleaned from French writers (*cf.* THE MUSICAL QUARTERLY of April, 1923), we offer to-day a second series gathered from ancient and modern authors—Chinese, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, English, German, etc.—extending from those of antiquity down to our own time. These extracts, varying in date and length, chosen from among a great number mentioned in a long course of lectures, and, consequently, without methodical plan (taken at hazard, so to say), present views, aphorisms and paradoxes of most diverse sort concerning the art of music and its servants, the musicians. Philosophers, artists, moralists, poets, statesmen, all are quoted without regard to rank or preferences other than the chronological order, which permits the confrontation of men belonging to the same period.

This confrontation of minds of such diversified complexion tends to show the extreme, preëminent importance accorded to music above all other arts and at all epochs. During classic antiquity, acquainted (as will hardly be contested) with music of an only rudimentary kind, this art possessed a high moral, even political, significance; its fixed laws, its modes, seem to have restrained it within limits which, besides, the material means of performance did not allow it to transgress. This moral, or moralistic, rôle of music is emphasized still more among the Chinese. The Latin writers—of whom we thought it superfluous to cite numerous passages—appear to have had but slight sensibility for music. They merely repeat what the Greeks said of it, and, seeking a utilitarian function for it, content themselves for the rest with empty generalities. The case is much the same as regards the early centuries of the Christian era, the middle ages, and the Renaissance, all nurtured on classic commonplaces. Nowhere throughout these periods does one catch a personal impression. One must reach the threshold of our modern era, the beginning of the seventeenth century, to hear a Shakespeare discourse on music in aught but platitudes. He knew how to

express the power, the grandeur, the universality of music otherwise than by revamping the myth of Orpheus and the like. For when he wrote, modern art had already awakened at the touch of the Renaissance; and when, in the course of the next hundred years, instrumental music (that specifically modern phenomenon) had been created, the literature of every country, and particularly of Germany, ceased to dispense the everlasting twaddle of tradition.

The ever-growing importance it has attained through theatre and concert and continually expanding international communication, invests music with a steadily increasing interest on the part of the modern public. The sister arts and, in consequence, our entire intellectual life, are more influenced by it than formerly.

It was in the eighteenth century that music began to assume the prominence which as yet shows no decline. It is more especially from this epoch onward that it has inspired the most original, the most impressionable "appreciations"—some serious and well-considered, others sportive or paradoxical. But, whatever their mood, and whatever effect their authors intended to produce, these thoughts, these opinions or conceits, are generally the direct expression of their emotional reaction. For this reason those presented here may, we think, be considered as documentary evidence of some historical and psychological value.

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CHINA

When joyful, man utters words. Words not sufficing him, he prolongs them. The prolonged words not sufficing, he, without being fully conscious of it, modulates them. The words thus modulated not sufficing, his hands quite involuntarily make gestures, and his feet leap.

Virtue is the principle of human nature; music is the flower of virtue. (*Li-ki, or Memorial of Rites*, 1st century B. C.)

That which is full, and from which nothing can be withheld, runs over; that which is full and is not supported, falls over. All those who produce music, do so to moderate delight. The sage establishes rites to dispose any man, who is naturally inclined to take precedence of others, to give way and fall back; he makes music to diminish and restrain the excess of delight to which man would naturally be inclined to abandon himself. Such, then, is

music. (*Memoirs of Seu-ma T'sen*, transl. by Ed. Chavannes, III, p. 231.)

Rites and music, punishments and laws, have one and the same object; it is through them that the hearts of the people are united, and it is from them that issues the method of good government. (*Ibid.*, p. 240.)

Every musical note has its birth in the heart of man; music is in touch with the classes and the attributes. Hence, those who are acquainted with the tones and do not know the notes, having no knowledge of music, are ordinary human beings; it is only the wise who can know music. (*Ibid.*, pp. 241-2.)

Music is that which unifies.

Music comes from within; rites are fixed from without. Thus music, coming from within, produces tranquillity; the rites, being fixed from without, produce courtesy.

Music creates delight; this result is inevitable, human nature being what it is.

Humanity is affined to music; justice is affined to the rites.

Music is a donation (given to others); a rite is reciprocity. Music delights in that which gives it birth; rites revert to that which is their principle. Music is a manifestation of virtue; the rites reciprocate the sentiments of others, and revert to that which is their principle.

Music embraces all that is harmony; the rites are concerned with differences.

Great music produces a harmony like that of heaven and the earth. (*Ibid.*, pp. 246, 269, 270, 257, 258, 247.)

THE GREEKS

Music should not seek a single field of usefulness, but several. In the first place, it contributes to moral amelioration; in the second place, it induces katharsis.¹ (Aristotle, "Politics," VIII, 7.)

It is impossible not to recognize the moral potency of music; and, since this potency is very real, music must necessarily form a part of the education of children. (*Ibid.*, V, 5.)

While painting and sculpture appeal to the sense of sight, imitating exterior objects and persons by the aid of colors and forms, the musical arts (poetry, music, the dance), which act by the intermediation of the sense of hearing, reflect soul-states,

¹Katharsis, an emotional crisis provoked by hearing certain musical works, particularly melodies of an enthusiastic and pathetic type. (Gevaert.)

emotions and actions by the aid of rhythm, of words, and of melodic successions. (*Ibid.*, VIII, 1.)

The educational art *par excellence*, the one which, by means of tones, insinuates itself into the soul and moulds it to virtue, has received the name of music. (Plato, "Laws," III.)

Performance on any instrument by itself shows affectation and a lack of taste. (*Ibid.*, II.)

If music, my dear Glaucon, is the chief branch of education, is it not because rhythm and harmony possess, in the highest degree, the power to penetrate the soul, to take possession of it, imbuing it with a sense of beauty and subjecting it to their sway, when the education has been rightly directed?—whereas the contrary is true when the education has been neglected. (*Ibid.*, III.)

In a well-tuned lyre the musical harmony is something invisible, incorporeal, marvellous, divine. (Phædon.)

Harmony comes from heaven; its nature is divine, and its beauty superhuman. (Plutarch, "On Music.")

It is evident that the ancient Hellenes acted judiciously in bestowing every attention on musical education, deeming it needful to form and temper the souls of the young to virtue and uprightness by the aid of music, this being helpful in all worthy matters. (*Ibid.*)

THE LATINS

I hold, with Plato, that nothing so easily penetrates tender and sensitive souls as the varied sounds of music; its influence for evil as well as for good is incalculable. It animates those who languish, and calms the most agitated spirits; now it relaxes the mind, and again it imparts strength. (Cicero, "Laws," II, 15.)

Music is by its very nature so bound up with us that, even if we would, we cannot evade it. (Boethius, "On Music.")

Nature herself seems to have bestowed it (music) upon us that we may the more readily bear our afflictions; it is song that inspirits the rowers, and it is not only such toil as requires the co-operation of a number, that is enlivened by some gladsome voice; one who is alone may forget his weariness in harshly modulated tunes. (Quintilian, "De musice.")

The word "good" has two meanings in musical art, the one applicable to the effect produced by the music, the other to the art itself. To the effect belong the flutes, and the instruments (organs) and the strings; but these do not belong to the art itself. Indeed, without them one can be an artist, although one cannot

show proof of his art. But this duality does not exist in Man; that which is good for him is likewise good in life. (Seneca.)

THE FATHERS OF THE CHURCH

I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast delivered my soul from the delights of hearing. Nevertheless, when I hear Thy praises sung by a beautiful voice, one skilled and harmonious, as the words of Thy Scripture form as it were the soul of the song, I still feel moved by pleasure, though less than formerly. Sweet melody seems to demand a place in my heart. It claims even more, and I find it hard to decide how much I should accord it. (St. Augustine.)

A source of recreation and purification. If you sing in such wise as to please the people rather than God, or seek the praise of others rather than that of God, you sell your voice and make it no longer your own, but theirs. Saints embrace it in their devotions, sinners implore mercy by it, the afflicted find consolation therein, and those who mourn, assuagement; they who go forth to battle are made the braver thereby. (St. Thomas Aquinas.)

How strong a bond of unity is a chorus formed by an assemblage of the people. (St. Ambrose, "On the Psalms," I.)

Our singing is but an echo, an imitation of that of the angels. Music was invented in heaven. Around us and above us the angels are singing. When man is a musician, it is by a revelation from the Holy Ghost; the singer is inspired from on high. (St. John Chrysostom, "On the Psalms.")

Nothing is more elevating for our soul, giving it wings, so to say, raising it above Earth and freeing it from corporeal fetters, inspiring a more ardent love for true wisdom and a greater contempt for all things mundane, than a suave harmony and the measured and cadenced melody of sacred song. These songs have so many charms for our nature that they dry our tears, soothe the unrest of babes on their mother's breast, and lull them to sleep. . . . As our hearts are naturally sensitive to the sweetness of melody, God, in order to forearm us against the voluptuous and lascivious songs wherewith the Evil One seeks our corruption and perdition, gave us the Psalms, that charm while teaching us. The songs of the children of the century draw down the greatest dangers, the ruin of all the virtues, and death, because the licentious and dissolute words they contain invade the most secret recesses of the heart, enfeebling and enervating it. The sacred Psalms, on the contrary, are a prolific source of the most precious

benefits; they elevate the soul to a lofty holiness, imparting all the principles of true wisdom. And as the words purify the soul, the Holy Spirit descends into the heart that is echoing to these sacred melodies. (*Ibid.*, p. 46.)

That it may be deaf to instruments of music; that it may even ignore the use to which flute and harp are put. (St. Jerome, "To Leta, on the Education of Her Daughter.")

REFORMATION AND RENAISSANCE

Among other matters that are proper to afford recreation and delight to man, music is the first or in the front rank, and makes us feel that it is a gift of God sent for this purpose. For this reason we should be all the more careful not to abuse it, for fear of soiling and contaminating it. . . . It is true, as St. Paul says, that evil communications corrupt good manners; but when the evil words are set to melody, they penetrate the heart with far greater force. (Calvin.)

He who despises music, as all zealots (*Schwärmer*) do, with him I am ill content. For music is a gift and boon of God, not something given by man. Therefore it drives out the Devil, and makes the people glad. Over music one forgets all anger, unchastity, arrogance, and other burdens. After theology, I give music the next place and highest honor. And we see how David and all godly men have set forth their devout thoughts in verse, rime and song. *Quia pacis tempore regnat Musica*. (Martin Luther, "Tischreden," *Die Musica soll man nicht verachten*.)

Where however art at last intervenes to correct, improve and interpret nature, we are finally permitted to enjoy with amaze, if not to comprehend, the absolute and perfect wisdom of God in His marvellous work of music; what can be finer, when one and the same voice carries the melody while many other voices weave around it their wonderful accents of praise, exultation and joy, and thus all together produce a divine concert, so that to them who are at least somewhat affected, nothing more marvellous has been made manifest in this age; they who actually are not affected, such indeed are not worthy of hearing so lofty strains. (*Id.*, "Letter on Music"—in Latin—of 1538; publ. 1830, by Fr. Beck.)

It is a vital property of music, not solely to rejoice but likewise to lead and guide the souls of men in all relations; all the wisest men of antiquity have said the same, and every day the fact confirms itself. (Palestrina, Dedication of the First Book of Motets, May, 1569.)

Music has such an affinity for our souls, that many careful searchers after its essence have concluded that it is replete with harmonious accords, is in very deed pure harmony. Sooth to say, all Nature herself is naught save a perfect music which the Creator causes to resound in the ears of the understanding of man, to give him pleasure and to draw him gently to Himself. (Sweelinck, Preface to the Fifty Psalms of David, 1603.)

Jessica. I am never merry, when I hear sweet music.

Lorenzo. The reason is, your spirits are attentive:

For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of musick touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of musick : Therefore the poet
Did feign, that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods;
Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But musick for the time doth change his nature:
The man that hath no musick in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.—Mark the musick.

(Shakespeare, *The Merchant of Venice*, V, 1.)

In sweet music is such art,
Killing care, and grief of heart,
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

(Henry VIII, III, 1.)

Give me some music; music, moody food
Of us that trade in love.

(Antony and Cleopatra, II, 5.)

A solemn air, and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy . . .

(*The Tempest*, V, 1.)

If musick be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.

(*Twelfth-Night*, I, 1.)

Music is an unconscious exercise in arithmetic. (Leibnitz.)

THE MODERN ERA

Music is made to touch the heart, and the pianist (clavichordist) can never do this when he aims only at making a noise. (K. Ph. E. Bach, "Versuch über die wahre Art, das Clavier zu spielen," 1753-62.)

The grave and wise may regard music as a frivolous and enervating luxury; but, in its defence, Montesquieu has said¹ that "it is the only one of all the arts which does not corrupt the mind." Electricity is universally allowed to be a very entertaining and surprising phenomenon, but it has been frequently lamented that it has never yet, with much certainty, been applied to any very useful purpose. The same reflexion has often been made, no doubt, as to music. It is a charming resource, in an idle hour, to the rich and luxurious part of the world. But, say the sour and the worldly, what is its use to the rest of mankind? (Ch. Burney, "The Present State of Music in France and Italy," 1771, Introd., pp. 3-4.)

Music ceases to be music when it ceases to give pleasure. (Wieland, "Versuch über das deutsche Singspiel," 17-?.)

Do you suppose that I shall write an *opera buffa* after the same fashion as an *opera seria*? Just as, in an *opera seria*, there must be erudition and intelligence, with a modicum of jest, there must be, in an *opera buffa*, jesting and gayety with but little erudition. If light music be demanded even in an *opera seria*, I cannot help it. But here the distinction between the two styles is sharply drawn. Egad! I find that the farce is not yet banished from music—and in that the French are right. (Mozart, Letter to his father, Vienna, June 16, 1781.)

The passions, whether violent or not, should never be so expressed as to disgust; and music, even in the most terrible situations, should never offend the ear, but even then should charm and, in a word, always remain music. (*Id.*, Sept. 26, 1781.)

The most necessary and most difficult matter, the principle thing in music, is the *tempo*. (*Id.*)

A German woman-singer! I had as lief hear the neighing of my horse! (Frederick the Great.)

Italian music promises and gives pleasure to everyone who has ears; that is all the preparation he needs. If all the peoples of Europe, despite the differences in language, have adopted it, this is because they prefer their pleasure to their pretensions. So I think I may say that, the object of music being to excite agreeable sensations by harmonious and well-ordered tones, everyone

¹Esprit des Lois.

who is not deaf has a right to decide whether it has attained its object. (Melchior Grimm, "Lettres sur *Omphale*," 1752.)

Music is a language that one bereft of genius can not speak, neither can it be truly heard except by a delicate taste and by senses trained and refined. (*Id.*, "Traité du Poème Lyrique," 1765.)

The expert in architecture must be possessed of an exquisite taste. One must be happily organized, and have imagination, to appreciate poetry. One must be accustomed to observe Nature philosophically, to pass judgment on sculpture and painting. But, as regards melody, it should interest all men who can hear it, and one might say that, to enjoy it, one need only not be dead. (Prince de Beloselsky, of the Institute of Bologna, "De la Musique en Italie," 1778.)

Music, when it expresses the poem, is the companion;
When it gives us only its own vague generalities,
'Tis the mistress, indeed—yet more's the pity when'er
The companion outranketh the mistress.

(Grillparzer.)

You yourself are somewhat gloomy and peculiar, and the style of the musician is always the man himself. (Haydn to Beethoven, from letters of the flutist Drouet, quoted by Thayer-Deiters, II, p. 129.)

The more one endeavors to seek perfection and truth, the more necessary precision and exactitude become. The minutest alteration in movement or expression, a single misplaced detail, suffices to destroy the effect of a scene and to turn the aria *J'ai perdu mon Eurydice* into the air of a marionette. (Gluck, to La Harpe.)

Music is a loftier revelation than wisdom or philosophy. (Beethoven, to Bettina von Arnim.)

Description is the province of painting. Poetry too, in this respect, may consider itself fortunate as compared with music; its domain is not so limited as mine, but in amends mine extends further into other regions, and one cannot so readily rule my empire. (*Id.*, to Wilhelm Gerhard, July 15, 1817.)

Pure church-music should be executed by voices alone, excepting the Gloria or other text of this sort. That is why I prefer Palestrina; but it would be absurd to imitate him, if possessed of neither his spirit nor his religious conceptions. (*Id.*, to the organist Freudenberg.)

Among oldentime masters, only Händel the German and Sebastian Bach had genius. (*Id.*, to Archduke Rudolph.)

My heart beats wholly for the grand, the lofty art of Sebastian Bach, that Patriarch of Harmony. (*Id.*, to Hoffmeister, 1810.)

At all times I have been one of the greatest admirers of Mozart, and I shall remain so until my last breath. (*Id.*, to Abbé Stadler, 1826.)

Sentimentality is only for women (pardon me!); music should strike fire from the soul of a man. (*Id.*, to Bettina v. Arnim, "Teplitz, Aug. 15, 1812.")

The cumulative technique of piano-playing will end by banishing all truth of expression from music. (*Id.*, to Ries.)

Who may ever recount all thy raptures,
Lovable, gracious, bountiful, kindly,
Thou tender friend of sensitive souls!
What the actor can stammer but vaguely,
What the poet proclaims all too loudly,
Thy tuneful strings do plainly whisper.
Let who will sing Poetry's praises,
She speaks only the language of mortals,
Thine is the speech that is spoken in heaven.
Therefore be thou for me thrice-blessèd,
O thou heaven-born, radiant queen!
Ever my lip shall tell thy praises,
While with the strains of my fervent devotion
Mingle the jubilant songs of the world.

(Grillparzer, 1812.)

It is neither a seeing, nor a hearing, nor a feeling; it is a blending of all three at one time;—it is more than the three combined: an impression of immediate assurance, an intuition, a vision of truest and most intimate life. (Novalis.)

Life animates plastic art; of the poet I demand brains; but the soul expresses herself through Polymnia alone.—The pathway of the ear leads most easily and directly to the heart.—Music has vanquished the cruel victor of Bagdad, where Mengs and Correggio would vainly have exhausted all the powers of painting.—It is easier to close offended eyes than to stop maltreated ears with cotton. (Schiller.)

Sons of song! Your joyous singing
Makes all grief of life to yield,
For with love your hearts are filled;
Like those hallowed tones outringing,
Thro' the radiant morn upwinging,
Soars the soul with rapture thrilled.

(Th. Körner, "Sängers Morgenlied.")

It seems to me that for the success of a work it is in no art so necessary, as in music, to grasp the Whole with all its parts down to the least detail in the first, intensest fire. (E. T. A. Hoffmann, "Der Dichter und der Komponist," 1813.)

There are composers, to be sure, to whom music is as foreign as is poetry to many a poetaster. (*Ibid.*)

Indeed, I regard romantic opera as the only true one, for only in the domain of romance is music at home. (*Ibid.*)

It is the most romantic of all the arts—one is tempted to say, the only romantic art, for infinitude alone is its theme.—Orpheus' lyre opened the portals of Orcus. Music throws open to man an unknown realm, a world that has nothing in common with the external world of sense that environs him, a world wherein he leaves behind all definite feelings and abandons himself to ineffable longing. . . . So strong is the magic of music; and, growing ever mightier, it would burst the fetters of any other art. ("Kreisleriana," Beethovens Instrumentalmusik.)

All striving after the Beautiful and the untried Good is praiseworthy; but the creation of a new form must spring from the poetry that one composes. In my songs it has always been an unwearied endeavor to interpret my poet by true and correct declamation that led to many a novel form of melody. (C. M. von Weber, "Aphorismen.")

Modulation is something to be treated religiously, and is in place only where it promotes and enhances the expression; otherwise it may as easily prove disconcerting. (*Ibid.*)

Amateur fancies. I particularly admire the *piano* and *forte* that each contrives to suit himself; when I have once learned my piece I want to let people hear that I know it, too.

Italian music. Instrumentation. Oboi con Flauti, Clarinetti coi Oboi, Flauti coi Violini, Fagotti col Basso, Viol. 2 col primo, Viola col Basso. Voce ad libitum. Violini colla parte.

Italian cadences, a framework on which the singer hangs his most precious ornaments, and embellishes them at pleasure. The dark scaffolding for a display of fireworks. (*Ibid.*)

Who can predict of his son that he will become an excellent musician? A thousand times to one, he will be nothing but a wretched bungler. (Goethe.)

The purest and sublimest musical painting is that which you execute; it consists in developing in the hearer the mood indicated by the poem; thereupon the images inspired by the words are formed in the imagination, nor does it know whence they come. (Goethe, to Zelter, May 2, 1825.)

An opera-libretto ought to be a sketch, not the finished picture. (Goethe, to Zelter, May 18, 1832.)

O ye immaculate tones! how sacred are your joys and sorrows! For you laugh not and weep not over any material object, but over life and existence, and Eternity alone is worthy of your tears, whereof man is the Tantalus. How can ye, O chaste tones, reserve yourselves a hallowed nook in the breast of a man long since given over to the things of this world, or purify him of this worldly life? Would you not rather be in us as one unfaithful in life, and did not heaven create you before the earth? (Jean Paul Richter.)

Everything here below is weakened by repetition; thou alone, O Tone! dost repeat thyself like an echo, and penetrate ever more deeply into the heart.

Every age, every people, has its ideals in philosophy, religion, poetry, and likewise in art. Shall music come off empty-handed? be nothing more than the production of beautiful melodies for general delectation? Impossible! In the classical works of music, as well, there is manifested a spiritual content measured by the cultural condition and intellectual life of the nation. . . . When I hear the works of Palestrina, Leo, etc., I am forthwith immersed in the atmosphere of the Catholic cult and the religious life of the Italians; whereas Bach and Händel impress me with the Lutheran intellectualizing tendency in matters of belief. (Meyerbeer, letter to Dr. J. Schucht, Berlin, April 25, 1851.)

My word for it, when one hears nothing whatever but Italian and French opera-music, when one is followed through every street and square by Verdi's and Donizetti's tunes and nothing else, one longs for forthright, classic German music as the desert wanderer longs for a draught of fresh water. (To Zelter, Berlin, April 6, 1857.)

As for Bach, he is a stupendous genius. If Beethoven is a prodigy of humankind, Bach is a miracle of God! I have subscribed for the complete edition of his works. . . . How I wish that I might, before leaving this world, hear a performance of his great Passion! But that is not to be dreamt of here, among the French. (Rossini to Wagner, acc. to Michotte's "La Visite de Wagner à Rossini, 1860.")

Mozart, the *angelo della musica*. . . . But who, save the sacrilegious, would dare meddle with him? (*Ibid.*)

Of all the arts, music is the one which, by reason of its essential ideality, is especially destined to transformations. These are without limitation. . . . Everyone should endeavor, if not to advance, at least to find something new, without occupying himself

too seriously with the story of a certain Hercules, reputed to be a great traveller, who, on arrival at a place where he could not see very clearly, set up (so it is said) his pillar, and turned back.—At all events, let us hope that our art will never be limited by a setter-up of pillars of this kind. As for myself, I belonged to my period. (*Ibid.*)

Music, regarded as an expression of the world, is at its highest point a universal language which bears much the same relation to the generality of conceptions as do these conceptions themselves to individual things. (*Ibid.*)

There is in music something ineffable and intimate. Hence it hovers near us like the vision of a paradise well-known, yet forever inaccessible. For us it is perfectly intelligible and at the same time inexplicable—and this because it shows us all, even the most secret, motions of our spirit freed thenceforward from present reality and its torments.—Fully to comprehend this language of music, one should hear it twice. (*Ibid.*)

Music makes manifest the preëxistent germ, the most essential substance of all apparent phenomena, the very heart of things. . . . Ideas are the *universalia post rem*, but music gives the *universalia ante rem*, and reality the *universalia in re*.

As viewed from three aspects—political, social and religious—the *principal and controlling fact* derivable from the history of music and musicians during the past two centuries is—their *subalternation*. (Liszt, "De la Situation des Artistes," 1835.)

It was Ballanche, I think, who said that eloquence is as much in those who hear as in him who speaks. It is the same with music. I must have hearers like yourself, and, lacking *hearers* in the plural, I must have *you* in the singular. (*Id.*, to Balzac, 1836-7.)

The *program* is a medium that renders the music more accessible and intelligible to that section of the public composed of men of ideas and men of action. (*Id.*, to Robert Schumann.)

I believe I have already said to you that the true orchestra conductor is, in my opinion, one who *ostensibly* makes himself seem superfluous. We are pilots, not mechanics. Now, even should this notion encounter more strenuous opposition in details, since I think it correct I shall not alter it. (*Id.*, to Richard Pohl, Weimar, Nov. 3, 1863.)

Music. Its place is altogether apart from the other arts. . . . It is an art so elevated and admirable, so suited to appeal to our most intimate emotions, so deeply and fully understood, as if it were a universal language which in point of clearness defers not

even to intuition itself. Hence, we cannot be content to see therein, with Leibnitz, an *exercitius arithmeticae occultus nescientis se numerare animi*. (Schopenhauer, "The World as Will and Idea.")

Music, which reaches out beyond thought, is wholly independent of the external world. . . . Music is likewise a direct copy of all the will which is the world. . . . It therefore is not, like the other arts, a reproduction of ideas, but a reproduction of will on a par with the ideas themselves. This is why the influence of music is more powerful and more penetrating than that of the other arts; these latter express only the shadow, music speaks of the substance. (*Ibid.*)

The composer reveals to us the intimate essence of the world, he makes himself the interpreter of the profoundest wisdom, and in a language that reason does not understand; in like manner the medium discloses, under the influence of the mesmerist, matters whereof she knows nothing when awakened from her trance. (*Ibid.*)

Music never expresses the phenomenon, but the intimate essence, the inbeing, of the phenomenon, the will itself. . . . It depicts joy itself, affliction itself, and all the other emotions, so to say, as abstractions. Music expresses nothing but the quintessence of life and its happenings. (*Ibid.*)

The distinction of the virtuoso himself depends entirely upon the elevation at which he is able to maintain creative art; if he can toy and play with art, he throws away his own distinction. This, to be sure, is an easy matter when he has no comprehension of such distinction; then, even if no artist, he at least possesses the tricks of the trade, and displays them; they do not warm, but they scintillate; and of an evening the total effect is very pretty. (Wagner, "Virtuoso and Artist," *Ges. Schr. I*, pp. 170-1.)

It (music) is the heart of man. . . . Now, the life-force of that heart is tone; the speech of its artistic consciousness is music. It is the full, controlling heart-love, which ennobles the sensuous feeling of pleasure and humanizes the incorporeal conception. Through music the arts of dancing and poetry become mutually intelligible; in music are fondly interfused the laws in obedience to which these two sister arts naturally manifest themselves; in music the Will of both becomes Involuntariness—the metre of poetry, like the measure of the dance, blends with the compulsory rhythm of the heart-beat. (Wagner, "Art-work of the Future," *Ges. Schr. III*, pp. 81-2.)

The fault in the art-genus of the opera consisted in this—that a means of expression (music) was made the end, while the

end of expression (the drama) was made the means. (Wagner, "Opera and Drama," III, p. 231.)

With Rossini the real history of the opera closes. (*Ibid.*, "The Opera and the Nature of Music," III, p. 255.)

Music is Woman.—Woman's nature is Love; but this love is receptive and, in reception, boundless in self-surrender. (*Ibid.*, p. 316.)

This is my belief : Music can never, in any union whereinto it enters, cease to be the most elevated and redemptive of arts. (*Id.*, On Franz Liszt's Symphonic Poems, Ges. Schr. V, p. 191.)

The musician's power resides simply in controlling [the senses] through an illusion of enchantment. For we assuredly are under a spell when, while listening to a veritable Beethoven composition, we are conscious in each and every part of it—where, in our sober senses, we can see nothing more than a sort of technical practicality in the arrangement of the form—a phantom-like activity, an animation now caressful, now alarmful, a rhythmic swinging, rejoicing, longing, trembling, wailing, enravishment, all of which, in turn, seems as if set in motion out of the deepest recesses of our own being. (*Id.*, "Beethoven," Ges. Schr. IX, pp. 86-7.)

As Christendom emerged from under the universal civilization of Rome, so Music now breaks forth out of the chaos of modern civilization. Both say to us, "Our kingdom is not of this world." Their plain meaning is, "We come from the inside, you from the outside; we are born of the nature of things, you of the appearance." (*Id.*, *ibid.*, p. 120.)

What does music mean to all the other civilized nations, since the decay of the Church, but an accompaniment to virtuose singing and dancing? We alone know "music" as music, and through it we are capable of every regeneration and new-birth—but only if we keep it holy. (*Id.*, Ges. Schr. X, p. 31.)

I have often declared that I consider music as the saving good genius of the German people. . . . Music was a sacred emanation of the human spirit, and her priesthood were suffering dæmonic natures. (*Id.*, Open letter to Friedrich Schön, Ges. Schr. I, p. 292.)

It is past belief, what things the German regards as beautiful if he can hear them on a subscription ticket. (Glasenapp, "Das Leben R. Wagners," VI, p. 276.)

Causes of the degeneracy of music are bad theatres and bad teachers. It is incredible how instructors, through their influence

on early or advanced study, can affect whole generations for good or for evil. (R. Schumann, *Ges. Schr.*, I.)

When a composer heads his music with a program, I say to him, "Let me hear good music, first of all; then your program will give me added pleasure." (Schumann.)

Schubert is to Beethoven what woman is to man.

Melody is the rallying-cry of the dilettanti, and, assuredly, music without melody is no music. But be clear in your mind what they mean by "melody"—a tune easily caught, with a pleasing rhythm, is all they care for.

Music does not permit of description—language is totally impotent to interpret, even remotely, the musical content of a composition. (F. Hiller, "F. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy," Preface, p. xi.)

Music ought to yield itself like love. (Bismarck, 1853-5-7, acc. to Keudel.)

The visible constraint of the executants (when playing a piece for four hands from the printed page) excludes freedom of movement. It is only when the executant speaks to his instrument without the intermediation of a sheet of paper, that pleasure begins for me. (*Ibid.*)

If I were to hear this music often (Beethoven's Sonata appassionata), I should always be very strong (1864). These are the conflicts and the sobs of an entire life (1868). Why do you not play it oftener? (Versailles, Oct. 30, 1870.) (*Ibid.*)

I prefer Beethoven (1862). Beethoven agrees better with my nerves (1870). (*Ibid.*)

I cannot accustom myself to hearing music made to order, such as they make at concerts. But when it comes unrequested, there are few things more agreeable than music. (Cited by von Pochinger, "Fürst Bismarck," I.)

History teaches that those operas concerning whose "immortality" men have fought each other to the death, have an average life of from forty to fifty years—a space of time overpassed by only a few masterworks, but hardly ever equalled by the lightest operas, the favorites of the crowd. Lovely music shares the lot of all that is lovely, whereof Goethe wrote:

"Wherefore am I so fleeting, O Zeus?" so Beauty demanded;
 "Only those things that are fleeting I made fair," said the god.
 And the Flowers, the Dew, and Love and Youth, on hearing it,
 Went their way one and all, weeping, from Jupiter's throne.

(Hanslick, preface to "Die moderne Oper," 1874.)

We can readily conceive how a man can find a charming melodic idea in the style of Franz Schubert and evolve therefrom an immortal song. We can follow step by step the transformations undergone by a musical thought in the study where a symphony by Haydn was wrought out; but we must perforce remain in ignorance of what occurred in the study of Beethoven while he was fashioning the Ninth Symphony, the rough outline of which is hewn in a block of living marble. (L. Ehlert, "Letters on Music, to a Friend.")

Art is the means of speaking to men; it is not an end. I hold, with Virchow, that human speech is subject to musical laws, and I see in music not solely the expression of feelings in tones, but, above all, the liquefaction of human speech. (Mussorgsky, 1870.)

The clavichord works of Bach are the Old Testament; the sonatas of Beethoven, the New; we should believe in both.

One who knows not how to sing should not play the piano.

There are no easy pieces; all are difficult.

There are grammatical accents and oratorical accents; the former mark the metre, latter the beginning of the phrase. One may play in time, and yet not play rhythmically—but never *vice versa*. (Hans von Bülow.)

Gentlemen, play *piano*. . . . When a *piano* is indicated, play *pianissimo*; when there is a double *pp*, play so as not to be heard. (Hans Richter, cited by Kufferath, "L'art de diriger l'orchestre.")

If I am not mistaken there should occur, sooner or later, a revolution in Europe in musical art; a revolution which, like that in France, would bring to the fore the great question of humanity towards auditors. (Dargomyzhsky, unpubl. letter to Fétis, May 7, 1843.)

Music is within the domain of psychic emotion, the counterpart of flight in the physical world. Flying : that is not to be compared with walking, locomotion, equitation, swimming. Flying proceeds in a element all its own, under conditions peculiar to itself, which are necessary, otherwise they would not exist! [Pour et par Franz Liszt, le 7 Novembre 1857.] (Berthold Auerbach.)

This vague feeling of inexperienced felicity which music arouses—those indefinite impressions of an unknown ideal life which it calls up, may be considered as a prophecy, to the fulfilment of which music is itself partly instrumental. The strange capacity which we have for being so affected by melody and harmony, may be taken to imply both that it is within the possibility of our nature to realize those intenser delights they simply suggest, and that they are in some way concerned in the realization of

them. On this supposition the power and the meaning of music become comprehensible; otherwise they are a mystery.

We will only add, that if the probability of these corollaries be admitted, music must take rank as the highest of the fine arts—as the one which, more than any other, ministers to human welfare. And thus, even leaving out of view the immediate gratification it is hourly giving, we cannot too much applaud that progress of musical culture which is becoming one of the characteristics of our age. (Herbert Spencer, "The Origin and Function of Music," *Essays*, Vol. I, pp. 237-8.)

I am not a composer for Paris. Whether my talent is equal to it, I do not know, but I do know that my ideas about art are very different from yours. I believe in *inspiration*, you believe in *construction*; I accept your criterion for discussion, but I demand *enthusiasm*, of which you are destitute both for hearing and judging. —I want art, whatever be the form of its realization; not *orderliness*, artificiality, *system*, which you prefer. Am I wrong? Am I right? However it may be, I am quite right in saying that my ideas are very different from yours, and I add, besides, that I have not, like so many others, a backbone so flexible that I can renounce and deny my principles, which are deep-felt and radical. (G. Verdi, letter to Camille Du Locle; Genoa, Dec. 8, 1869.)

Nowadays very lovely things are being done in music, and in certain directions (when one does not go beyond that) there is real progress. . . . But, in general, sincerity is lacking, and each imitates his neighbor. (*Id.*, to Camille Bellaigue, Milan, Feb. 9, 1893.)

Music is a kind of inarticulate, unfathomable speech, which leads us to the edge of the infinite, and lets us for a moment gaze into that! (Carlyle.)

Music merely provokes an excitation, without conducting to a determinate end; and this excitation tells nobody what he should do. And it is for this reason that music sometimes has such terrible and disastrous effects. (Tolstoy, "The Kreutzer Sonata.")

Our music, expressing as it does exceptional states of feeling, is withal accessible only to persons of a perverted taste. All chamber-music and opera-music, particularly since Beethoven (Schumann, Berlioz, Liszt, Wagner), which expresses emotions acting more especially on neuropathic subjects, belongs to this evil art. "Then the Ninth Symphony is to be classed as evil art?" indignant voices will ask.—"It certainly is," I reply. (Tolstoy, "What is Art?")

Those who need the coöperation of tableaux, of scenic dénouements, of the words and passions of the characters of the action to stimulate their musical emotion—such do not conceive music as a mother-tongue, and, despite these expedients, do not pass beyond the vestibule of musical perception, forever unable to penetrate its innermost sanctuaries. (Nietzsche.)

Nowadays money is made only with morbid music; our great theatres live on Wagner. (Nietzsche, "Der Fall Wagner.")

For us, the folk-song stands first and foremost for a mirror of the universe, for primitive melody in search of a parallel dream-vision, which it expresses in poetry. Melody, therefore, is the primitive and universal element which, as such, can be subjected to various objectivations to different texts. (*Id.*, "Die Geburt der Tragödie," 1870-71, par. 6.)

Opera is the offspring of theoretical man, of the critical layman—not of the artist; one of the strangest phenomena in the history of all the arts. . . . The basic conception of opera is an erroneous belief with regard to the artistic *modus operandi*, namely, the idyllic belief that every emotional human being is an artist. (*Id.*, *ibid.*, par. 9.)

Woman in Music.—How comes it that warm and rainbearing winds bring in their train the musical mood and the delight in melodic invention? Are not these the same winds that fill the churches and awaken thoughts of love in women? (*Id.*, "La Gaia Scienza," Aphorism 98.)

The Music of the best future.—For me the first of musicians will be he who has known the sorrow of profoundest joy, and no other sorrow—such an one has not yet lived. (*Id.*, *ibid.*, 183.)

The Cynic speaks.—My objections to Wagner's music are physiological objections. . . . My "testimony" is, that I no longer breathe easily when this music first takes effect on me; that instantly my foot is angered by it, and revolts—it has a craving for rhythm, dance, march; it demands of music, above all, the raptures that reside in good walking, striding, leaping and dancing. (*Id.*, *ibid.*, 368.)

I believe in three infallibilities : As to religion, in that of the Pope; as to politics, in that of Bismarck; as to art, in that of Wagner. (Mme. de Moukhanoff-Kalergis.)

Music is like a celestial spiritual bath; the sick soul, lost in self-communion, plunges into the stream of pure tone and emerges cured and transfigured. (Zschokke.)

A melody is worth a province.—"Hast thou ever dreamt that the essence of music is not simply in the tones?" asks the

Mystic Doctor. "It is in the silence that precedes them and in the silence that follows them. In these intervals of silence rhythm lives and displays itself. Every tone and every chord, in the silence that precedes and follows it, speaks with a voice that our soul alone can hear. Rhythm is the heart of music; but its beating is heard only in the pauses between the tones." (D'Annunzio, "Il Fuoco.")

As the cock's crow summons the dawn, so doth music summon the aurora, that vast aurora : *excitat aurorem*. (*Id.*, Constitution of Fiume.)

Every musical work comes through impressions that crystallize in the brain, in the ear, and little by little, yet mathematically, gather substance as notes and rhythms.—Bach wrote for the harpsichord because it was the instrument of his epoch. I am living with my time. Why should I not write a piece for mechanical pianos? (Stravinsky, quoted by Georges-Michel, "Revue Musicale," Dec. 1, 1923.)

Sweet music, sweet slumber!

Life is too perplexed:

How sweet to lose it in dreaming!

(Wyzpianski, "The Wedding," 1900.)

(Translated by Theodore Baker.)

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